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THE LETTERS OF
WILLIAM AND DOROTHY
WORDSWORTH
The Middle Years

THE LETTERS OF
WILLIAM AND DOROTHY
WORDSWORTH
The Middle Years

Arranged and Edited by
ERNEST DE SELINCOURT

VOLUME I
1806–June 1811

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PREFACE

IN editing these volumes, which contain the Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth for the years 1806–20, I have adopted the same plan as that which I followed in the preceding volume (1787–1805) and set forth in its Preface. Much new material will be found in them. One hundred and seventy-three of the 419 letters are printed for the first time; of the remaining 246, 12 are not in Professor Knight's collection, and many of the others are only given by him in an abbreviated form. Thus a fuller light is now thrown upon the daily life of the poet during his middle years, in particular upon the gradual and lamentable estrangement from Coleridge, upon the loss of his two children Catherine and Thomas in 1812, upon the composition and reception of his poems, and upon the domestic and financial worries that so often checked or dulled his poetic activity.

The correspondence with Henry Crabb Robinson I have omitted, for it has already been admirably edited by Professor Edith J. Morley, and her two volumes¹ may be taken as companions to mine; I have included one or two letters by Mary Wordsworth which seemed of special interest. I have also printed from the manuscript, under its correct date, September 8, 1806, a letter to Sir George Beaumont of which I had given a transcript from Knight, misdated 1804, in the *Early Letters*. Some additional letters, which have been brought to my notice since that volume was published, and should have had a place in it, will be printed as an Appendix to the last instalment of the Wordsworth correspondence, which will, I hope, be issued in the course of next year.

The originals of the letters in this collection are widely scattered, and I gratefully acknowledge my debt to the Trustees of public and private libraries, as well as to the private owners of Wordsworth manuscripts, for the ready kindness with which they have placed their treasures at my disposal. The bulk of the

¹ *Correspondence of Crabb Robinson with the Wordsworth Circle (1808–1866) chronologically arranged and edited with Introduction, Notes and Index*, by Edith J. Morley, 2 vols., 1927.

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letters addressed to members of the Wordsworth family and to Coleridge, and those to Thomas Hutton on the disposal of Richard Wordsworth's property, were copied while they were still in the possession of the late Mr. Gordon Wordsworth: before his death he handed them over to the Trustees of the Wordsworth Museum at Grasmere. Letters written to Sara and Joanna Hutchinson and to Thomas and Mary Monkhouse (*née* Hutchinson) I owe to Miss Emma Hutchinson; those addressed to Jane Marshall (*née* Pollard), to Miss Catherine Marshall. I have not been able to trace the originals of all the Beaumont letters, but the earlier letters of D. W. to Lady B., formerly in Mr. Gordon Wordsworth's collection, are now in the Wordsworth Museum, and 317 and 318 in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge; a few others, still in the library at Coleorton, I owe to the kindness of Mrs. Renée Bell. For facilities for collating the originals of the letters to De Quincey I am indebted to Miss Bairdsmith; those written to Sir Walter Scott, to Rogers, and to Richard Sharp, I owe to Mr. Hugh Walpole, Miss Julia Sharpe, and the Hon. Mrs. Eustace Hills respectively; 349 and 554 to Mrs. Rawnsley, 253, 267, and 468 to Miss Helen Read. Careful copies of the letters to Haydon have been supplied to me by Mr. Maurice Buxton Forman. The letters to Mrs. Clarkson, except 334, for which I am indebted to Mrs. Linnell, and 511 (q.v.), are in the British Museum, as also are those to Poole, and to Stuart, and three to John Scott (543, 546, 547). 528 is at the Bodleian. To the courtesy of the trustees of the Henry Huntington Library I owe the letters to Wrangham, and also 484, 545, 554, 624; to the Library of Harvard University 449, 463, 492*a*, 501, 516*a*, 547, 557, 557*a*, 599. Some of these are printed from photostats, others from transcriptions by Miss Helen Darbishire, Miss E. M. Jebb, and Mr. L. A. McIntyre. To Mr. McIntyre I am under a special obligation, in that he sent me, with his copy of the letters, much valuable annotation of them. 590 I owe to the Library of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, 517 to Wellesley College, 591 and 647 to Amherst College (through the kindly offices of Mr. Cornelius H. Patton), 649 to the University of Leipzig, 529*a* to Clifton College, 340, 429, 575, 625 to Messrs. Sotheby, 483 to Messrs. Marks, and

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556 to Mr. G. A. Stonehill. For help in tracing the whereabouts of letters, or collating or obtaining copies of them, I am indebted to Professor F. P. Wilson, Miss A. Milner-Barry, Dr. Mabbott, and Mr. Leslie Earl Griggs. Finally my cordial thanks are due, once more, to Miss Freda Thompson for her invaluable help, extending over many years, in transcribing and checking the copy, reading proofs, and making the index; to the Oxford University Press for the care with which they have produced the volumes; and to the Research Committee of the University of Birmingham for repeated grants towards the expenses of obtaining photostats, and transcribing manuscripts.

E. de S.

GRASMERE

September 1936.

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- W. W., D. W., R. W., C. W.: William, Dorothy, Richard, and Christopher Wordsworth.
- C.: *Memorials of Coleorton*, ed. by William Knight, 2 vols., 1887.
- C. R.: *Correspondence of Crabb Robinson with the Wordsworth Circle*, ed. by Edith J. Morley, 2 vols., 1927.
- E. L.: *The Early Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth*, ed. by E. de Selincourt, 1935.
- G.: *The Prose Works of William Wordsworth*, ed. by Alex. B. Grosart, 3 vols., 1876.
- Gillies: *Memoirs of a Literary Veteran*, by R. P. Gillies, 3 vols., 1851.
- H. C. R.: Henry Crabb Robinson.
- Haydon: *Correspondence and Table Talk of Benjamin Robert Haydon*, ed. by his Son, F. W. Haydon, 1876.
- J.: *Memorials of Thomas De Quincey*, ed. by Alex. K. Japp, 2 vols., 1891.
- K.: *Letters of the Wordsworth Family*, ed. by William Knight, 3 vols., 1907.
- Lockhart: *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, by John Gibson Lockhart, 7 vols., 1837-8.
- M.: *Memoirs of William Wordsworth*, by Christopher Wordsworth, 2 vols., 1851.
- Oxf. W.: The one-volume edition of W. W.'s Poems, ed. by T. Hutchinson, Oxford University Press.
- T. P.: *Thomas Poole and his Friends*, by Mrs. Henry Sandford, 2 vols., 1888.
- R.: *Rogers and his Contemporaries*, ed. by P. W. Clayden, 2 vols., 1889.
- S.: *Letters from the Lake Poets to Daniel Stuart*, privately printed, 1889.

[?]: A word or words illegible in the manuscript.

Any editorial addition to the text is enclosed in square brackets : if doubtful the addition is preceded by a ?. Empty brackets denote a word or words lost through a defect in the condition of the manuscript.

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Grasmere, 19th Jan^{ry} [1806]

My dear Friend,

I know not how I have expressed myself that I should lead you into such perplexity about dear Coleridge. My last Letter was written many days after that which you received in London, and we had had no further tidings of him, and you will be grieved to hear that we are still in the same uncertainty. From the time we heard of his arrival at Trieste till within the last fortnight we expected that the next Packet from Hamburg would bring him, and my fears for the sea were solely on account of that voyage. But now we do not know what to think. Our best hope is that hearing of the progress of the French he returned to Trieste, and thence either went back to Malta or Naples. In this case he certainly would have written if the Posts on the Continent had not been stopped, but it is most probable that they were and we shall hear no more of him till he arrives in England. I wish from my heart that he had never thought of coming home till the spring, for such a long journey (without any extraordinary impediments) was very likely to be hurtful to him, and as it is we cannot help being miserably anxious. The weather has been exceedingly stormy of late, and indeed much as we wish to have him back again I many a time would have given the world to know that he was not upon the sea, and the loss of our poor Soldiers, and the many other Shipwrecks that we have heard of seem almost to justify my fears; but now all particular fears are lost in this distressing uncertainty about him, where he is, and whither he is going. We have not seen Mrs Coleridge lately, but we often hear from her—you may suppose that she is in a very uneasy state, though she hopes with us that he has measured back his steps. I can scarcely turn to any other subject and yet I have no more to say on this. We must endeavour to wait with patience and composure, and that is all that can be done—How powerless do we feel! wishing, wishing, ever wishing—and yet when any great sorrow comes we think

that we shall never more shape out beforehand any event, but trust in pious hope that all will be in the end right and for the best.

My Sister returned two or three days after the time we expected her, very much improved in her health, and she is now perfectly well—Miss Hutchinson is with us and we should be as comfortable as we could desire to be if Coleridge were but at home in safety—for we have had no visitors whom we did not like to see for these two months past, and my Brother, though not actually employed in his great work, is not idle, for he almost daily produces something and his thoughts are employed upon the Recluse. As to the five Books of his Poem which were lost we have not been uneasy about them for the reason you mention, as we have little doubt but that the parcel was taken up by some poor person who has kept it for the sake of the few articles of wearing apparel, and destroyed the manuscripts to prevent detection. If we had been in a more populous neighbourhood, or nearer London, we should have taken more thought about the loss. It will give me great pleasure if you find my journal of our Tour in Scotland sufficiently interesting to induce you to go through with it (for it is very long): do not think that I speak in false modesty—We had not time enough to see much into the condition of the Inhabitants, their way of living, their manners etc., so that I have had little to describe but the appearance of the country as we passed along, and these descriptions must be often tedious. We had no introductions whatever, but this I do not much regret, for there is no great difference between the Gentry of England and Scotland, but I am very sorry it was not in our power to go more into the houses of the lower classes, especially the peasantry in lonely places. I wrote my journal, or rather *recollections* for the sake of my Friends, who it seemed ought to have been with us, but were confined at home by other duties. Such as it is however I shall be very glad that you should read as much of it as you find amusing. My Brother has read Mr Price's¹ Book on the

¹ Uvedale Price (1747–1829), scholar and country gentleman, was an enthusiastic gardener, who attacked the fashionable mode of laying out grounds as 'at variance with all the principles of landscape painting, and

picturesque, but we have not had an opportunity of seeing his *Essays on Decorations* near the House. Coleridge has the former Book, and I shall desire Mrs C. to send it to me. My Brother thinks that Mr Price has been of great service in correcting the false taste of the layers out of Parks and Pleasure-grounds.

The tidings from the Continent are so dismal that I dread to hear anything fresh when the newspapers arrive. Adieu, my dear Lady Beaumont—Believe me ever

your affectionate Friend
Dorothy Wordsworth.

I hope Sir George continues to be perfectly well—We were very sorry to hear of his illness.

Address: Lady Beaumont, Dunmow, Essex.

MS. 242. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

Grasmere 27th January [1806]

My dear Friend,

I am grieved to think that by this time the journal is probably recopied and that you may have¹ had much trouble about it. If it be not sent off, however, there is no occasion to send it, for our copy has been restored to us. The bags in which the manuscripts were packed have been found in a corner of a field near John Fletcher's house, rifled of everything *but* the manuscripts which were uninjured though soaked with rain. It is plain that the Bags must have been under cover a great part of the time or they would have been rotted. It is a strange thing. We suspect that some persons of Grasmere must have been the Thieves—John Fletcher vows he will leave nothing undone to find them out, and accordingly is going to the wise man, beyond Carlisle, a man both deaf and dumb. I have been vexed with myself whenever I thought of it, and that has been more than once every day since I wrote to you, that I forgot to tell you with the practice of all the eminent masters'. His *Essay on the Picturesque* (1794) was republished in 1795 and 1796, and a second volume was added to it in 1798. It had a wide vogue and an edition appeared as late as 1842. Scott studied it while laying out his grounds at Abbotsford. Price was a friend of Sir G. Beaumont; W. visited him in 1810 and 1827.

¹ have: *written* had.

JANUARY 1806

that the Lloyds had left Brathay, intending to spend some months at Birmingham. I hope by this time your mind is disburthened and all the letters written. Mary came home quite well and has continued so. Sara is with us; we have all had bad colds, the children especially. D. has had a slight attack of the croup, but poor thing! she is better now, though very delicate and ready to alarm us every cold day, and indeed we have had lately nothing else but bad weather.

Mary has been reading to us (I stopped writing to hear it) the account of the death of Mr. Pitt¹—happy for him that he had died at this time!

I have not time for more—William is just returned from Keswick, I have been called off to get him dry clothes, and I expect the carrier every moment. God bless you my dear Friend; no news of Coleridge: we hope that hearing of the French he retraced his steps to Trieste. Kind love to Mr. C. and Tom. We hope to hear from you soon. Tell us all about your health. We are anxious to know how Mr. C's book² goes on.

Ever your affectionate

Dorothy Wordsworth.

We have been attending the Funeral of poor old Mrs. Sympson³ this day.

Address: Mrs. Clarkson, at Mr. Buck's, Bury, Suffolk.

MS.

243. *D. W. to R. W.*

Grasmere Febr'y 5th [1806]

My dear Brother,

I write to inform you that we have drawn upon you on the 28th of January, for the sum of fifty pounds in favour of Mr. John Green, at forty days after date. William has been anxious to hear from you for some time past, especially to know whether you have paid the hundred pounds to Mr. Sotheby.⁴ We wish, too, very much that you would let us know the state of our

¹ Pitt died on Jan. 23, 1806.

² *v.* letter to C. C. of March 28 (p. 16).

³ For Mrs. Sympson *v. E. L.*, pp. 251-2.

⁴ *v. E. L.*, pp. 371-2.

FEBRUARY 1806

accounts, namely, how much we have drawn upon you for since the first receipt of Lord Lowther's money, with, on the opposite side, as near as you can, how much we have been entitled to in the way of interest, that we may shape our expences accordingly; and endeavour to make income and expenditure straight at last, or rather to come under the income. We are all well. Your nephew and niece are greatly improved since you saw them. John is a very sweet-tempered affectionate child, and looks, as he is, perfectly healthy. When you were here he was far from being well. Dorothy is delicate, but I hope with care she will be strengthened before the end of next summer. She has had several slight attacks of the croup. We make great use of the pony [but] I am afraid we shall be obliged to change [it] as it stumbles a little with Mary and me, and it has come down with William, he being too heavy for it. We were afraid that it was with foal, but it proves not to be so.

When you see Christopher and Priscilla give our kind love to them. It is a long time since we heard from them. I have been thinking about writing to Priscilla very often lately, but something has always happened to prevent me.

We all join in kind love.

Believe me, my dear Richard,
Your ever affectionate Sister,
Dorothy Wordsworth.

We are in daily expectation of Coleridge's return, though not without anxiety on his account, for it is four months since he left Malta, and he expected to be here in November or December.

Address: Mr. Wordsworth, No. 11, Staple Inn, London.

MS. 244. *W. W. to Sir George Beaumont*
C(—) G(—) K(—)

Feb^{ry} 11th [1806]¹

My dear Sir George,

Upon opening this letter you must have seen that it is accompanied with a copy of Verses.² I hope they will give you

¹ Written by W., 1796.

² *The Character of the Happy Warrior.* (Oxf. W., p. 493).

some pleasure, as it will be the best way in which they can repay me for a little vexation of which they have been the cause. They were written several weeks ago and I wished to send them to you but could not muster up resolution, as I felt that they were so unworthy of the subject. Accordingly I kept them by me from week to week with a hope (which has proved vain) that in some happy moment a new fit of inspiration would help me to mend them; and hence my silence which with your usual goodness I know you will excuse.

You will find that the Verses are allusive to Lord Nelson, and they will shew that I must have sympathized with you in admiration of the Man, and sorrow for our loss. Yet considering the matter coolly there was little to regret. The state of Lord Nelson's health I suppose was such that he could not have lived long, and the first burst of exultation upon landing in his native Country, and his reception here, would have been dearly bought, perhaps, by pain and bodily weakness; and distress among his friends which he could neither remove nor alleviate. Few men have ever died under circumstances so likely to make their death of benefit to their Country: it is not easy to see what his life could have done comparable to it. The loss of such men as Lord Nelson is, indeed, great and real; but surely not for the reason which makes most people grieve, a supposition that no other such man is in the Country. The Old Ballad has taught us how to feel on these occasions:

I trust I have within my realm¹
Five hundred good as he.

But this is the evil, that nowhere is merit so much under the power of what (to avoid a more serious expression) one may call that of fortune, as in military and naval service; and it is five hundred to one that such men will [not] have attained situations where they can shew themselves, so that the Country may know in whom to trust. Lord Nelson had attained that situation; and, therefore, I think, (and not for the other reason) ought we chiefly to lament that he is taken from us.

Mr. Pitt is also gone! by tens of thousands looked upon in like manner as a great loss. For my own part, as probably you know,

¹ From 'The more modern Ballad of Chevy Chase' in Percy's *Reliques*.

I have never been able to regard his political life with complacency. I believe him, however, to have been as disinterested a Man, and as true a lover of his Country as it was possible for so ambitious a man to be. His first wish (though probably unknown to himself) was that his Country should prosper under his administration; his next, that it should prosper: could the order of these wishes have been reversed, Mr. Pitt would have avoided many of the grievous mistakes into which, I think, he fell. I know, my dear Sir George, you will give me credit for speaking without arrogance; and I am aware it is not unlikely you may differ greatly from me in these points. But I like, in some things, to differ with a Friend, and that he should *know* I differ from him; it seems to make a more healthy friendship, to act as a relief to those notions and feelings which we have in common, and to give them a grace and spirit which they could not otherwise possess.

There were some parts in the long Letter which I wrote about laying out grounds, in which the expression must have been left imperfect. I like splendid mansions in their proper places, and have no objection to large or even obtrusive houses in themselves. My dislike is to that system of gardening which, because a house happens to be large or splendid, and stands at the head of a large domain, establishes it therefore as a principle that the house ought to *dye* all the surrounding country with a strength of colouring, and to an extent proportionate to its own importance. This system, I think, is founded in false taste, false feeling, and its effects disgusting in the highest degree. The reason you mention as having induced you to build was worthy of you, and gave me the highest pleasure. But I hope God will grant you and Lady Beaumont life to enjoy yourselves the fruit of your exertions for many years.

We have lately had much anxiety about Coleridge. What can have become of him? It must be upwards of three months since he landed at Trieste. Has he returned to Malta, think you, or what can have befallen him? He has never since been heard of.

Lady Beaumont spoke of your having been ill of a cold, I hope you are better; we have all here been more or less deranged in the same way.

FEBRUARY 1806

We have to thank you for a present of game, which arrived in good time.

Never have a moment's uneasiness about answering my Letters. We are all well at present, and unite in affectionate wishes to you and Lady Beaumont. Believe me, your sincere friend,

W. Wordsworth.

I have thoughts of sending the Verses to a Newspaper.

Address: To Sir George Beaumont, Bart., Dunmow, Essex.

MS. 245. *D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*
K(—)

Grasmere, Sunday Evening, March 2nd [1806]

My dear Friend

We have long been anxiously expecting to hear from you; and I have daily intended writing, but I had not the resolution to set about it till this present day, when having good news for you of Coleridge, I am assured that my letter will give you pleasure. Last night we received a Note from Mrs. C., enclosing a letter to her from Miss Lamb, from which I will transcribe the whole that relates to Coleridge. It is dated Feb. 25th 'My Brother has received a letter from Stoddart' (Stoddart, you probably know, is at Malta) 'dated December 26th, in which he tells him that Coleridge was then at Naples. We have also heard from a Mr. Dawe that a friend of his had received a letter of the same date, which mentioned Coleridge having been lately travelling towards Rome with a party of gentlemen; but that he changed his mind, and returned back to Naples. Stoddart says nothing more than that he was driven back to Naples in consequence of the French having taken possession of Trieste.' Thus, my dear friend, a heavy load is removed from our minds. We were wearied out with conjectures, and expectation worn out: for though every post-day we trembled when the news was coming up stairs, 'no letters', yet we had scarcely anything like expectation left. Yet we had a comfort that if anything so bad as imprisonment among the French had happened we should have heard of it in some way or other. Such were our sober,

steady day-thoughts, but when I was alone in bed at night I could not banish the most dreadful images, and Mary and Sara have suffered in the same way. All is over now, if it please God to preserve him from the perils of the Sea, and in health of body. We conjecture that he would go from Naples to Sicily with the troops, and we trust that he is now there or on his way home. There is now, I hope, no danger whatever from the French except by sea—but oh! what dreadful winds we have had lately! I never remember such a winter of storms. The last woful one for us was nothing to it. As I have said I had not resolution to write while we remained in such a miserable state of uncertainty, for I knew that I could impart no cheerfulness to you; and I am afraid you have been in a state to need it, for it is your way not to write when you are not in your *better fashion*.

We are not apprehensive that you have been very much worse than usual, else Mr. Clarkson would have written, but I sadly fear that you have had a deal of care and trouble to keep yourself going on tolerably. Do, my dear Friend, write as soon as you receive this letter. It is probable that you are not at Bury, therefore I shall direct it *to be forwarded*. We are crammed in our little nest edge-full, as you will suppose when I tell you that Sara is with us, and that we have a young girl (Hannah Lewthwaite) to help to nurse. She came when Mary was at Park House and we have kept her ever since, having been engaged in making two copies of William's poem, and I also in recopying my journal in a fair hand to be bequeathed to my Niece and Namesake Dorothy Wordsworth. These works are finished, and also Sara's copy for Coleridge, and we shall dismiss Hannah after the next wash, but next summer we think it will not be proper to go on without one to help us to nurse, and after Mary's lying-in we intend to take some Girl. Hannah, though a very fine girl and an admirable nurse, and exceedingly fond of the children, does not altogether suit us. I *must* have told you, surely, that M. was with child, and yet I have a faint notion that I have not. The fact is that we expect her confinement in May or June. We are a housefull now, and what shall we be then? Every bed lodges two persons at present, for we cannot use the small house in Winter.

MARCH 1806

Monday Morning.

So far last night, and this morning we received your letter, so full of comfortable and pleasant tidings. Your account of your way of spending your time at Bury, and your meeting with your cousin Henry Robinson¹ is very interesting, but above all we rejoice that you are so much better, and that Mr. Clarkson's book is on so fair a path towards conclusion, and that his health and spirits are so good. Poor Tom! I should like dearly to see him, yet I am afraid there is no chance of it next summer, for obstacles to our Leicestershire journey seem to rise as the time approaches; a third child is one that will strike you at first, but this is by no means an insurmountable one. Sara will stay with us till M. is brought to bed and Johnny goes to Park house. He is the finest Boy that ever was born, I modestly think; he is no trouble in fine weather, plays by himself or with his companions in the sweetest way possible: he has a good memory and is very loving—he remembers all about you and Susan. I do not think he is particularly quick in catching ideas, but far further from dull. He grows very tall. Dorothy is much strengthened, though she suffers from cutting her teeth. She has had a serious attack of the Croup lately. She grows very much like John, and John grows handsomer—he is as fat as ever, and proportionably taller. We received Miss Crossthwaite's bill the other day, and were much surprized to find that John's breeches, as he calls them, were not set down; we blame ourselves for not having told you that we had a bill there, but that would have made no difference. We are very sorry that you should have done so, standing as we do towards each other there was no need of such a memorial of you; besides, Susan's kindness in making them and the new jacket were enough for that purpose. I think William seems to consider it almost indifferent what Administration² we have, that there is no true honour or ability amongst them. He wants to have all the people of England instructed in the use of arms. By the bye, of the Journal, I have found so

¹ H. C. R. was no relation of Mrs. C.'s, though D. W. often refers to him as her cousin.

² After the death of Pitt, Grenville and Fox united to form the Ministry of 'all the talents'.

MARCH 1806

many errors in it while I have been recopying it that I have been quite vexed for yours. One error Sara Hutchinson has made, and she tells me she is sure you have done the same, owing to my negligence, and yet I almost wonder how either [of] you could make the mistake—the sentence reads so strangely. Speaking of the pastoral hollow near Edinburgh there is in my first old copy a quotation from Stoddart's Book¹ and a few words of my own upon the subject. This I intended for a note, but Sara had put it in the Body of the Journal. She has written the leaf over again, and instead of referring to the note at the middle of the description we leave the Reference to the end, i.e. after 'Bagdad and Balsora.' I cannot but lament that you have had the trouble of writing so much for me at a time, when you had so much to do in that way for your husband. I will when I next write send you the introduction to *The Solitary Reaper*, and also another poem Wm. has written. We have had a letter from Mrs. Luff this morning; poor L. has been worse than ever in the gout. For three days and nights she thought his recovery next to impossible. She says they have not heard from you since you left Kendal. William is tormented with the piles which confines him to the house and has prevented his going over into Patterdale.

T. Hutchinson is resolved to quit Park house, so Mr. Clarkson must not fail to enquire after a farm for him.

God bless you my dear Friend. We all think of you and talk of you daily and hourly. Write as often as you can.

All well at Keswick but Hartley, who is not quite so.

Address: Mrs. Clarkson, at Mr. John Clarkson's, Purfleet, Grays, Essex.

MS. 246. *D. W. to Lady Beaumont*

Grasmere, March 2nd 1806

My dear Friend,

I have at last the satisfaction of sending you comfortable tidings of poor Coleridge. From a Friend in London we have learnt that Dr Stoddart, C's friend at Malta had received a letter from

¹ *Remarks on the Local Scenery and Manners of Scotland*, 1801.

C., written at Naples in consequence of the French having taken possession of Trieste. This is all we have heard, but it has been a great relief to our minds. We conclude that he could accompany the Troops from Naples to Sicily, and that he is now either on his road homewards, or waiting for the first ship that sails for England. My Brother has thoughts of going to London before the end of this month: he desires me to say that if you have a bed for him he hopes to have the pleasure of spending the greater part of his time with you in Grosvenor Square. You spoke of staying only about six weeks at Dunmow; therefore I hope you will be returned to town before he goes thither. He talks of staying about a month or five weeks—We have great delight in thinking of the possibility of Coleridge's reaching London before his return, and all meeting under your roof.

I have no room for more as I am going to transcribe a poem written by William on the melancholy subject of the death of that young man who was left on Helvellyn.

[*'Fidelity' is here transcribed—The first four stanzas are identically as they appeared in the edition of 1807. The poem then proceeds:]*

Not knowing what to think, a while
The Shepherd stood: then makes his way
Towards the Dog o'er rocks and stones,
As quickly as he may;
Nor far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground;
Sad sight! he leaves it as it lies
Untouched; and to the village hies—

A Company returned forthwith
And mark what to their eyes was shewn!
The raiment yet was on the bones,
Although the flesh was gone;
A raiment—though decayed—untorn
Such as the living Man had worn;
As if the flesh from day to day
Had perished by its own decay—

How died he? This was quickly learned
By proofs collected here and there;

MARCH 1806

An angling-rod which from the Steep
Hung midway in the air,
A hat, and on still higher ground
Some needments in a kerchief bound ;
These did with other proofs make out
The mournful story past all doubt.

From these abrupt and perilous rocks
The Man had fallen, that place of fear !
And signs and circumstances dawned
Till everything was clear :
They made discovery of his name,
And who he was, and whence he came ;
And some could call to mind the day
When with his Dog he passed this way.

A youth he was, and come from far,
Yet in this Country was well known
As one who wandered through the hills
And loved to be alone—
With pencil and with angling-rod
He went, and oft such places trod
That some had warned him to beware,
Who witnessed how he went, and where—

But hear a wonder now, for sake
Of which this mournful tale I tell ;
A lasting monument of words
This wonder merits well—
The Dog, which still was hovering nigh
Repeating the same timid cry,
This Dog had been, through three months' space
A Dweller in that savage place.

In the forlorn Abyss had lived ;
To this unfriendly spot had clung,
Exposed to sun and wind ; and here
Had she brought forth her young :
For, of her hapless offspring, one
Was lying near the skeleton ;
Which must (as its appearance told)
Have lived till it was six weeks old—

MARCH 1806

Yes; proof was plain that since the day
On which the young man thus had died
The Dog had watched about the place,
Or by his Master's side:
How nourished here through such long time
He knows, who gave that love sublime,
And gave that strength of feeling, great
Above all human estimate.

I should have written to you some time ago immediately after the receipt of your last note, but I had not heart to set about it, having such dismal apprehensions about Coleridge; and I was unwilling too to write when I could send you neither comfort nor hope. Adieu, my dear Friend, we all unite in best wishes.

Believe me ever yours affectionately
Dorothy Wordsworth.

I hope that Sir George continues better. We are all well. Your Goddaughter thrives and is much stouter and a sweet little Creature, but William will tell you all this.

Address: Lady Beaumont, Dunmow, Essex.

MS. 247. D. W. to Lady Beaumont

Grasmere, March 20th 1806

My dear Friend

As my Brother does not intend to leave Grasmere till the 30th of this month you will be in London before him, therefore it will not be necessary that you should trouble yourselves to send for him; but he will call upon you as soon as possible after his arrival. You can hardly guess with what pleasure I look forward to the meeting—you are very kind to him and to us all; but this is not a time to enter into my feelings on that subject and many others which I want to write about—it seems that all I could say would be insipid when William is so soon to have a personal communication with you. After his arrival in London I will write at length. He has some thoughts of going by Cambridge which may detain him a few days on the road; but at any rate I think he will see you before the end of the first week in April. He will talk with you about our journey to Coleorton; and will

tell you all our schemes respecting a *final* removal from this dear vale which indeed are so far connected with Coleridge that we cannot *decide* upon anything till we hear from him or see him. We talk of seeing you and Coleorton this Summer with little less confidence than before, yet there may be objections to our taking so long a journey, if our permanent residence is to be in the South, and if we do not remove thither this year. I think I never told you that Mrs Wordsworth is likely to bring an increase to our Family. She expects to be confined in May or June—but this event we hope, if all goes on well, will not stand in the way of our visit to you, as it is more easy to travel with a very young infant than a child a year old.

My Sister has this moment come into the room to call me to look at your Goddaughter whom she has just put to bed. The little Creature¹ lies with a new Doll (the first she has ever had) in her arms, both heads upon the pillow. She has been all day busy with this Doll, which threw her into ecstasies when she first saw it—she has made it go to sleep, and kissed it a hundred times. She is a remarkably lively child, much more so than her Brother, who, though full of joy, is not quick in his motions, but steady and seems to think much within himself. I find I am going on to write a long letter, but I will stop for I have too much to say if I say any thing, and I would leave it to my Brother. What a treasure the friendship of Mrs Carter² must have been to you! To *hear* of such a venerable character does the heart good, but to you who have known her the memory of her must be a comfort and a blessing as long as you live.

Adieu, my dear Friend,
Believe me ever affectionately
Yours, D. Wordsworth.

We are very sorry to hear of Sir George's having been ill again, and still more sorry to hear of it so often, but I hope that

¹ She was just 19 months old.

² Elizabeth Carter (1717–1806), a learned miscellaneous writer, the friend of Richardson, Burke, Walpole, Hannah More, and Dr. Johnson, who said that she 'could make a pudding as well as translate Epictetus from the Greek'. Her *Epictetus* was her most famous work. Among her other publications were *Poems*, and *Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy explained for the use of ladies*. Her *Memoirs* appeared in 1807.

MARCH 1806

this last attack has only been the Influenza or cold going about. Every member of our house has been exceedingly disordered by it.

Excuse this wretched penmanship—My pen will hardly make a stroke.

Grasmere 20th March.

I was exceedingly gratified in hearing that you have been so much pleased with the Poem, which we last sent you—especially as you have been affected by it in the same *manner* in which I was.

Address: Lady Beaumont, Dunmow, Essex.

MS. 248. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson
(with postscript by W. W.)

Grasmere, March 28th [1806]

My dear Friend.

I know this will be a most welcome letter, for it is to be put into the post office in London by William, who is prepared to leave us to-morrow morning. He has long thought that a little relaxation and the influx of feelings and ideas which he would receive from a London journey might be very salutary to him, and this motive, (together with the pleasure of seeing his Friends and the chance of Southey's being going at this time) has determined him. Perhaps he may see Mr. Clarkson before he has been long in London if Mr. C has leisure to seek him out; but we do not know where to find Mr. C. Wm intends to be absent from home about six weeks: much more time he cannot take as most likely Mary will be confined before the end of May, and he must be at home at that time. He intends to spend a day with you at Purfleet; I wish he had more time to spend with you, but he will be more hurried than he ought to be; he has many people to see in London, and he must go to my Uncle Cookson's at Binfield. Though Mr. Clarkson's Book¹ will not be published when he leaves London we hope, as the time of publishing will

¹ *A Portraiture of Quakerism as taken from a View of the Moral Education, Descriptions, Peculiar Customs, Religious Principles, Political and Civil Economy and Character of the Society of Friends*, 3 vols., London, 1806.

be so near, that Wm may be able to bring it down to us—we long to see it. Wm will tell you all about us. Bad colds have run through the house; we are now, however, fairly recovered, but Mary looks thin and ill. Dorothy is the dearest little prattler you ever heard. She has no sentences, but she can say any word, almost. She grows very much like Johnny, but she is twice as sharp and when she can talk will utter, I believe, three words for his one. Johnny improves very much in knowledge of ‘common things that round us lie’,¹ though I cannot boast of his Scholarship; he is like your Tom, remarkably affectionate, being steady to his old loves. He remembers you distinctly and often talks about you. The other day Molly made a cake for him and he said ‘Mrs. Clarkson’s cakes have currants in them but Molly’s cakes have no currants’. It chanced two or three mornings ago that the Pocket Susan made for him (which had lain a long time in a drawer) was put onto Dorothy, and he immediately called out, ‘That is my Susan’s pocket! My Susan made it me!’ and was very unwilling to resign his claim upon it.

William will be at Christopher’s for the first week or so after his arrival in Town. Middle house, Essex place, near the Workhouse, Lambeth. Afterwards he will be at Sir G. Beaumont’s, Grosvenor Square. We are rejoiced to think of William’s meeting with you; I hope he will bring us a very particular account of the advances Tom has made since we saw him. We all send our kindest love to him. Johnny often talks about him.

God bless you, my dear Friend.

Believe me ever yours faithfully.

D. Wordsworth.

(*William adds:*)

Dear Mrs Clarkson.

I reached town on Friday evening, shall stay at Christopher’s a few days only, so that I think you had best,—unless you write immediately, direct to me at Mr. Montague’s Lower Thornhaugh Street. I long to see you; I hope you continue recovering. I am chiefly come to crowd as much people and sight seeing as I can into one month with an odd sort of hope that it may be of some use both to my health of body and mind: I am not quite so well

¹ *A Poet’s Epitaph*, l. 49 (Oxf. W., p. 485).

MARCH 1806

as I was when I saw you last summer—how can I see Mr. Clarkson in Town?

Your affectionate Friend.

W. Wordsworth.

Priscilla sends her love, received your letter and is much obliged to you. Her Boy is a very fine one,—she and my Br are both well.

Address: Mrs Clarkson, at Mr John Clarkson's, Purfleet, Grays, Essex.

MS. 249. *M. W. and D. W. to W. W.*

[*Fragments added by M. and D. to a letter from De Quincey to W. W. which they are re-addressing to Sir G. B.'s, Grosvenor Sq., London. De Q.'s letter dated April 6, 1806.*]

(*M. writes:*)

It is $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10 oclock. Of course later than you would wish me to begin my part of the letter which D. has to this moment been employ'd about—so as we hope to forward *this* by the Lloyds to K. early in the morning and the other will not be ready till night you may receive it a day later—*this* that you may not be disappointed should you go to Lambs—Good night my blessing—I have been quite well this evening—and we are all well—little D. better—I have been reading Benjamin¹ to Mrs C & Hartley—we were all delighted—will tell you about it to-morrow.

God love you for ever and ever

M. W.

(*D. writes:*)

By this same post we shall send a letter to you directed to Mr *Lambe*,² you will probably receive this first. I have just finished my part of the letter. It is 10 oclock, I have got my supper and written to Thomas de Quincey. Mary is much better—her cough gone or nearly so, and Dorothy is very calm and happy—her croup not entirely gone but her teeth quite well—she sleeps sweetly. We get nothing read—I have only read one

¹ i.e. *The Waggoner* (Oxf. W., p. 173).

² It was an understood thing that letters for both Coleridge and Wordsworth sent to the care of Charles Lamb should be addressed to Mr. Lambe (with an 'e'); v. letter of C. L. to S. T. C. of Aug. 6, 1800.

play, the Bashful Lover and one or two of Plutarch's lives since we wrote last.

You must tell Thomas de Quincey when you are likely to be at home. If you say in a month, you will surely be here. I need not advise you to go to Lamb's for your letter. This however may keep down your anxiety for we are all going on well. God bless thee my dearest William. Thy letter arrived today along with this, thy letter of last Saturday.

It is a pity that this bit should go away without a word. While Mary is undressing to go to bed I take the pen—The wind is howling away the rain beats. Oh my dear William that thou wast humming thy own songs in time to it and untying thy many strings or resting thy hands upon thy knees as thou art used in musing while work pauses—but thou art happy and it is better perhaps that we should sometimes be separated even if thou didst not take so much pleasure in things as [? thou dost.] God bless thee. This scrap will keep down thy impatience till the long letter arrives—Mary is just ready to slip into bed. Farewell Good night.

I wish I could give a better account of the disposal of our time. It is a sad pity that we can do nothing. You have not yet shewn the journal to Lady B. I suppose as you do not speak of it. I am ashamed of its costing half a guinea; I wish it had not been *gilt*; it would have cost less. Farewell, I am going to bed to my little darling. I always kiss [? her for] thee.

MS. 250. *D. W. to Lady Beaumont.*

Grasmere. April 20th. [1806] Saturday afternoon
4 o'clock

Many thanks, my dear Friend, for your kind letter! You cannot doubt but that it delighted us to hear of the pleasure you had received from seeing my Brother; and it was very kind of you to find a moment to write to me among your many engagements. I am seated in a shady corner of the moss hut (for it fronts the west, and towards evening the sun shines full into it) and, but that Mr Crump's ruinous mansion¹ (has my Brother

¹ Allan Bank. For an amusing account of its collapse *v.* De Quincey, *Works* (ed. Masson), ii. 359.

told you that one third of it is fallen down?) stares me in the face whenever I look up, there is not any object that is not cheerful and in harmony with the sheltering mountains and quiet vale. The lake is perfectly calm; two or three ploughs are at work, the fields scattered over with sheep and lambs. Within three days the flowers have sprung up by thousands—William's favourite, the little celandine, glitters upon every bank, the fields are becoming green, the buds bursting; and but three days ago scarcely a trace of spring was to be seen. We have had two days and nights of gentle rain with a South wind; and now that the Sun shines again the change seems almost miraculous. We are so proud of it that we have scarcely been in the house ten minutes together the whole day, and I, you see, have lost no time in taking possession of our summer abode. Ever since my Brother left us the weather has been unusually severe, much colder than it was at Christmas; and it has been a very sickly time and we in our family have not escaped bad colds. John and Dorothy were exceedingly poorly for several days. John is recovered entirely and has been roaming about as happy as the young lambs all this fine day, and we hope that Dorothy is in the way of mending. I wish I could say the same of their Mother who has a bad cough, which is particularly troublesome to her in her present state; we trust however that, if the wind does not shift to its old quarters in the North, she may soon get rid of it.

My Brother has received so much pleasure in your house, had so many proofs of your affectionate regard that my heart is overcome with gratitude! he has sent us the history of every day that he has passed with you, and we are very happy in the thought of his being now so near to you, so very near that it is almost the same thing as if he were under your roof. I am truly glad that my Brother's manuscript poems give you so much pleasure—I was sure that you would be deeply impressed by the Ode. The last time I read it over, I said: 'Lady Beaumont will like this'. I long to know your opinion and Sir George's of Benjamin, the Waggoner; I *think* you will be pleased with it, but cannot be so sure of this. And you would persuade *me* that I am capable of writing poems that might give pleasure to

others besides my own particular friends!! indeed, indeed you do not know me thoroughly; you think far better of me than I deserve—I must tell you the history of those two little things which William in his fondness read to you. I happened to be writing a letter one evening when he and my Sister were last at Park house; I laid down the pen and thinking of little Johnny (then in bed in the next room) I muttered a few lines of that address to him about the Wind,¹ and having paper before me wrote them down, and went on till I had finished. The other lines² I wrote in the same way, and as William knows every thing that I do, I shewed them to him when he came home, and he was very much pleased; but this I attributed to his partiality; yet because they gave him pleasure and for the sake of the children I ventured to hope that I might do something more at some time or other. Do not think that I was ever bold enough to hope to compose verses for the pleasure of grown persons. Descriptions, Sentiments, or little stories for children was all I could be ambitious of doing, and I did try one story, but failed so sadly that I was completely discouraged. Believe me, since I received your letter I have made several attempts (could I do less as you requested that I would *for your sake*?) and have been obliged to give it up in despair; and looking into my mind I find nothing there, even if I had the gift of language and numbers, that I could have the vanity to suppose could be of any use beyond our own fireside, or to please, as in your case, a few partial friends; but I have no command of language, no power of expressing my ideas, and no one was ever more inapt at molding words into regular metre. I have often tried when I have been walking alone (muttering to myself as is my Brother's custom) to express my feelings in verse; feelings, and *ideas* such as they were, I have never wanted at those times; but prose and rhyme and blank verse were jumbled together and nothing ever came of it. As to those two little things which I did write, I was very unwilling to place them beside my Brother's poems, but he insisted upon it, and I was obliged to submit; and though you have been pleased with them I cannot

¹ *Address to a Child* (Oxf. W., p. 80).

² Probably *The Cottager to her Infant* (Oxf. W., p. 117).

APRIL 1806

but think that it was chiefly owing to the spirit which William gave them in the reading and to your kindness for me. I have said far more than enough on this subject, and am almost at the end of my paper without having told you that Mrs Coleridge and Hartley are at Grasmere. She desires me to say that she intends writing to you in the course of a few days. Hartley is a very interesting child, so like his Father that it is quite affecting to observe him; his temper and many of his habits are the very same. When you see my Brother pray tell him that we shall write by next Tuesday's post; that we have received his letter sent off last Tuesday, and that Johnny is well and Dorothy much better.

Adieu my good and dear Friend
Believe me affectionately yours
D. Wordsworth.

My Brother has a copy of my Journal of our Scotch Tour which I have desired him to leave with you when it comes from the Bookbinders, but perhaps you may be too much engaged to find time to read it. My Sister begs her kind remembrances. Excuse blunders and scrawling and this torn paper. I have a very inconvenient desk to write upon for we have not got the hut put in order yet.

Tuesday morning. Dorothy has had a good night and appears to be quite well today. The weather continues mild so I hope we shall all [] though I cannot say that my Sister's cough is at all []

Address: Lady Beaumont, Grosvenor Square, London.

MS. 251. *W. W. to Thomas de Quincey*
K.

Sir George Beaumont's Grosvenor Square
Monday May 5th [1806]¹

My dear Sir,

I take the first opportunity to inform you that I have received your Letter which has been forwarded to me from Grasmere. Be assured that I have read it with the deepest interest, and with

¹ K. misdates this letter, and No. 255, 1808; but 1806 was the only year in which W. W. was at Sir George B.'s on May 5.

MAY 1806

sorrow that you should have suffered so much. I will not speak of this now; only let me say that I never felt for a moment the least diminution of kindness towards you. When you spoke of your health being reestablished I felt a great weight taken from my mind: be careful of yourself—but to the point: could you defer your journey a fortnight or three weeks: I shall be detained here more than ten days and also a little time upon the Road: but I cannot bear the thought that you should be in the North and I not see you. If it be out of your Power to defer your journey do not fail on any account to call at my Cottage: but if you can, do defer your journey. In the meanwhile if you be not already set off, write to me here, and wheresoever you may be write to me; if your Letter could reach Grosvenor Square within ten days of the date of this write to me here: if not at Grasmere.

Excuse extreme haste, and believe me your sincere and affectionate Friend

W Wordsworth

MS.

252. *D. W. to R. W.*

Grasmere May 29th [1806]

My dear Brother,

You have heard me speak of our old Servant in Dorsetshire. You must know, then, that she has lately had the misfortune to have her house burnt down, and Sir George Beaumont requested William to send her 5£ on his account: I shall therefore be much obliged if (as soon as you receive [this] letter) you will send her 7£, namely 5£ f[rom Sir] George and two pounds on our account. I [am not] quite certain about her address, therefore, as [I am] writing to her I thought it best to [send this l]etter to her that she might add at the [end of] it how you are to direct to her

I am dear Brother

Your affectionate Sister

D. Wordsworth

At bottom is written:

Nockchurch, Joun 10

Honored Sir I received this Letter from My dear good friend your Sister Miss Wordsworth & she desired Me to Cut [?] it from

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Mine and Send it to you as She Was dootfull We had Lived Nock Church but We ar Livin thear Still we doo Live in the blacksmith Shop and Sleps too [? a nebers] house and do Mean to Contineu till the hous is bilt up again which I hope Will be for the Winter but they do not Get very brisk With it. We Cannot expact to be very Comfortabill till We have a house again. Sir ples to direct to Me peggy Marsh NockChurch Near Axminster deven Sir I hartely thank you for your trobel and that Worthy Gentil Man Sir George for his onexpected faver. I hope God Will bless him for it as the Mony Will be of Great services to ous. I shall Writ to Miss Wordsworth as son as I hear from you. Sir I am your humbel Servant. P Marsh.

Address: Mr Wordsworth, No 11 Staple Inn, London.

MS. 253. *W. W. to Mrs. Cookson*¹

Grasmere Friday noon. [May 30, 1806]²

My dear Madam,

On my arrival at Grasmere I found Sara in considerable pain, and Leeches had been applied. This morning I am happy to say she is much better than she has been for some time, being quite free from pain. With due care I hope she will do well.

Mrs Wordsworth, happy am I to say, looks, and, I trust, is much better. But you may judge how proper it was that I should be at home, when I inform you that it was her intention to have walked, this day, to Brathay, a distance of no less than four miles; but here I am, and nothing of this kind, depend upon it, shall be done.

Little John is very poorly, in a kind of influenza going about among Children. We have not yet procured a Servant, so you may guess that the hands of Mary and my Sister are full. Mrs Watson, as she now is, has behaved very ill; and ungratefully.

¹ Mr. and Mrs. Cookson of Kendal are not to be confused with the family of Cooksons who were related to the W.s; they were friends whom they had got to know through Sara H. who had passed her childhood at Kendal. But from this date on they became more and more intimate, and the W.s seldom passed through Kendal on their journeys to and from the south without seeing them.

² W. reached Grasmere on Sunday, May 25.

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But a Gentleman being in the case much must be forgiven to female frailty ; I say so, though our Ladies will not hear of it.

Many thanks my dear Madam to you and Mr Cookson for your kind attentions ; all join with me in Love to you both, and believe me most truly yours

Wm Wordsworth

MS.

254. D. W. to Jane Marshall

Monday June 2nd, Grasmere. [1806]

My dear Friend,

It may seem that I have been determined to spare you the trouble of making any apologies in future for your long silences, however long they may be ; for after having appeared during all this while to have neglected your most kind letter you must think that I have no claims upon you in future ; and for a *punctual* correspondence indeed I *have* no claims ; but if a sincere interest in your welfare and a tender remembrance of the happy hours we have spent together in our youth preserve for me *other* claims, then write to me when you have leisure and inclination ; on those grounds you know that your letters are welcomed joyfully, and I cannot doubt that mine are in like manner welcomed by you, so let us put our correspondence on that footing and never more take up any portion of our letters with explanations or excuses. Knowing the delight I take in the dear children of our own household you may guess how much it pleases me to hear from you, my old Friend, the histories you tell me of your own little brood. I should like dearly to see you among them. I am happy to think that you are got into a country residence with them, for there is not half the comfort in children when you are in or very near a town ; even if they are equally healthy it is impossible to be so fearless about them ; measles, whooping cough, fevers etc. are always staring one in the face—at least I think we should have no little anxiety on that account ; but perhaps this may be chiefly owing to little Dorothy, for we have not half the apprehensions for John ; she has always been a delicate child, and it seems as if the whooping-cough would kill her if she were to be attacked by it before her strength is more confirmed than at present. We hope, however, that this

summer will do much for her, as since she has played about in the open air she is wonderfully improved, and, if we can, we shall take her to the sea-side. All the winter she was threatened by the croup if ever she was exposed to an east or north wind, so that we were obliged to confine her almost constantly, which was enough to make her delicate. She is uncommonly lively and entertaining, chatters from morning to night, and is beloved by everybody—the neighbours think she is far too wise for this world. John, who is uncommonly stout and healthy, has, too, his share of love, but he was never so entertaining as his sister. We have sent him to his Uncle's at Park House, to be out of the way during his mother's confinement, which we expect every day, and have been duly prepared for at least three weeks, being resolved not to be caught as heretofore. Sara Hutchinson, Mary's sister, is with us, and an old woman comes tomorrow to help us to nurse, for we have no servant but a little girl twelve years old. Our old servant has left us and the girl we had hired to take her place is very ill and cannot come, and we cannot hear of another; but we make ourselves as easy as most people would be in such a situation in the hope that before the month is out we shall be able to hire someone. You must know that in this part of the country it is the custom for servants to be hired for half a year, so that there is a general change twice a year, and unluckily for us we had no time to look about and all the young women were hired; and there is also a general scarcity of servants—the country is drained by the cotton works and other manufactories, and by the large towns whither they are tempted to go for great wages. Two of our friends are in a like situation with us, though indeed they have other servants—Mrs. Lloyd and Mrs. Calvert (names familiar to you) are both without cooks. My brother has been in London for two months—he returned on Sunday week in great spirits and much improved in his health, and very glad to be in quiet at home again, though he enjoyed himself highly in the gay world, being resolved to see all that it was possible in the time. I wish he had come home by Leeds instead of Manchester, and he might at least have seen Mr. Marshall, though he would not have had time to visit you in the country as he was in a great haste to be at home before

my sister's confinement. He came down with Mr. and Mrs. George Phillips of Manchester. He brought us very pleasing accounts of my uncle Cookson's family, all of whom he saw but one, and of my Brother Christopher and his wife and child. They live very nicely in a nice house at Lambeth. As for us, we shall at last be driven out of our cottage, for we do not think we ought to live here another winter, and with a third child it is so very unwholesome for a large family, the rooms being so small and low, not to speak of the great inconvenience we suffer from the want of another sitting-room and the noise of the children; but we cannot hear of a house in this neighbourhood that is at all suitable for us, and we are quite undetermined what to do.

I hope you will write to me as soon as you are sufficiently recovered after your lying-in. I shall be anxious to know that you go on well, and that your little one is likely to be healthy and thriving. I shall often think of you while I am attending upon my sister and her baby. I wrote to Elizabeth Threlkeld a few weeks ago, and probably you have heard of us from her. I had a very interesting letter from her with the account of her Uncle Thomas's death, and many particulars relating to my friends in Yorkshire. I hope the Fergusons have made a good choice and will be very happy: at first I was inclined to doubt it; but as they are fond of reading, I think, if they have good health, with their [a]ctivity and their general habit of attaching interest to all the [li]ttle things about them, they may live very comfortable, and [if they] want health it is a blessed thing to be rid of the cares of business. Mrs. Rawson's removal to Ha[lifax] will be a very great gain to them; not only directly bu[t i]n- directly by drawing them oftener to Halifax and so tempting them more to keep up their old acquaintances and habits. Elizabeth gives a very delightful account of Mrs. Rawson; but I cannot help regretting that she should be obliged to give up a place where she has had so much enjoyment, while she has yet all the reasons she ever had to be attached to it, and can fully relish all the pleasures it can furnish her with; in a few years, if strength and health should fail it might be a comfortable and pleasant change to draw nearer to society—but she lives so entirely for the good of others, and is so much of a true

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philosopher that she will I know make a pleasure of necessity and duty, and will keep down her regrets, which as I have said before I cannot do; I *must* be sorry that she leaves Mill House. There is no chance of *your* coming to the Lakes this summer but it is possible that your husband may come. I need not tell you how glad we should all be. My Brother desires me to make his kind remembrances to him and to add that he should be very happy to see him again at Grasmere. We have got a beautiful hut lined with moss at the top of our orchard since he was here, and we live there almost constantly in fine weather, and we have scarcely had anything else but fine weather for many weeks. Mary desires her love to you. You must kiss my namesake for me, and all the young ones who are at home. If you write to Halifax say that I shall write to Mrs. Rawson as soon as Mary has got her troubles over. Remember me affectionately to your husband, and believe me dear Jane, your sincere Friend

D. Wordsworth

Remember me to your mother and sisters. Excuse scrawling and a vile pen.

Address: Mrs Marshall, New Grange, near Leeds.

MS.

255. D. W. to R. W.

Monday June 2nd [1806]

My dear Brother,

William arrived at home yesterday week—we thought him much improved in his looks by his journey, and his health is much better. We are all well. John went to Park House on Thursday to spend two months—we sent him that he might be out of the way during his Mother's confinement.—We have desired Tom Hutchinson to draw upon you for 50 or 53£ at one month. In case the stamp does not cost more he will draw for 53£; we desired him to do so to make up the sum of 60£ with the 7£ which I have requested you to send to our old Servant, Peggy Marsh. Perhaps before the time this reaches you, you may have received my letter containing this request (5£ of the money being on account of Sir George Beaumont who desired William to send it to her for him). I transmitted my letter to Peggy that she might put her address to it as I was not quite certain to what

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place it was best to direct to her. Do be so good as to write to us and let us have a statement of our accounts. We know what we have drawn for since poor John's death but how the accounts stood before we know nothing, and we wish very much to be acquainted with the whole state of our affairs that we may endeavour to shape our expenses accordingly. The drafts on you of late have been very large, but you will remember that the 100£ to Sotheby is a debt from Coleridge to William.

Mary and I are very glad that you are coming down this summer. We have sold the pony¹ and got a Cow instead. The pony was lame and not likely to get better, and we sold it, that is Tom Hutchinson sold it, for 5£ 10s which I think was not amiss considering her lameness. I was very sorry to part with her.

Give my love to Priscilla and tell her I will write very soon. Mary and William join with me in kindest remembrances

I am, dear Richard,

Your affectionate Sister

D. Wordsworth

Address: Mr. Wordsworth, No 11 Staple Inn, London.

MS. 256. *W. W. to Thomas de Quincey*
K.

Grasmere June 3rd [1806]

My dear Friend,

As I neither see you nor hear tidings of you, I begin to fear you are suffering in health.

I arrived at home ten days ago, and now write this to let you know that we have been disappointed in not seeing you, and further that it is not likely that I shall quit this place again for some time, where be assured I shall be happy to see you whenever it shall suit you. At all events let me hear from you, as I am afraid that you are unwell. Believe me most sincerely

yours

W. Wordsworth

I wrote to you from London about a month or five weeks ago.

Address: Thomas de Quincey Esq^{re}, Mrs Best's, Everton, near Liverpool.

¹ *v.* Letter 226 (*E. L.*, p. 518).

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C. 257. *W. W. and D. W. to Lady Beaumont*
K.

(*W. W. writes:*)

Grasmere, Tuesday, June 3 [1806]

My dear Lady Beaumont,

I arrived at happy Grasmere Sunday before last, i.e. ten days ago, so that you see I have taken time to breathe before I informed you how I sped; but I know I have an unlimited indulgence from you and Sir George in these respects. I found everybody well, little Dorothy the most altered,—I ought to say improved,—for she is grown the most delightful chatterer ever seen; all acquired in two months; nor is it the least of her recommendations that she is more delighted with me than with a new toy, and is never easy, if in my sight, when out of my arms.

Since I reached home I have passed the chief part of my time out of doors, much of it in a wood by the lakeside, a spot which you would love. The Muses, without any wooing on my part, came to me there one morning and murmured a few verses, in which I did not forget Grosvenor Square, as you will know if I ever take up the strain again, for it is not finished. We have had a great deal of talk about your summer visit, and we cannot satisfy ourselves entirely about the inn; we have fears concerning the sitting-room, which, having no prospect, you would find dull. There is a small cottage close to the lake with two pleasant sitting-rooms that look upon it, under and between two very respectable pollard oaks, and these two rooms are charming in summer; but then the house is ill-provided with bedrooms; but my sister shall describe it for you, and you shall judge.

I have received a very obliging letter from Mr. Price,¹ who seems much pleased with what I said upon the Sublime. He speaks in warm terms of Sir George, and the many obligations he has to his friendship, and is kind enough to invite me to Foxley, holding out the inducement of the neighbouring scenery of the Wye.

I shall write to Sir George in a short time; meanwhile you will remember me most affectionately to him. And believe me, my

¹ v. Letter 241, *note*.

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dear Lady Beaumont, most sensible of your goodness, most happy in possessing your friendship, and now faithfully yours,
Wm. Wordsworth.

(D. W. writes:)

My dear Friend,

My brother has put his letter into my hands to direct and fold up, and I cannot let it go without a word. A thousand thousand thanks for all your goodness to him! and you have sent him home to us with looks and health so much improved that we knew not how to express our happiness.

I shall write as soon as we have an answer respecting the possibility of your having the house which my brother speaks of, the cottage near the lake. I am afraid you would not be at ease in the small confined room at the inn. Adieu, my dear Lady Beaumont. Believe me ever faithfully and affectionately yours,
D. Wordsworth.

I am very sorry you have had so much trouble about the Journal. You are very good in taking charge of my brother's concerns. I am afraid he left you a great deal to do, for he is a very bad manager of his own affairs, being so much used to leave all little things to us.

MS. 258. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

June 9th [1806]

My dear Friend,

I have put off writing from day to day in the hope that the next day I should have to tell you of the birth of a third child, but Mary seems now disposed to put off the business so long that I am quite out of patience, and I am sure you will be anxious to hear from us. I hope, since we have heard no bad news of you since William left London that you are by this time recovered from the attack which you had at Lambeth. My dear Friend, how grievous it must have been to you to be ill at that time! I cannot express how much the thought of it distressed us at Grasmere, nor how deeply we were mortified that William had not seen you on the day you left my Brother Christopher's house, and that Wm should not have seen Tom was beyond

measure grievous. Do write if but a line or two as soon as you receive this to tell us how you are going on, and what are your plans for the Summer. For us, we have been in perfect comfort and enjoyment since William's return, barring our regrets on your account and our anxiety for poor Mrs. Montagu, who was very ill when William was in London, and I fear that there is now little hope of her recovery. About three weeks ago she was delivered of a Boy, and Montagu wrote in great spirits for she seemed to be going on very well, but yesterday we received a letter from him to tell us that we must not be surprized if we saw him any day, for that his wife was very very ill, and that if she *should* fall a victim he feared he should lose his senses if he did not see William. Therefore if he did not come down hither he begged William to go to him. I fear she is going in the same manner as Mrs. Ibbetson, for by Wm's account her symptoms before the Birth of the child were the very same—bad cough, pain in the side, and entire loss of voice—only Mrs Montagu has not had the same dreadful labour pains which Mrs I. had almost every day for three weeks. We hope Montagu will come hither if she should die, as we think that an entire change of scene may be of service to him—but if he cannot resolve upon it William will certainly go to him. Mary is perfectly well except from occasional heartburns, and soreness of mouth. When William was in London she was very poorly and we looked for her confinement long before the time. We now wait with more patience as she suffers so little.

The Southey's are at Lloyds, and we expect the whole party, children and all, to tea this afternoon. We have just dined in our Summer Hall, the kitchen, and I have brought my pen and paper into the Hut, but I have not time for a long letter as it will soon be time to dress Dorothy and prepare for the visitors. You will think we are very unlucky when I tell you that we are without any servant but Hannah Lewthwaite, and have no prospect of meeting with one. Molly is gone to her Father, and the young woman whom we had hired is fallen sick and is unable to go to service. We hope, however, that we *may* meet with one before the old woman who is come to help us to nurse Mary leaves us. She is a very handy old body and we do very

nicely with her, though we have got a cow which makes some additional work, but it is probable she will not be able to stay with us longer than a month, and she has already been here a fortnight, and you have no idea of the scarcity of servants in this part of the country at present. Sara H. stays with us till Mary is recovered. After that time Wm will be going to make the Tour of the Borders of Scotland with Walter Scott, and in July the Beaumonts will be here for a week or two, and in the beginning of winter we think of going into Leicestershire, Sir George B. having offered us their house for the winter, we think we cannot do better than accept of it, there being no prospect of our meeting with one in this country to our liking, and it being really out of the question that we should spend another winter in this house. In that case we shall have no other home but this next summer which it is a great comfort to me to think of, for the thought of a final parting is very painful, except we could go to another house not far from Grasmere. If we go into Leicestershire we look upon the chance of seeing you as not inconsiderable, and we often talk of it. At any rate Wm will almost certainly see you as he thinks the journey from Leicestershire to London would be nothing, and is determined upon going thither in the Spring, before our return to Grasmere. We are anxious to know what Mr. Clarkson has done about a farm for T. H. I am afraid he has not been successful in his applications or we should have heard. I wish very much that Tom may meet with a farm to suit him as he is determined upon giving up Park house. John Monkhouse and Isabella Addison are to be married this week or next. They are coming upon a tour to the Lakes, and we shall see them here. The Tourists have begun to come. Sharpe¹ (I dare say you have heard us speak of him) and two other gentlemen drank tea with us in the Hut on Wednesday. They are still at Low Wood, and we shall see more of them. Johnny is at Park House, he must stay two months. We miss him very much, both in the house and about the doors. Old Molly says I often think 'I see t'laal bits o' blue breeches running ovr't floor' and Dorothy is the sweetest chatterer you ever heard, and the loveliest child I ever saw, and very pretty, and

¹ i.e. Richard Sharp.

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tolerably healthy. Adieu, I can write no more. God bless you my dear Friend.

Believe me ever your affect^o

D. Wordsworth—

Mr Clarkson's Book has not arrived, it being to come with Wm's clothes. Do write—

Address: Mrs Clarkson, at Mr Wm Allen's, Plough Court, Lombard Street, London.

C. 259. D. W. to Lady Beaumont
K.

Grasmere, Tuesday Evening, June 17th [1806]

My dear Friend,

You will rejoice with us in my sister's safety, and the birth of a son. There was something peculiarly affecting to us in the time and manner of this child's coming into the world. It was like the very same thing over again which happened three years ago; for on the 18th of June, on such another morning, after such a clear and starlight night, the birds singing in the orchard in full assembly as on this 15th, the young swallows chirping in the self-same nest at the chamber window, the rose-trees rich with roses in the garden, the sun shining on the mountains, the air still and balmy,—on such a morning was Johnny born, and all our first feelings were revived at the birth of his brother two hours later in the day, and three days earlier in the month; and I fancied that I felt a double rushing-in of love for it, when I saw the child, as if I had both what had been the first-born infant John's share of love to give it, and its own. We said it was to be called William at first, but we have since had many discussions and doubts about the name; and Southey, who was here this morning, is decided against William; he would keep the father's name distinct, and not have two *William Wordsworths*. It never struck us in this way; but we have another objection which does not go beyond our own household and our own particular friends, i.e. that my brother is always called *William* amongst us, and it will create great confusion, and we cannot endure the notion of giving up the sound of a name, which, applied to him, is so dear to us. In the case of Dorothy

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there is often much confusion ; but it is not so bad as it would be in this case, and besides, if it were only equally confusing, the inconvenience would be doubled.

Your kind letter to my brother arrived yesterday, with your sister's most interesting account of her sensations on ascending the Mont Denvers. I shuddered while I read ; and though admiration of the fortitude with which she endured the agony of her fear was the uppermost sentiment, I could not but slightly blame her for putting herself into such a situation, being so well aware of her constitutional disposition to be so affected. For my own part, I do think that I should have died under it, and nothing could prevail upon me to undertake such an expedition. When I was in the whispering gallery at St. Paul's, I had the most dreadful sensation of giddiness and fear that I ever experienced. I could not move one foot beyond another, and I retired immediately, unable to look down ; and I am sure when the sense of personal danger should be added to that other bodily fear, it would be too much for me ; therefore I had reason to sympathize with your sister in the course of her narrative.

I hope you will find the inn tolerably comfortable, as I am informed that one of the upper rooms, which was formerly a bedroom, is converted into a sitting-room, which entirely does away our objections to the house for you ; the upper rooms being airy and pleasant, and out of the way of noise. Among my lesser cares, and hopes, and wishes, connected with the event of your coming to Grasmere, the desire for fine weather is uppermost ; but it will be the rainy season of this country, and we have had so much fine and dry weather that we must look forward to some deduction from our comfort on that score. We received your second letter with the tidings of the finding of the Journal, the day after we had received the first. You may be sure we were very glad that it was found. It is a delicious evening, and after my confinement to the house for these two days past I now doubly enjoy the quiet of the moss-hut, where I am writing. Adieu ! Believe me, my dear Lady Beaumont, your affectionate friend,

D. Wordsworth.

I have expressed myself obscurely about our objections to

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calling the child by William's name. I meant that we should not like to call him but as we have been used to do. I could not change William for Brother, in speaking familiarly, and his wife could not endure to call him Mr. Wordsworth. Dorothy is in ecstasies whenever she sees her little brother, and she talks about him not only the day through but in her dreams at night, 'Baby, baby!'

c. 260. D. W. to Lady Beaumont
K.

Grasmere, June 24th, 1806.

My dear Friend,

I begin my letter with an expectation of being summoned at every moment to deliver it up, along with others which I have been writing, to my brother and Miss Hutchinson, who are going to meet the post at Rydal; but I cannot omit informing you how we go on, as I know you will be anxious about us; besides, we have received the box, etc., and it is fit that I should release your mind of all further care respecting its contents, which came in perfect safety, and have given general satisfaction, and great joy to your god-daughter (for poor Johnny is not here to look at the beautiful library which you have sent him); but could you see Dorothy, how she spreads her hands and arms, and how she exclaims over each book, as she takes it from the case, and the whole together—such a number!—(when by special favour she is permitted to view them), then you would indeed be repaid for the trouble and pains you have taken! She lifts her arms, and shouts and dances, and calls out, 'Johnny, book! Dear god-mother sent Johnny book!' She looks upon them as sacred to Johnny, and does not attempt to abuse them. She is also very much delighted with her little almanack, but not in such an enthusiastic manner; for I never saw anything like her joy over the whole library of books. But enough of this. I spoil a pen with every letter I write. The binding of the manuscript destined for Coleridge is exactly to our minds, and Mr. Tuffin is not only forgiven, but we feel a little compunction for the reproaches which slipped from us when we supposed it to be lost.

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I am called for. My brother and Miss Hutchinson are ready.
Adieu! Yours ever,

D. Wordsworth.

Tuesday Evening. They were too late for the post this morning, and brought back my letter, which I open, to copy a part of a letter relating to Coleridge, which we have just received from Dr. Stoddart of Malta. He begins:

'As it is probable that you have neither heard of nor from C. for some time, I have determined to write to you in order to relieve in some measure your anxiety and that of his family. I have not, however, any very precise information to communicate. The sum of the whole is that he is probably safe at Rome, but may be obliged to reside there privately, and perhaps under a borrowed name, till he finds an opportunity of returning either to Malta or England. He left this place in September last, intending to go through the kingdom of Naples to Trieste, and so through Germany home. On the 26th of September he wrote me a short note from Syracuse, which is the only letter that has been received from him at Malta. He was then on his way to Messina, and meant to go from thence to Venice or Trieste, having at these three places a credit of £500 on respectable bankers, correspondents of Mr. Noble, a friend of mine here. From Naples at the approach of the French in January he withdrew with a Mr. B., son of the Member for H., to Rome; but a little after his departure, sent a box of papers and other things to Mr. G. Noble, who with his family escaped to Messina, and took the box with him soon after the French entered Naples in February. From this precaution I conclude that Coleridge wished to travel *incog.*, as he might with justice apprehend that the official character in which he acted here might expose him to suspicion; and, as the French so openly violate all the rights of neutrality, they might think fit to seize him even at Rome. However, I think he has sufficiently obviated all danger of that kind, and being with Mr. B., he will probably be in no want of money. I imagine his object will be to get to Trieste, which is now restored to the Emperor, and where his banker's credit will be of service to him.'

This letter is certainly not calculated to set us entirely at ease, for if there be need of so much caution there must be some

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danger, and we have reason yet to apprehend further delay ; but we are furnished with a probable reason for his silence, and we may be satisfied that he is not in want of money, which is very comfortable. I am afraid the other side of the sheet will be scarcely legible. I wrote in great haste in the morning, and had hardly room left for Stoddart's letter. Adieu, dear Lady B.

Yours ever,
D. W.

MS. 261. *D. W. to R. W.*

June 26 1806

My dear Brother,

Not having received any letter from Peggy Marsh since I wrote to you to request you to send her 7£, I am afraid that you have not yet sent it, for I desired her to write to me as soon as she had received the money. If you have not already remitted it to her, pray do *immediately* as she must be in great want of some necessaries, having lost much of the furniture and clothes by the fire which burnt her house down. We have received the 5£ from Sir George Beaumont on her account. When you send the money to her pray desire her to write to me without delay, for I am very anxious to know how she is going on.

Mary is tolerably well, and your second Nephew is a thriving Fellow. Your Godson is at Park house. When shall we see you in the North?

We all join in kind love.

Your affectionate Sister
D. Wordsworth

Address: Mr Wordsworth, N^o 11 Staple Inn, London.

MS. 262. *D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

[30th June, 1806]

My dear Friend,

Your letter arrived yesterday and a welcome letter it was, for we had been anxiously waiting for news of your health, and your account of yourself is far better than we durst hope for. Two volumes of Mr. Clarkson's Book arrived a week ago, but judge how mortifying, they are the two last volumes and we may yet

have to wait a fortnight or three weeks for the other, for I am much afraid that it has not been sent off. You must know that William, having received the first volume not at the same time with the others and in a different quarter of the town, he left it at poor Montagu's house to be packed up with some of his clothing which were there, and some things which were at Charles Lamb's and were to be sent to Montagu's to be also packed by him, but we have not received the Box nor heard of it, so I think it is probable that it has quite slipped out of Montagu's mind, and no wonder. We have determined not to read the Book till we can begin at the beginning, so I have done little more than turn over the leaves. I am no connoisseur in handsome books, but I think it is a very well-looking Book, with enough of stuff in each page, not too large margins, and a good type. As to the matter, it looks very nice, (I have heard *you* say that you can judge of a book in turning over the leaves) and I have read some very sweetly written *bits*. I suppose being sometimes in the fashionable world you know that this is a fashionable word—a picture is a *bit*, a beautiful prospect in nature, everything is a bit, as William tells me. I wish you had settled for the next three or four years in London rather than at Bury, that is, I wish it had suited your husband's inclinations, for it was out of the question, he disliking it so much; but I think upon the whole, being within a day's journey of your Father, you might have lived more to your own satisfaction in London—you might have chosen your own society, and that of the best, and you need never have had more than you liked, which it is not possible always to help in a country town. I have another reason for wishing you had settled in London: I think we should have been likely to meet oftener; at least William and Coleridge might have oftener seen you. I am very glad you have been so well pleased with Christopher and Priscilla. William says she is a very sweet tempered woman. We had a letter from Montagu yesterday. It was written in deep distress, but more calmly than we should have expected. Poor man, he was at his Brother's house two miles from Wimbledon when his dear wife died, and he said that by walking a little way he could see the house. She was to be buried last Monday, and Montagu seemed

at first to wish to attend the funeral, but in his last letter he says, 'If I do go my Brother and I shall go privately, for I cannot bear the procession of six miles'. From this we judge that she is to be buried in London. Montagu does not say on what day he shall set off, but he says, 'I, and probably Basil shall be with you most likely before the end of next week', that is, *this* week, so we shall look for them on Friday or Saturday. Poor man! his loss can never be made up to him for she was, or wished and aimed to be, everything that he could desire. Her natural gifts were very uncommon—sweetness of temper, and extreme sensibility and tenderness were expressed in all her looks, and she loved and admired goodness and noble qualities wherever she found them. Her education one might have supposed, was a very unfavourable one; yet she was a model of innocence and purity, and withal, though she had little power of conversation she was so delightful to look upon, her countenance being so sweet, no one could feel her Society unprofitable or barren; she was very skilful in music, sang with taste and very prettily, and her manner of playing on the harp, as poor Coleridge has often said, was quite divine. What a shock it will be to Coleridge to hear that she is dead! and how many that he loved are also gone! Our dear John, Tom Wedgwood,¹ and his old Friend and school-fellow Allen.² But I must quit this melancholy subject. I trust before many months are over that it may not be so painful and distressing to think and talk of Coleridge, that he may be once again upon his native Island, and that our good friend Montagu may find consolation and quiet thoughts among us. Mary has been out twice, but she is not so strong as she ought to be, or as she was at her former lyings-in, and she does not eat anything with a good appetite. I hope that her appetite will mend when she can stir about, but I am very sure that she is not fit to suckle her child many months; and that if we were to suffer her to go on after her own inclinations she would in a very few years be worn out and follow poor Mrs. Montagu. But William has made up his mind. Well or ill, she is to wean the child at six months,

¹ Thomas Wedgwood (1771–1805), Coleridge's friend and benefactor, famous as the discoverer of the process of photography.

² 'Bob' Allen (1772–1805) in whose rooms at University College, Oxford, C. had first met Southey.

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but if she is not in perfect health after the time when she ought to be fairly recovered and strengthened after her lying in, he must be weaned as soon as possible. Sara is with us, and will stay till we get a servant, for the old nurse is to leave us on Monday, and we shall then have no helper but Hannah Lewthwaite. We are determined to take in no company to dinner, but we have already had a good number of visitors. One party who came about 4 days after Mary was brought to bed, we were most happy to see, the Grahams of Glasgow. Mr. G.¹ called in the morning, and I was exceedingly struck with his appearance, his manly figure and dignified presence. Wm went with him to the Inn and dined there, and he and his wife and two daughters spent the afternoon and drank tea with us. Miss Graham is a very handsome Girl, and Mrs. G. appears to be a friendly, motherly woman. William was exceedingly pleased with Mr. Graham's conversation, and what I heard I liked very much, but his countenance and figure were enough for me. They would have stayed a few days at Grasmere, but the Inn was so uncomfortable and dirty—new people are come to it, and I hope their being not yet settled accounts for this, or what will the Beaumonts do? My dear Friend, I must urge Mr. Clarkson again about a farm for Tom Hutchinson. I am afraid he has not succeeded with any to whom he has applied, but is there yet no chance? We are very anxious about it as he is doing very badly at Park House, and the time approaches when he must either give it up or take it (I believe on a lease). Johnny likes being with his Aunt Joanna very much, and she says he is a good Boy—he is quite at home among horses and cows. Dorothy would delight your very soul. She is so full of life and sensibility and has so many pretty tricks. She doats on her Father—'Dear Ather' as she calls him—and he on her, and because he can refuse her nothing he helps to make her a little petted now and then, the only fault she has. Farewell, God bless you my dear Friend.

Your ever faithful

D. W.

¹ Robert Grahame was a Glasgow solicitor, brother of James G., author of *The Sabbath* (1804) and *Poems* (1807). *Alice Fell* is based on a story recounted to W. by R. G. (*v. D. W.'s Journal* for March 16, 1802).

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If you write to Mrs. C. do continue, if possible, to report something of the fine things said of him by the fine folks, for she would fain persuade us he is a perfect clown, at least in his *appearance*.

We have received your Frank containing Stoddart's letter. William hopes Mr. Clarkson will keep a sharp eye on Longman for the next Edition. £600 is a famous sum for this first. I give you joy of it.

Address: Mrs. Clarkson, at Mr Wm Allen's, Plough Court, Lombard Street, London.

MS. 263. D. W. to Lady Beaumont
C. K.

Grasmere, July 9th, Monday, [1806.]

My dear Friend,

My brother received Sir George's letter on Friday evening, and his intention of replying to it himself prevented me from writing to you, which I was going to do when Sir George's letter arrived; but my brother having been obliged to go with Miss Hutchinson for a few days to Park House, I take the pen merely to tell you what accommodations we are likely to have for you at the inn, and to give you our opinions and feelings respecting our journey into Leicestershire for the winter. I need not say how deeply sensible we are of Sir George's kindness and yours in this instance, and we have so many reasons to be grateful to you that I am little inclined to dwell upon this particular one. In the first place, then, we seem to have no other spot to turn to, for there is not a house in this neighbourhood; and our continuing here during another winter would be attended with so many serious inconveniences, especially to my brother, who has no quiet corner in which to pursue his studies, no room but that where we all sit (to say nothing of the unwholesomeness of these low small rooms for such a number of persons), that we feel that nothing short of absolute impossibility should prevent us from moving. Ever since my brother's return from London we have thought about our removal to Coleorton as the only scheme in our power; but I abstained from speaking of it to you, thinking that at our meeting all things might be better explained. The

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solitude would be no evil to us with such a treasure of books, and even the dirty roads a trifling one, the house being so large that it would not be irksome or unhealthful to be confined there in rainy weather. But there is one circumstance which casts a damp upon our prospects, and is the only one that prevents us from looking forward to the journey with unmingled pleasure,—the being in your house and you not there; so near you, as it were, and not enjoying your society. On this account we could not but have many regrets; therefore, if any house should become vacant in this neighbourhood before the beginning of winter, of course it would be desirable to take it, and defer our journey till the end of next summer, when you will be there also,—for I hope there will be no further delay in the finishing of your building.

One week of the month of July is gone by, and you thought it possible you might be with us before the end of the month, so I hope it will not be long before you have arranged your plans. As to the house at Grasmere, I think there is no doubt but that you may be very comfortable there. I daresay that you might have lodgings at Keswick (if you have no objections to being in the town), where you might be well enough accommodated for a week or a fortnight; but I believe there are no entire houses to be let even in the town, and I know there are none in the neighbourhood, therefore our removing thither is out of the question, for my brother could not endure the thought of living in the town, and we have all great objections to it. Now, if you wish for lodgings in Keswick, you must let us know as soon as you have settled your plans, and we will write to Mr Edmondson. I have just begun to read Mr Knight's book,¹ which you were very kind in sending. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* was also in the box, which we think must have come by mistake. We had two copies of our own sent to us by Mr Scott. Adieu! Yours affectionately,

D. Wordsworth.

¹ *Analytical Enquiry into the Principles of Taste*, by Richard Payne Knight.

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MS. 264. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

Grasmere, July 23rd [1806]

My dear Friend,

Your letter reached us last Monday, the day after our return from Park House whither Wm and I had gone with little Dorothy to remove her out of the way of the hooping-cough which is so near to us as at Frank Baty's and is prevelant in the whole vale. We set forward at half past ten on Thursday morning, Wm with his daughter on his back, and Hannah Lewthwaite and I followed, each with a bundle. At George Mackereth's a young man joined our party, and took the little Darling in his arms, and she soon dropped asleep and slept until we came to the foot of the mountain, and waked as happy as a bird, though in a stranger's arms, and so continued till he left us at the head of Grisdale on the other side of the hills. She noticed everything we saw, and sang her pretty baby songs to the sheep and cattle as we passed them. 'Baa-Baa! black Sheep!' etc. etc. and 'Cushy cow bonny let down thy milk'. She never expressed one want or one wish except now and then to carry her can in her own hands, out of which she drank of the streams, or when Wm and I were at a distance from her¹ she would say 'Ather turn back again, Anny turn back again'. The rest of the way till we came to Patterdale her Father bore her on his back, and when we arrived at Mr. Luff's she called out for the sugar-butter which I had promised she should have, seized upon Mr. Luff's four footed stool, calling out '[?] Stool!' seated herself on the grass plot and seemed to be quite at home. Unluckily Mrs. Luff was at Mr. Askew's; but, though (fearing so long a journey for the child when we left home we had thought it would be too much for D. to go down the water that night) yet the afternoon being very fine we resolved to venture and arrived at the Boat house under Soulby Fell at half past 8 o'clock, and at Park house soon after the stars appeared, and the little creature had never once cried, never given us anything but sweet smiles, except for the first half hour after we got into the Boat when she screamed and struggled terribly, impatient of the confinement. She struggled till she fell

¹ Written us.

asleep, and slept till our landing. Johnny was in bed when we got to the House and I durst not go immediately to see him fearing if he were awake that I should unsettle him, for the next morning he was to be sent to Penrith to keep him from D. who we feared might have already caught the hooping-cough, and in my impatience in thinking about him I chanced to say 'I should like to see those "bits o' breeches"' (I think I reported to you Molly Fisher's language of regret about him) and D. took fire at the word "Johnny breeches, see Johnny breeches", so we all went together to look at them and she was in ecstasy lifting up her hands at every separate article of his dress, her joy rising as she looked. 'Johnny breeches, Johnny jacket, Johnny shoes, Johnny *stockings*', and she danced with joy over them—but this was all she saw of him, for the next morning his Father took him to Penrith. He was overjoyed to see me, but the riding on horse-back with his Father reconciled him to our parting so soon. He looks very healthy and behaves very well and is as loving as ever. Poor fellow, an ugly accident happened to him which, though we have great reason to be thankful was not much worse, one cannot but regret, as it has marred the expression of his countenance completely. He fell through a hay-rack and got a blow upon his cheek which has left a dimple that appears whenever the muscles of his face are moved and has changed his rich and joyous smile into a silly simper. There is no scar, for the skin was not broken. I saw him again at Penrith, where I drank tea, and put him to bed at Mrs. J. Monkhouse's, and we had no sorrow in parting for no doubt he did not think I was going away. We left D. on Sunday morning in perfect health and very happy, and I trust she had caught no hooping-cough, but Johnny is to stay at Penrith till next Tuesday. This house is silent and very dull without the voices of the children, and we long to have them back again, but I know not when they can come, with safety. *Thomas*, so our youngest born is called, and I think you will like him the better for it, is a very fine child and thrives as well as Johnny did. I think he will be very handsome—he is like Johnny. I wish he had had hair enough on his head that we might have sent you a bit of it. He was christened the day after he was a month old, Tom H. was Godfather and after

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him he is called, but we do not forget the two Thomas Clarksons in calling him by his name, and we are not a little proud of it, it sounds so consequential and old-fashioned. Mary Monkhouse (who came over to stand Godmother) is still here, and Joanna Hutchinson. Sara left us the week before. Since I wrote to you last I have been engaged from morning till night till after the Christening—for we only got a servant a few days before, and poor Mary was very poorly and kept us exceedingly uneasy and anxious. Thank God she is now recovered and gains strength very fast. She thinks herself quite well, but *I* do not think she is yet so strong as she ought to be for a nursing mother. Her complaint was a violent inflammation in her mouth, like what she had when she was at Eusemere only much worse, and she was exceedingly weak and low-spirited. She is now chearful and like herself, but she is very thin, and I am well assured that we ought to take care that she does not suckle over long. We are yet undetermined how to dispose of ourselves this winter. We cannot get a house to suit us, but we are unwilling to go into Leicestershire if it can be avoided, as the Beaumonts will not be there, and as, if we should go next year, we shall have the pleasure of being with them; but if no house is to be had here, go we must. They are likely to be prevented from coming into the North this summer, which is a great disappointment to us. Thank you, my dear Friend, for your information about the farm for Tom H.! Mr. Clarkson is very good to take so much pains, and I hope earnestly that something may come of it. I was much interested with your account of the Wilberforces and glad to find your opinion of Mr. W. correspond so exactly with my own. Your remark respecting their religion is very striking. Mr. Clarkson's first volume is not yet arrived; it is at poor Montagu's house, but indeed, had it been here I do not believe that I should ever to this day have found time to read it. I have read nothing for weeks past. But now Mary is well and we have got a nice servant we shall have plenty of leisure. Montagu and Basil are coming down very soon. Poor Man, he stayed in the hope of being able to attend to business in the Bankruptcy Courts at the end of last month, but he could not do it. He seems to be terribly depressed. He says in his last

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letter, 'I hope I shall be able to sleep under your roof, for I have been so long used to affection that I know not how to do without it'. So we shall contrive to have a bed for him and Basil. Mr. Cambell and Mr. Barber (you recollect them I am sure) are at Mr. Gell's cottage, and Mr. Crump's monster of a house is built up again. Sir Daniel le Fleming and Miss Fleming are to be married, a love match much against her ambitious mother's wishes. Thomas Wilkinson was here about 3 weeks ago on his road to Coniston. He said the Quakers were astonished that Mr. C. had been able to collect so much knowledge about them and wondered how he had come by it. William goes on rapidly with the Recluse. We are now sitting together in the Moss Hut. We have plenty of apples, and our garden has been very productive this year, and the cow is quite a treasure. We were rejoiced to hear of Lamb's farce.¹ Your house is exactly what one could wish for, all that could be desired in a town house, and how cheap! I wish I *wish* I could talk about our coming to see you, but all is so uncertain and the distance so great that till we are once moved I know not how we can lay any plans. Your news of Dr Beddoes was a great shock to us, for we had heard nothing of his illness. My dear Friend, I trust in your love, or such a letter as this I should never send you, yet I think you *may* read it, but none but a friend partial and kind as you could think it worth the pains. My pen is wretched, paper bad, and I write as fast as pen can go. God bless you for ever. Write soon. Love to Tom and all our best remembrances to your husband.

Farewell. God bless you. Yours ever.

D. W.

We were not at Eusemere. How did I long for you when we landed in the evening with our precious charge—how joyfully would you have greeted us. I saw nobody stirring in the field or near the doors. William desires me to say he took a deal of pains to find Tom a Book of Natural History that unlucky day that he missed you; he intends to impose the task upon Charles Lamb, who will know better where to seek. Wm has read most of Mr. Clarkson's book and has been much pleased, but he

¹ On June 20 Lamb had written to tell W. that *Mr. H.* had been accepted for Drury Lane. It was performed, and damned, in the following December.

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complains of the latter volume being exceedingly disfigured by perpetual use of the word *tract*.

Address: Mrs. Clarkson, at Mr. John Clarkson's, Purfleet, Grays, Essex.

C. 265. *D. W. to Lady Beaumont*

K(—)

July 23^d, Grasmere. [1806]

My dear Friend,

I fear that there is little chance left of our seeing you here this summer, and with true sorrow do we resign the hope. I had always seemed to foresee that some [?] would arise, yet when your letter reached us, I felt that my foresight had been of small use to me, the disappointment was so heavy. Let us trust, however, in the hope of better fortune next summer, and that we may be near to each other for a longer time than you could now have spared from your important engagements at home. We are all exceedingly concerned also for the cause which is likely to deprive us of the happiness of seeing you, and especially my brother, who has a great respect for Mr. Colly,¹ and never fails to speak of the attentions he received from him, with a pleasing and grateful remembrance of his kindness.

A few minutes before your letter arrived William had set forward with his daughter on his back, and our little nursemaid and I were on foot following after, all on our road over the high mountain pass betwixt Grasmere and Patterdale, by which road we were going to Park House, to remove the child from the danger of hooping-cough, which is prevalent at Grasmere. The letter was sent after us and we halted by the wayside to read it. This was a sad damping at our setting out. We had, however, on the whole a prosperous journey. A young man assisted my brother in bearing the child over the mountains. We went down Ullswater in a boat, and arrived in the evening at Park House, about three miles further. Our little darling had been the sweetest companion that ever travellers had. She noticed the crags, the streams, everything we saw, and when we passed by any living creatures, sheep or cows, she began to sing her baby

¹ Sir G. B.'s manservant.

songs which she has learned from us, 'Baa! baa! black sheep' and 'Curly cow bonny'. She was not frightened in the boat, but for half an hour she screamed dreadfully, wanting to be out and in the water. This was all the trouble we had with her in the whole journey, for she fell asleep, and did not wake till we landed. We found Johnny perfectly well, and overjoyed to see us. Poor fellow! he had met with an accident a few weeks before, which one cannot but lament, as it entirely mars the expression of his countenance. He fell through a hay-rack, and got a severe blow on his cheek, which, though there is no scar, has left an indention or hole in the cheek, which appears, to those who do not know him, like a dimple; and, indeed, it is like a dimple; but it has changed his rich, joyous smile into a silly simper. I have had a letter from an old servant,¹ whose distresses my brother related to you, and to whom you so kindly sent the sum of £5. She overflows with gratitude; goes on to tell me that by the means of your liberality, and that of others who have been interested for her, she is in no worse condition than she was before the fire happened. Poor soul! She says, 'I can never be sufficiently thankful that our lives were spared. We were all fast asleep in bed, and, as God would have it, my little baby waked, and wakened me, and the flames were rushing in at the window.' She is an uncomplaining sufferer, for, since she left our home, she has endured very much from many causes, especially the cruelty of her husband, and sickness and death of children, and her own weak health; yet, though she had no other means of support but the labour of her husband and her own for several years, she never uttered one expression which might induce me to think she needed any comfort which money could procure; quite the contrary, yet when we sent her any assistance it was plain how much she needed it by her account of the manner in which she disposed of that little money, chiefly in fuel! Then comes this sorrow, and now again they are going into the house, which has been rebuilt, and she will patiently again enter upon a way of life which I know is utterly discordant with all her feelings, except a spirit of submission to the will of her husband and the hope of providing a maintenance for her children. I had not

¹ i.e. Peggy Marsh, v. p. 23 *supra*.

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intended to detain you so long with talking of this poor woman, but knowing that you would sympathize with me in the pleasure I feel in contemplating a conduct so delicate and disinterested with respect to money in a person placed in so low a rank in society, I went on, and was loath to stop. Believe me, dear Lady Beaumont, your affectionate friend,

D. Wordsworth.

I have said nothing about our residence for the winter. The truth is that the thought of being in your house and not seeing you always hangs heavy upon us, and if we can meet with a place here (but I am afraid we shall not) we shall take it, and next autumn, if your house be still at liberty, we can spend two or three months near you. I must again add, however, that we do not dread any of the inconveniences you mention.

We left both John and Dorothy at Park House. William's disposition to procrastinate has yet prevented him from writing to Sir George, who will, he knows, excuse him. He is going on with *The Recluse*.

MS. 266. *W. W. to Sir George Beaumont*

C. K. (—)

Grasmere, August 1st, 1806.¹

My dear Friend,

It was very good in you to write to me, much more than I deserved, as I have shown by suffering your Letter to remain so long unanswered; I deserve your friendship, I hope, but not your Letters, indeed, I am unworthy of any Body's, being a Correspondent intolerably remiss. I am glad you liked the verses; I could not but write them with feeling with such a subject, and one that touched me so nearly: your delicacy in not leading me to the Picture did not escape me. It is a melancholy satisfaction to me to connect my dear Brother with anybody whom I love much; and I knew that the verses would give you pleasure as a proof of my affection for you. The picture was to me a very moving one; it exists in my mind at this moment as if it were before my eyes. We have been looking every day for a Letter from Lady Beaumont with a hope still remaining

¹ So *W. W.*, but *K.* dates 1805.

that we may see you this summer. Lady Beaumont speaks in her last of your health being better; we were much concerned to hear that you had not been so well as usual; you need not fear that any inability on your part thoroughly to enjoy the country would make your company less acceptable; you would certainly enjoy much, and we should have the pleasure of contributing to your pleasure, with the hope of seeing you better, which would brighten everything.

I do not know whether my sister has written since we had another account of Coleridge;—I am sorry I cannot say *from* him. He was at Leghorn¹ with a friend on their way to England: so that we still continue to look for him daily. He has lost *all* his papers; *how* we are not told. This grieves and vexes me much; probably (but it is not on this account—his loss being I daresay irreparable—that I am either much vexed or grieved) a large collection of my poems is gone with the rest; among others five books of the Poem upon my own life, but of all these I have copies; he, I am afraid, has none of his old writings.

Within this last month I have returned to the Recluse, and have written 700 additional lines. Should Coleridge return, so that I might have some conversation with him upon the subject, I should go on swimmingly. We have been very little interrupted with Tourist-Company this summer, and, of course, being for the most part well, have enjoyed ourselves much. I am now writing in the Moss hut, which is my study, with a heavy thunder shower pouring down before me. It is a place of retirement for the eye (though the Public Road glimmers through the apple-trees a few yards below), and well suited to my occupations. I cannot however refrain from smiling at the situation in which I sometimes find myself here; as, for instance, the other morning when I was calling some lofty notes out of my harp, chaunting of Shepherds, and solitude, etc., I heard a voice, which I knew to be a male voice, whose also it was, crying out from the road below, in a tone exquisitely effeminate, '*Sautez, sautez, apportez, apportez; vous ne le ferez pas, venez donc Pandore, venez, venez*'. Guess who this creature could be, thus speaking to his Lap-dog in the midst of our venerable mountains? It is

¹ Coleridge was at Leghorn in May.

one of two nondescripts who have taken the Cottage for the summer which we thought you might occupy, and who go about parading the valley in all kinds of fantastic dresses, green leather caps, turkey half-boots, jackets of fine linnen, or long dressing-gowns, as suit them. Now you hear them in the roads; now you find them lolling in this attire, book in hand, by a brook-side—then they pass your window in their Curricie,—to-day the Horses Tandem-wise, and to-morrow abreast; or on Horseback, as suits their fancies. One of them we suspect to be painted, and the other, though a pale-cheeked Puppy, is surely not surpassed by his blooming Brother. If you come you will see them, and I promise you they will be a treat to you.

We still think it possible that we may winter at Coleorton, but we shrink from the thought of going so far without seeing you, and if we [can] procure a House in this neighbourhood we certainly shall. We are the more willing to be kept in a state of suspense as long as Coleridge is unarrived. I don't know that after expressing my thanks for your many kindnesses to me when under your roof, and at all times, and the happiness I derive from your friendship, I can fill this Paper better than by adding a sonnet from Michael Angelo,¹ translated some time since. Farewell.

Yours most affectionately,
W. Wordsworth.

Address: Sir Geo. Beaumont Bart., Coleorton, Ashby de la Zouch, Leicestershire.

MS. 267. *M. W. to Mrs. Cookson*

Grasmere Aug 3^d [1806]

My dear Mrs Cookson,

I have intended writing to you every day since the arrival of the Books, but have hitherto idly suffered some foolish reason or other to prevent me, and to say truth, I know not that even yet my good resolutions would have gotten the better of my idleness had I not been summoned to write to you by the kindness of your letter which I received yesterday. I thank

¹ 'The prayers I make', as in Oxf. W., p. 257.

you most heartily for it and for all your affectionate remembrances—to Mr. Cookson my good Man is exceedingly obliged for doing what he could for him as far as his commission went at the Sale, the Book you inquire about, he bids me say, he believes is cheap enough, but he does not himself know the value of it, only he is very glad to possess it, therefore it cannot be dear—the others must be a pennyworth. I shall send this letter and the Waistcoat by the Weddingers who are here to-day in all their gaiety (no doubt you have heard that Ann Ashburner is married) I assure you it is an important event in Grasmere. I wish you had told me something about yourself and your young ones when you called upon me to answer such questions, but you say not one word of the sort. I have often wished to hear how the Baby was going on, what you called him and something of your own health etc and when I came to the end of your letter was disappointed; but as something in my nature always bids me hope the best, I conclude from your silence that all is well.—For my own part, I have not been so well since my confinement as I before had been, and as I still hoped to be,—I was pestered with a nasty complaint in my mouth which prevented my eating, consequently kept me weak. I am now quite well though not strong, but as my appetite is good, I have no doubt but that I shall soon regain my accustomed strength—the little Thos is a wonderful Thriver—but our house is become very dull by the loss of our two prattlers—Johnny has been at Park house since before his Brother was born, and we have been induced to send little Dorothy after him; the hooping cough has got amongst our Neighbours and we dreaded the ravage it might make upon her delicate frame whilst she continues to be so subject to the Croup, therefore thought it the only safe plan to send her out of the way of it, so Heaven knows when we shall dare venture to have them home again—they being absent we have no fear that the Baby will catch the infection—but you cannot think—yes, *you may* think what a want we have of them, but it is not every one that can. My Sister Joanna and Miss Monkhouse are with us at present, they have often talked of returning home (thinking that the farthest way about, is the nearest way home) by Kendal for the sake of

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seeing you—they meant to walk to K. and take the coach to Penrith—a maddish scheme for two, not over and above strong people, however I did not oppose it as I knew you would make them welcome and be glad to see them, but this uncertain weather setting in has set all this hoped-for pleasure out of the question and they are now anxiously waiting for the first fine day to set them soberly over Kirkstone.

I know not my dear Friend! what I can say about our visiting you—so many of us are not easily moved—but this I will promise you—we think of passing the Winter in Leicestershire and on our road thither we will make it our *business* to spend at least one whole day with you, if you can contrive to harbour us all. Mr. W. and my Sister join me in thanking you for your friendly invitation, and believe me it will not a little delight me to see you in the midst of your Bairns. As soon as I hear from Sarah (and I hope for a letter to-night) that Dorothy and her little Attendant, who went with her, are clear of the hooping cough, I intend to go, with little Thos, over to see them. We never hear anything of G. Mackereth's going to Kendal or we should like him to settle our account with you—we are now considerably your Debtors.

I am dear Mrs C with best compts to your Husband and best wishes to your Children affly yours

M. Wordsworth.

It was very lucky that Sarah mentioned the waistcoat to you—it never occurred to us that it might be Mr Cookson's, indeed we rested quite satisfied that it was Sir G. Beaumont's, particularly as it was mentioned to them and they only said in answer to what we told Lady B. about it, and other things that had been sent by mistake, 'keep them till we see you', but we have no doubt but that the right owner is Mr C.

Address: Mrs Cookson, Kendal.

C. K. 268. *W. W. to Sir George Beaumont*

Grasmere August 5th, [1806.]

My dear Sir George,

I wrote to you a few days ago. I now write again under a considerable embarrassment of mind occasioned by the enclosed

letter, which I wish you would be so good as to read after I have furnished you with the necessary preface.

In consequence of this house being too small for us, I have for some time wished to purchase, somewhere or other in this neighbourhood, a few acres of land, with a house attached to them, which might be made large enough by expending upon it £200 or £300. I have sought in vain for such a thing in this Vale, and at last I fixed upon a beautiful spot in Patterdale, which I think is worth £700, and for which I offered £800, the utmost farthing I was resolved to give, thinking it nothing but reasonable, as the property was not offered to sale, that I should pay £100 more than it was worth. Now, it happens that the property in question adjoins an estate of a clergyman of considerable fortune, who also applied for it, and in consequence, chiefly, I believe, of this double application, the proprietors fixed upon it the price of £1000. Of course I gave up all thoughts of the thing, merely writing to the person whom I employed to manage the affair for me, that if he could get the estate for £800 he was to do so. The people stood to their demand of £1000. In this state of the business, Thomas Wilkinson, the Quaker, whom I mentioned to you in a letter some time ago, the writer of the enclosed, and my agent in the affair, mentioned the circumstance to Lord Lowther, as you will see in the letter, which I beg you would now read. The unhandsome conduct alluded to is that of the clergyman, to whom I wrote, stating my reasons for wishing to purchase this property, and begging him to give up his claim, as the property, I knew, was of no real consequence to him. My letter produced no effect but that of sending him to treat with the people in an ungentlemanly and underhand way.

I suppose you now to have read the enclosed, and your astonishment will be little less than mine. I could scarce believe my eyes when I came to the conclusion. This good Quaker, for an excellent simple-hearted man he is, no doubt is eagerly waiting for a letter of thanks and joyful congratulation from me; and alas! I know not which way to turn me in the affair. Undo the bargain I cannot; to pay the whole money out of my own pocket would be an inhuman return to Lord Lowther for his generous kindness. Strange it is that Wilkinson could not

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perceive that, if I was unwilling to pay an exorbitant price out of my own money, I should be still more unwilling to pay it out of another's, especially of a person who had shown to me so much kindness, treated me with such respectful delicacy, and given such striking proof of his desire to apply his property to beneficent purposes.

My dear Sir George, I do not ask your advice in the case, for I must be obliged to act before I receive it, and how to act I am sure I do not know. In the first place, if I could possibly avoid it I would not wound the feelings of Thomas Wilkinson, who has been animated by the best and purest motives through the whole course of his innocent and useful life. He has been betrayed into this hasty step by imagining this purchase to be of far more consequence to me than it really is. I was by no means *determined* to build upon it, but I wished to have such a place where I might do so if I liked; and, above all, I had no doubt that I could dispose of it at any time for as much as I meant to give for it. Why, I am led to say to myself, have I troubled you with this letter? I can only say that I have satisfaction in opening out my mind to you, and perhaps you may suggest something that will assist me to see my way, as I think now of writing to T. Wilkinson merely to say that I have received his letter, and shall be over at his house in a few days. In this case I may have time to receive your answer, for which I shall be most thankful. Pray address me at Mr. John Monkhouse's, Penrith, Cumberland. Most affectionately yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

My sister will express my thanks to Lady Beaumont for her forethought about my accommodation at Coleorton. I ought not to have left this to a postscript.

(Postscript by D. W. to Lady Beaumont)

Moss-Hut, Wednesday Morning.

Being compelled to give up all remaining hope of seeing you here this season, it is indeed time we should talk decidedly about our plans for the winter. In three months more, unless the frosts and winds spare some chance corner of this quiet nook, all the trees which are now rustling in the breeze with their green boughs

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will be leafless and bare. The prospect of seeing you, though but for a day or two, at Coleorton makes us look to the journey with entire satisfaction; and the moment we received your first letter we determined to seek no further for a house in this neighbourhood, except in case of Coleridge's wintering at Keswick. Should he determine so to do, if within three or four miles of Keswick (which is very improbable) a suitable house should be vacant, my brother will take it for the sake of being near to Coleridge. When we meet you will know how deeply we feel your goodness, my dear Lady Beaumont, in attending with such minuteness to our wants and comforts. I would thank you now again and again; but something more than words is needed to express the habitual sentiments of gratitude and love with which we think of you.

As to the manner of our journey, we must not go in the car. Perhaps my sister might receive no injury, if she be tolerably strong, but we should be afraid for the little baby, and for Dorothy, she being liable to attacks of the croup whenever she is exposed to cold. We shall, therefore (that is, my brother and sister, the three children and I), travel in a postchaise, which we shall certainly 'fill', as well as did Mrs. Gilpin when she repaired to Edmonton, 'her sister and her sister's child, herself and children three'; and our servant and the girl who helps us to take care of the children must go in the coach to the town nearest to Coleorton. Since the birth of Thomas we have had this girl, whom we find very useful, and could not now (having three children so young to look after) do without, except at the expense of sacrificing all opportunities of leisure and quiet; at least leisure and quiet enjoyed in common by their mother and me, for one of us must be with them the day through. Having these two servants, therefore, we shall have no occasion for assistance from the farmer's servant except in case of accidents.

Mrs. Wordsworth is perfectly well, and thinks of going with William in a few days to Park House to see John and Dorothy, whom we are afraid we shall hardly be able to have at home again before we leave Grasmere, as hooping-cough is in every quarter of the Vale, and there are yet a great number of children who have not had it. The house seems strangely dull without

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them. Every day we may look for news of Coleridge's arrival. I thank you for taking the trouble to transcribe those excellent lines from Sir John Beaumont's poems. They interested us very much, and we wish for the pleasure of reading his works when we are on the ground which he and his brother trod. Adieu!
Your affectionate friend,

Dorothy Wordsworth.

I am sure you will enter into our feelings about the purchase of the estate. It is a most mortifying affair, and perplexing too, though nothing can be done to prevent completing the purchase.

MS. 269. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

Grasmere, 15th August [1806]

My dear Friend,

I have only just time to save the post, but I cannot wait another day for I have the blessed news to tell you that Coleridge is arrived, that is, he is in sight of his dear Country. He is off Portsmouth where he must remain till he has performed quarantine. Mrs. Coleridge has had the news from the Coleridges of Ottery, and they from a Mr. Russel, an artist, who is with C. No doubt C. has not written himself because he is afraid to enquire after us. Wm and Mary and all the Children are at Park house. God love you. Yours ever

D. W.

C. 270. D. W. to Lady Beaumont
K.

Grasmere, August 15th [1806]

My dear Friend,

I have at last the happiness of telling you that Coleridge is actually in sight of his own dear country. He is now off Portsmouth, where he must remain to perform quarantine. A Mr. Russel, an artist, is with him, and by his means we have heard; for Coleridge has not written himself. I have no doubt (as Mrs. Coleridge thinks also) that he is afraid to inquire after us, lest he should hear of some new sorrow. We have only had one letter from him, written since our poor brother's death. Mr. Russel had written to his friends at Exeter, they to the Coleridges at Ottery, and the Coleridges to Mrs. C, so at least ten days of

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the time of his imprisonment must be gone by; but the letter does not mention when they arrived, nor the name of the ship. My brother and sister and little Thomas are at Park House. My joy at Coleridge's return will be quite a burden to me till I know that they too have received the news. I never felt the want of them at home half so much as for these three last hours, since Mrs. Coleridge's note came. William intends calling upon Lord Lowther before his return. He hoped to find a letter from Sir George at Penrith, and intended writing to him. We were deeply affected by Sir George's last letter, which came the day before my brother and sister went to Park House. William said he should write again to him immediately. I write in great haste to save the post. God bless you, my dear friend! I hope we shall hear from you, when you next write, that Sir George has recovered his spirits after the severe and painful shock he has had; for death, when it comes to a young person, is a *shock* for the survivors, however truly we may feel that it was a merciful dispensation. Adieu, my good and dear friend, yours ever,

D. W.

When I next write I will transcribe the sonnet of Michael Angelo, of which my brother sent Sir George the translation.

[*For 270 a. W. W. to Walter Scott, Aug. 18, v. p. 458 a*]

271. *W. W. to Lord Lonsdale (then Viscount Lowther)*
K(—)

Aug. 19th, 1806.

. . . I called to thank you for the high honour with which you have lately distinguished me.¹

I cannot help adding that a place which its own beauty first recommended to me will be greatly endeared by being connected in my mind with so pleasing a remembrance of your particular kindness towards me, and of your general benevolence. . . .

c. 272. *W. W. to Sir George Beaumont*
K.

Grasmere, Aug. 21st, 1806.

My dear Sir George,

First let me congratulate you on Coleridge's arrival, and upon what is a still nearer and deeper subject of congratulation,—his

¹ The reference is to the purchase of land on Place Fell, v. next letter.

recovery from a most dangerous illness, which prevented his writing to us. Their passage had been long, irksome, and dreadful; he having been ill, I believe, the whole of the time, and much worse on their arrival, and while performing quarantine; so much so that his life was despaired of. He had dictated a letter to me under that feeling, to be sent to me in case he did not recover. Have we not reason to be thankful? As soon as he set his foot upon land he was greatly renovated, and last Monday, the day on which he wrote, was uncommonly well. He was at his friend Lamb's chambers in London. His letter is very short, and he does not say a word when we are to expect him down.

Many thanks for your prompt reply to my troublesome letter. I wrote in a great hurry, and must have expressed myself ill, or your view of the subject could not have differed so much from mine. My uneasiness did not arise so much from being thus betrayed into an obligation to Lord Lowther, as from the specific circumstances attending that obligation. It is my opinion that a man of letters (and indeed all public men of every pursuit) ought to be severely frugal. If I ought to be frugal of my own money, much more ought I to be so of another person's, particularly of a generous-minded person. Now the object here was not worth an additional £200 of my own money, and therefore much less of Lord Lowther's. Had indeed the object been very important, such as putting me in possession of a place where I had long lived, and with which I had connected many interesting feelings, I might not have thought that any sense of honour or independence, however nice, ought to call upon me to shrink from such an act of kindness and munificence. But this was not the case here; the spot had little to recommend it to me but its own beauty, and Providence has dealt so kindly with this country that this is little distinction.

Appelthwaite, I hope, will remain in my family for many generations. With my will it should never be parted with, unless the character of the place be entirely changed, as I am sorry to say there is some reason to apprehend; a cotton-mill being, I am told, already planted, or to be planted, in the glen. I shall see the place to-morrow. The matter of your advice

about building I have long laid to my heart ; and it has (as is common in these cases) just answered the purpose of quickening the temptation to be dabbling. The *temptation* I like, and I should content myself with the pleasure it gives me, through my whole life (I have at least built five hundred houses, in five hundred different places, with garden, grounds, etc.), but I have no house to cover me, and know not where to get one. But seriously, I do not mean to entangle myself with rashness, —this is what everybody has said, and means nothing. What then shall I say? My object is not to build a new house, only to add two rooms to an old one, and this on the supposition that we do not go southward with Coleridge.

I called at Lowther, and did not find his lordship at home. Since my return hither I wrote him a letter, in which I confined myself to expressing my thanks for the great honour he had done me. I told Wilkinson frankly, yet in as gentle a manner as I could, that I should not have accepted Lord L.'s offer if I had been consulted, and upon what principle I should have refused. This he took very well, and seemed quite happy that he had not consulted me. The spot I re-examined last Sunday, and a most beautiful one it is. How happy should I be to show it to you and Lady Beaumont! I don't know any place where more recommendation lies in so little room.

I have not yet thanked you for your former letter, which gave me very great pleasure. Lady Beaumont had mentioned your friend's death, but I did not know that he was one to whom you were so much attached. Do not be afraid of dividing any of your painful sensations with me. I know no passion where sympathy is of so much use as in grief. I like your idea of republishing your ancestor's poems, and promise myself great pleasure in reading them. If I could be of any service in editing the book, nothing would give me more satisfaction, either in the way of prefixing a Life, carrying the work through the press, or anything else.

As soon as we have seen Coleridge we shall be able to say something positive about our journey to Coleorton ; at present we indulge great hopes of seeing you.

The vale is relieved of our harlequins, to the great loss of my

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daughter, who had conceived a great attachment to them and their doggy.

Farewell. Affectionate remembrance to yourself and Lady Beaumont from us all. Ever yours,

W. Wordsworth.

Keep T. Wilkinson's letter till we meet.

MS. 273. *W. W. to Sir George Beaumont*¹

C(—) K(—)

Grasmere Sept^r 8th [1806.]

... Therefore we are still in an uncomfortable state of indecision, but in all probability we shall winter at Coleorton. If I go to Town on this melancholy errand, I shall certainly return by Coleorton, if you are there.

You will be glad to hear that I have been busily employed lately; I wrote one book of the Recluse nearly 1000 lines, then had a rest, last week began again, and have written 300 more; I hope all tolerably well, and certainly with good views.

My Sister received Lady Beaumont's letter from Mulgrave last night. She would have written ere this, but knew not what to say about Coleridge, waiting in hope that we might have Letters from him that would be more satisfactory.—I am glad Wilkie² is with you, pray remember me to him.

The following Sonnet, translated from Michael Angelo, is characteristic of him both as Man and as Artist.

[*Here follows Sonnet 'No mortal object etc.' as Oxf. W., p. 256, but l. 2:*

When first saluted by the light of thine;

and in l. 11 that for which and in l. 13 Which for That.]

¹ The first sheet of this letter is missing. In *E. L.* (p. 410), following K., I misdated this letter 1804; in the *T. L. S.* of Oct. 3, 1935, Miss McLean pointed out my error, and Mr. Frederick Page has conclusively proved 1806 to be the correct year by reference to Cunningham's *Life of Wilkie*. In a letter to his family on Aug. 20, 1806, Wilkie wrote that he was going to Mulgrave 'in a few days', and on the same day wrote to Lord Mulgrave: 'I believe I will soon have the pleasure of meeting him' (Sir G. B.). This explains the reference to Mulgrave in W.'s letter, and also the allusion to Whitby, which is near Mulgrave.

² David Wilkie (1785–1841), the famous genre painter. His early reputation was gained in Edinburgh, and here W. must have met him in 1801, when attending Montagu's wedding. Wilkie started his career in London in 1805, where Sir G. B. became one of the first and warmest of his patrons.

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I hope you will find employment for your pencil at Mulgrave, which appears from Lady Beaumont's letter to be an interesting place and neighbourhood. I have been at Whitby several times; once in particular I remember seeing a most extraordinary effect from the pier, produced by the bold and ragged shore in a misty and showery day. The appearance was as of a set of huge faces in profile, one behind the other, with noses of prodigious prominence; the whole was very fantastic, and yet grand.

I am sorry for Lady Mulgrave's ill health and the occasion of it; I was greatly pleased with the expression of her countenance; more so than, I think, with any one's whom I saw in Town. farewell—

most affectionately yours
Wm Wordsworth.

Most likely I shall be over at Lowther in a few days. I am glad that Mr Colley¹ is so much better.

MS. 274. *W. W. to S. T. Coleridge*

Grasmere Thursday September 18th [1806]

Dearest Coleridge,

We are much disappointed in not hearing from you to day, according to our Calculations. I write now to repeat that we shall have no ease till I have seen you; and to beg that you would not think any thing of my having the trouble of going to London; if a meeting there would be more acceptable to you. This is absolutely necessary, either that you should decide upon something immediately to be done, or that Mrs Coleridge should be furnished with some reason for your not coming down as her present uncertainty and suspense is intolerable. This applies in a less degree to your friends and acquaintances.—I now lament exceedingly that I did not set off long since for London to see you. Farewell.

Most affectionately yours
Wm Wordsworth.

C. 275. *W. W. to Sir George Beaumont*
K

[Sept. 1806]

My dear Sir George,

When my last letter was gone I was much mortified. I seemed to myself a thankless spirit, having said so much of the different view we had taken of my perplexity, and little or nothing of your goodness in writing, giving yourself so much trouble about the business. But let us dismiss it. Whether I have done right or no I know not, but I acted to the best of my judgment. I like your ancestor's verses the more, the more I see of them; they are manly, dignified, and extremely harmonious. I do not remember in any author of that age such a series of well-tuned¹ couplets.

The picture of the Thorn has been ten days under our roof. It has pleased us greatly; and the more it is looked at, the more it pleases. Yet we have two objections to it; one, that the upright bough in the thorn is, we think, too tall for a tree in so exposed a situation; and the other,—which I remember you mentioned as having been made by somebody in town,—that the woman appears too old. I did not feel this much myself, but both my wife and sister have felt it. The picture is, I think, beautifully coloured; and assuredly if it be the best praise of a picture that it should be often looked at, that praise yours has in abundant measure, and is likely to have. Our servant (observe, she is a Quaker by birth and breeding) thought that the colours were too grave. Our old Molly, of whom you have heard, did not venture to give her opinion in our presence; but as we learned afterwards, she laid her head close to a neighbour's of ours, whispering, 'What do ye think of it?' 'To be sure, the frame's varra bonny, but, for my part, I can mak nowt on't' (meaning 'nothing of it'); to which her neighbour replied that she thought it was very natural. She was well acquainted with the poem, and said that the thorn in the picture was as like a thorn as it could stare; but that, upon a high place, the boughs never grew so high as the middle bough. This confirmed in me the belief that our objection, which she had not heard, was well founded.

¹ tuned: *So K., but W. probably wrote turned.*

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What shall I say of Coleridge? or what can I say? My dear friend, this is certain, that he is destined to be unhappy. I would not distress you and Lady Beaumont with this, but it is not to be kept from you, and ought not, loving him and us as you do. I believe I have spoken to Lady Beaumont of his domestic situation, so that the little which I shall now say will not be altogether new, and therefore will, I hope, be less felt. In fact, he dare not go home, he recoils so much from the thought of domesticating with Mrs. Coleridge, with whom, though on many accounts he much respects her, he is so miserable that he dare not encounter it. What a deplorable thing! I have written to him to say that if he does not come down immediately I must insist upon seeing him somewhere. If he appoints London, I shall go. I believe if anything good is to be done for him, it must be done by me. I will say no more of this at present; only be assured, if we have not written to you, this is the cause. He has no plan for his own residence, and as yet has taken no notice of anything we have said of our movements depending upon him and his. [*Unfinished.*]

c(—) K(—) 276. D. W. to Lady Beaumont

Sept. [1806]

My dear Friend,

I have put off writing to you for many days, hoping always that the next post would bring us a letter from Coleridge himself, from which some comfort might be gathered, and a more accurate estimate formed of the state of his mind. But no letter has arrived. I have, however, the satisfaction of telling you that he is to be at home on the 29th of this month. He has written to acquaint Mrs. Coleridge with this, and has told her that he has some notion of giving a course of lectures in London in the winter. This is all we know; I do not imagine he has mentioned the subject of the lectures to Mrs. C.

Whatever his plan may be, I confess I very much wish he may not put it in practice, and for many reasons: first, because I fear his health would suffer from late hours, and being led too much into company; and, in the second place, I would fain see

him address the whole powers of his soul to some great Work in prose or verse, of which the effect would be permanent, and not personal and transitory. I do not mean to say that much permanent good may not be produced by communicating knowledge by means of lectures, but a man is perpetually tempted to lower himself to his hearers, to bring them into sympathy with him, and no one would be more likely to yield to such temptation than Coleridge; therefore at every period of his life the objection would have applied to his devoting himself to this employment. But at this present time it seems almost necessary that he should have one grand object before him, which would turn his thoughts away in a steady course from his own unhappy lot, and so prevent petty irritations and distresses, and in the end produce a habit of reconciliation and submission. My dear friend, you will judge how much we have suffered from anxiety and distress within the few last weeks. We have long known how unfit Coleridge and his wife were for each other; but we had hoped that his ill-health, and the present need his children have of his care and fatherly instructions, and the reflections of his own mind during this long absence would have so wrought upon him that he might have returned home with comfort, ready to partake of the blessings of friendship, which he surely has in an abundant degree, and to devote himself to his studies and his children. I now trust he has brought himself into this state of mind, but as we have had no letters from him since that miserable one which we received a short time before my brother mentioned the subject to Sir George, I do not know what his views are. Poor soul! he had a struggle of many years, striving to bring Mrs. Coleridge to a change of temper, and something like communion with him in his enjoyments. He is now, I trust, effectually convinced that he has no power of this sort, and he has had so long a time to know and feel this that I would gladly hope things will not be so bad as he imagines when he finds himself once again with his children under his own roof. If he *can* make use of the knowledge which he has of the utter impossibility of producing powers and qualities of mind which are not in her, or of much changing what is unsuitable to his disposition, I do not think he will be unhappy; I am sure I think he ought

not to be *miserable*. While he imagined he had anything to hope for, no wonder that his perpetual disappointments made him so! But suppose him once reconciled to that one great want, an utter want of sympathy, I believe he may live in peace and quiet. Mrs. C. has many excellent properties, as you observe: she is unremitting in her attentions as a nurse to her children, and, indeed, I believe she would have made an excellent wife to many persons. Coleridge is as little fitted for her as she for him, and I am truly sorry for her. When we meet you at Coleorton I trust we shall have been with Coleridge long enough to know what comfort he is likely to have. In the meantime I will say no more on this distressing subject unless some change should happen much for the better or the worse. I hope everything from the effect of my brother's conversation upon Coleridge's mind; and bitterly do I regret that he did not at first go to London to meet him, as I think he might have roused him up, and preserved him from much of the misery that he has endured. Now I must speak of the delight with which we look forward to seeing you. We think that nothing will prevent our accepting your kind offer; for it is plain that Coleridge does not wish us to go to Keswick, as he has not replied to that part of William's letter in which he spoke of our plans for the winter. We shall therefore prepare ourselves to be ready to set off at any time that you shall appoint, so as to be with you a few days before your departure from Coleorton; and happy indeed shall we be to turn our faces [*letter incomplete*].

MS. 277. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson
C(—) K(—)

Coleorton, Ashby de la Zouche, Leicestershire,
November 6th, 1806, begun the 5th.

My dear Friend,

I hope you have hit upon the true reason of my long silence, or you may have felt as if I were either negligent or positively unkind. In fact from Coleridge's arrival till the time when we saw him at Kendal we were so unhappy on his account, and so distracted with doubt and painful conjectures, that I could not bear to write. You could do us no good, and to set about

explaining so perplexing a distress would have been a miserable task. William would have gone up to London before we received your letter, but he was afraid of missing him on the road; and when C. wrote in answer to Wm's proposal, he replied in three lines that he was coming, and wrote to Mrs. C. to the same effect time after time. Meanwhile we knew not what to do. We were obliged to come to Coleorton at the very time we did come, or we should not have seen Sir G. and Lady B.; and we resolved to come as the only means of seeing Coleridge, being informed by Mrs. C., and others, that he had engaged to begin a course of lectures in London in November.

During the last week of our stay at Grasmere we had reason (from his having told Mrs. C. that he should be at Keswick by the end of the preceding week) to expect him every day, and judge of our distress at being obliged to set off without having seen him; but when we got to Kendal we heard from Sara Hutchinson that she had just received a letter from him from Penrith, written immediately on his arrival there, i.e. little more than half an hour after her departure from P. to meet us at K. He said he *could* not come to Kendal, just to see us, and then to part. Notwithstanding this, however, we resolved to see him and wait one day at Kendal for that purpose: accordingly we sent off a special messenger to Keswick to desire him to come over to us; but before seven o'clock that evening he himself arrived at an inn, and sent for William. We all went thither to him and never never did I feel such a shock as at first sight of him. We all felt exactly in the same way—as if he were different from what we have expected to see; almost as much as a person of whom we have thought much, and of whom we had formed an image in our own minds, without having any personal knowledge of him.

Thursday Evening: Your letter to Mary reached us this afternoon and bitterly am I distressed that I did not write when we were at Kendal, or since our arrival here. As to poor Coleridge I am afraid he has not written to you, and you are still in the same miserable suspense. I cannot forgive myself, but I must not take up my paper with regrets and self accusations, but go on with my Tale. We (that is Mary and I) stayed with him from

Sunday evening till Tuesday morning at nine o'clock ; but Sara H. and Wm did not part from him till the following morning. Alas! what can I say? I know not what to hope for, or what to expect ; my wishes are plain and fair, that he may have strength of mind to abide by his resolution of separating from Mrs. C., and hereafter may continue unshaken ; but his misery has made him so weak, and he has been so dismally irresolute in all things since his return to England, that I have more of fear than hope. He is utterly changed ; and yet sometimes, when he was animated in conversation concerning things removed from him, I saw something of his former self. But never when we were alone with him. He then scarcely ever spoke of anything that concerned him, or us, or our common friends nearly, except we forced him to it ; and immediately he changed the conversation to Malta, Sir Alexander Ball, the corruptions of government, anything but what we were yearning after. All we could gather from him was that he must part from her or die and leave his children destitute, and that to part he was resolved.

We would have gone back to Grasmere, or taken a house near Hawkshead (Belmont), but this he was against, and indeed it would have been worse than useless, for he gave us a promise to come to us here in a month ; and, if he do part, the further the better. So matters stood when we left him, and we are now in anxious expectation of a letter from him. He did not complain of his health, and his appetite appeared to be not bad ; but that he is ill I am well assured, and must sink if he does not grow more happy. His fatness has quite changed him—it is more like the flesh of a person in a dropsy than one in health ; his eyes are lost in it—but why talk of this? you must have seen and felt all. I often thought of Patty Smith's¹ remark. It showed true feeling of the divine expression of his countenance. Alas! I never saw it, as it used to be—a shadow, a gleam there was at times, but how faint and transitory! I think however that, if he have courage to go through the work before him, William's conversation and our kind offices may soothe him, and bring on tranquillity ; and then, the only hope that remains will be in his applying himself to some

¹ A daughter of W. Smith, M.P. for Norwich. She was a friend of Mrs. Clarkson.

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grand object connected with permanent effects. M. and I had a troublesome journey, the servant and children came with us. John and D. were weary with three days confinement in a post-chaise, and towards night whined after Grasmere and old friends, and poor Thomas's cough was and is very bad (we do not know whether it is the hooping cough or not, but it has reduced him sadly), and besides this, his motions during the journey occasioned gripings and much uneasiness to him. The Beaumonts are delightful, affectionate good people. They received us like old Friends, and have contrived all in their power for our accomodation. I wish I had time and paper for particulars about the house etc.; but as soon as we hear from Coleridge Mary will write and then we shall be more settled and she will be able to give a more satisfactory account. The B.'s left us on Monday morning, and we have yet several things to arrange and part of the house to clean. We shall have much leisure, for we have our own servant, a Girl whom we have hired here to take care of the children, and Sir George's Dairy-maid is at all times ready to help. My dear Friend, do write again, and tell us about yourselves, speak of your health and dear Tom and what Mr. Clarkson is doing. I hope if we hear good of Coleridge that Wm will soon get to work and I may tell you good of *him*—he has suffered much. Mary is thin and harried with change of place and anxiety for poor dear little Thomas. We are not far from London, surely we may meet before we return to Grasmere, dear Grasmere. God bless you for ever, good dear Friend.

D. W.

Address: Mrs Clarkson, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk.

MS.

278. *D. W. to R. W.*

Cole-orton, Ashby de la Zouche,
Leicestershire—November 7th [1806]

My dear Brother,

We arrived safe at Coleorton on Thursday the 30th of October after a troublesome journey, for poor little Thomas was very ill in his cough, and John and Dorothy tired with the close confinement of 3 days in our crowded chaise. The Children, their

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Mother, Molly and I all came in one chaise, and William and Sara Hutchinson in the coach. Sir George and Lady Beaumont stayed with us till Monday and our time passed very pleasantly while they were here, for they are delightful good people and received us most kindly. We are now tolerably settled in our new abode, and I have no doubt shall be very comfortable.

We were exceedingly sorry that we did not see you again at Grasmere; but we hope you will come to us here on your way to London. I wish very much that you and William had settled your business together at Penrith; but if you come hither perhaps you can do it as well. Of course, you will bring the accounts. William drew upon you at Kendal for 60 £ at fourteen days. I have written to apprise Mr Strickland of this. Pray remember us kindly to Captain and Mrs Wordsworth. Believe me, dear Richard,

Your affectionate Sister,
Dorothy Wordsworth.

The weather was so bad, and William is so very ill in a cold, that it was impossible for him to join you at Allonby. Coleridge came to us at Kendal, and we spent one day with him. He looks very ill.

Loughborough is the nearest place to us to which the Coach comes. We are 10 miles from that place. We are two miles from Ashby de la Zouche which is 19 from Derby.

Address: Mr Richard Wordsworth, Capt. Wordsworth, Brougham Hall, Penrith, Cumberland.

MS. 279. *W. W. to Francis Wrangham*
K(—)

Coleorton, near Ashby de la Zouche,
Leicestershire, Nov^{br}. 7th, 1806.

My dear Wrangham,

Your kind letter deserved an earlier, indeed an immediate, answer; but it happened that the very day I received it I caught a violent cold, by far the worst I ever had in my life, and which hung upon me for five weeks. I do not mention this as entitling me to your absolute pardon, but it was in fact the reason why

I put off writing, as I did every other business, expecting every day to become better. I am now with my family at Coleorton near Ashby de la Zouche, Leicestershire; occupying a house for the winter of Sir George Beaumont's; our own Cottage at Grasmere being far too small for our family to winter in, though we manage well enough in it during the summer.

Now for the subject of your last; I am afraid what I have to say will not be welcome to you. I have long since come to a fixed resolution to steer clear of personal satire;¹ in fact I never will have anything to do with it as far as concerns the *private* vices of individuals on any account; with respect to public delinquents or offenders I will not say the same; though I should be slow to meddle even with these. This is a rule which I have laid down to myself, and shall rigidly adhere to; though I do not in all cases blame those who think and act differently. It will, therefore, follow that I cannot lend any assistance to your proposed publication. The verses which you have of mine I should wish to be destroyed. I have no copy of them myself, at least none that I can find. I would most willingly give them up to you, fame, profit, and everything, if I thought either true fame or profit could arise out of them: I should even with great pleasure leave you to be the judge in the case if it were unknown to everybody that I had ever had a concern in a thing of this kind; but I know several persons are acquainted with the fact and it would be buzzed about; and my name would be mentioned in connection with the work, which I would on no account should be. Your imitations seem well done; but as I have not the intermediate passages, I could not possibly judge of the effect of the whole.

I have never seen those works of yours which you mention, being entirely out of the way of new books; I was indeed in London last Spring, but was so much engaged that I did not read five minutes all the time I was there.

I think of publishing a Vol: of small pieces in Verse this winter. How shall I get a copy conveyed to you?

I should be very happy to see you, Mrs. Wrangham, and your family; but you are sadly out of the way; and whatever wings

¹ For the satires referred to in this letter *v.* Letters 49, 54, 55 (*E. L.*, pp. 143-5, 154-62).

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Poets may boast of, they are useless in cases of this kind. Here the richest man is the best flyer; and I am neither rich, nor ever likely to be.

My children are as follows: 1st a Son, three years old; 2nd a Daughter, 2; 3^{dly} a Son, under 5 months, all famous for being exceedingly ill managed, i.e. as to morals and manners. When I am upon this subject, may I ask a favour of you which I have long thought of: it is this. Have you any friends who draw, and may happen to be at Sir George Cayley's or Mr. Langley's; and could you procure for me by their means two drawings of Brompton Church? it is the place where I was married: one I should like to have at a small distance, where the church has the most picturesque effect in connection with the landscape, and the other the best looking portrait of the building itself. My Wife and Miss Hutchinson who is here beg their best respects to you and will thank you to take the trouble of remembering them to Sir George and Lady Cayley.

My wife and sister also beg to be remembered to Mrs. Wrangham. Do write soon, and believe me dear Wrangham ever affectionately yours

Wm. Wordsworth.

Address: To the Rev^d Francis Wrangham, Hunmanby, near Bridlington, Yorkshire.

MS. 280. W. W. to Walter Scott

K(—)

Coleorton, near Ashby de la Zouche—Leicestershire

November 10, 1806.

My dear Scott,

Here I am, with my whole family, a flight of 160 miles south! The smallness of my House at Grasmere rendered it impossible to winter in it; and I have availed myself of a kind offer of my Friend Sir G. Beaumont and taken possession of a House of his for six months, about the end of which time we shall return to Grasmere. I hope to have a sight of the last primroses. You see therefore that I cannot profit by your friendly invitation to take up my abode with you for any part of the ensuing winter; which most likely I should have been tempted to do if we had remained

at G. I mentioned your request to Coleridge whom I saw only for a couple of days ; and who I am sorry to say I did not find either in good health or spirits. He also will not be able to see you in Edingborough as he returns to London shortly, having some thoughts of giving a Course of Lectures, at the Royal Institution. If you are likely to see London this winter or next Spring I hope you will not pass us going or returning: we are ten miles from Loughborough which is the nearest place to us the coaches come to.

The Books of yours which you offer me I may get from Longman if you will give him orders to that effect: but in fact I must tell you that I do not deserve your kindness: for the 2nd Copy of the *Minstrel* I gave away. It was a beautiful Book ; but when I wished for another Copy it was for one of a Pocket size. Any Poetry which I like, I wish for in that size, to which no doubt yours will one day descend, and then, in spite of the acknowledgment which I have just made, I shall be impudent enough to become a Beggar again.

I am going to the Press with a Volume which Longman will find easy to convey to you: it will consist entirely of small pieces and I publish with great reluctance ; but the day when my long work will be finished seems farther and farther off and therefore I have resolved to send this Vol: into the world. It would look like affectation if I were to say how indifferent I am to its present reception ; but I have a true pleasure in saying to you that I put some value upon it ; and hope that it will one day or other be thought well of by the Public. By the bye you will not be displeased to find that you and I have, as I understand, fallen upon the same subject, the melancholy catastrophe of the Man and the Dog in the Coves of Helvellyn.¹ What a happy day we had together there! I often think of it with delight. I had almost forgotten to request you would employ somebody to transcribe for me those Verses 'Seven Daughters had Lord Archibald'² etc, I mean if you think they would have any effect in my intended Vol: either for their own sakes or for the sake of variety. I

¹ *Fidelity* (Oxf. W., p. 491). Scott's poem is called *Helvellyn* (Oxf. Scott, p. 703).

² *The Seven Sisters* (Oxf. W., p. 161).

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stumbled upon the first draught of that Poem some little time since and it seemed to me sad stuff; perhaps the more finished Copy which I think you said you have may turn out better. If it gives you any pleasure your judgment shall decide and I will print it; I must beg of you in this case to send it soon, because it must have an early place if at all. I have a farther interest and reason in making this request as I shall gain by it a Letter from you somewhat sooner perhaps.

How glad I am that M- Park¹ was still alive when last heard of. He seems not to have nine but ninety lives; I wish he may return and should be most happy to converse with you and him together upon the secure banks of the Yarrow or the Tweed. I say secure and I hope so in spite of the Conquerors of Europe; what deplorable accounts from the Continent! I hope and pray that the struggle we shall have will invigorate us as it ought to do; then all will be well; and it will be a blessing: if otherwise we shall fall, a thing that would break my heart but for this, that we shall deserve it.

My fireside wish to be remembered affectionately to you and Mrs Scott: farewell and heaven bless you

Your sincere friend
Wm Wordsworth

Address: Walter Scott Esq^{re}, Castle Street, Edinburgh.

C. 281. W. W. to Sir George Beaumont
K.

Nov. 10, 1806.

My dear Sir George,

I was moved even to weakness by your letter. It is indeed a great happiness to me to be beloved by you, and to think upon what foundation that love rests. We were as sorry to part with you as you could be to part with us; perhaps even more so, as I believe is almost always the case with those who are left behind. We did not see the rising sun, which you describe so feelingly; but the setting was as glorious to us as to you. We

¹ Mungo Park, who had published in 1799 the account of his travels in the interior districts of Africa which had deeply interested W. W. (*v. my* edition of the *Prelude*, p. 603). When W. wrote this letter Park was dead.

looked at it with great delight from your fireside; but were foolish enough—at least I was—to believe that we should have such every night; that it was a gift of our new situation, and so the colours and motions which touched you so much were thrown away upon me,—at least it seems so now. You know that at Grasmere the high mountains conceal from us in a great measure the splendour of a western sky at sunset. We have often regretted this, and we congratulated ourselves that evening on the opportunity which our present comparatively flat situation would give us of enjoying a sight from which we had long been excluded. We have had one or two fine evenings since, but nothing like that first, which was, I think, the most magnificent I ever beheld. The whole day had been uncommonly fine. We have not yet rambled much about. Once I have been at the fir-wood with Miss Hutchinson, once at the pool with Mrs. W., and once had a long walk with my sister about the house and in the kitchen garden. Your new building and its immediate neighbourhood improve upon me much. I am particularly pleased with the spot—a discovery since your departure—which Lady Beaumont has chosen, I conjecture, for a winter garden. It will be a delightful place. By the by, there is a pleasing paper in the *Spectator* (in the 7th vol., No. 477) upon this subject. The whole is well worth reading, particularly that part which relates to the winter garden. He mentions hollies and horn-beam as plants which his place is full of. The horn-beam I do not know, but the holly I looked for in Lady Beaumont's ground, and could not find. For its own beauty, and for the sake of the hills and crags of the North, let it be scattered here in profusion. It is of slow growth, no doubt, but not so slow as generally supposed; and then it does grow, and somebody, we hope, will enjoy it. Among the barbarisers of our beautiful Lake region, of those who bring and those who take away, there are few whom I have execrated more than an extirpator of this beautiful shrub, or rather tree—the holly. This worthy, thank Heaven! is not a native, but he comes from far; and his business is to make bird-lime, and so down go these fair creatures of Nature wherever he can find them. (You know probably that bird-lime is made of the bark of the holly.) I would also plant yew, which is of still slower

growth. One thought struck me, too, relating to the grounds, which I will mention. I should not be for planting many forest-trees about the house, by the side of those which are already at their full growth. When I planted at all there, I should rather choose thickets of underwood, hazels, wild roses, honeysuckle, hollies, thorns, and trailing plants, such as traveller's joy, etc. My reason, in addition to the beauty of these, is that they would never be compared with the grown-up trees, whereas young trees of the same kind will, and must, appear insignificant. Observe my remark only applies to placing these young trees *by the side* of the others; where there is an open space of any size it does not hold.

Miss Hutchinson and I were at church yesterday. We were pleased with the singing; and I have often heard a far worse parson—I mean as to reading. His sermon was, to be sure, as village sermons often are, very injudicious: a most knowing discourse about the Gnostics, and other hard names of those who were *hadversaries* to Christianity and *henemies* of the Gospel. How strangely injudicious this is!—and yet nothing so frequent. I remember hearing Coleridge say that he was once at Keswick Church, and Mr. Denton (you know him) was very entertaining in guarding his hearers against the inordinate vice of ambition, what a shocking thing it was to be a courtier, and sacrifice a man's hopes in heaven for worldly state and power. I don't know that I ever heard in a country pulpit a sermon that had any special bearing on the condition of the majority of the audience. I was sorry to see at Coleorton few middle-aged men, or even women; the congregation consisted almost entirely of old persons, particularly old men, and boys and girls. The girls were not well dressed. Their clothes were indeed clean, but not *tidy*; they were in this respect a shocking contrast to our congregation at Grasmere. I think I saw the old man (not he with the spectacles) whose face, especially the eyes, Mr. Davie has drawn so well. Lady Beaumont will remember that I objected to the shoulders in the drawing as being those of a young man. This is the case in nature,—in this instance I mean; for I never saw before such shoulders and unwithered arms with so aged a face as in the person I allude to.

I have talked much chit-chat. I have chosen to do this rather than give way to my feelings, which were powerfully called out by your affecting and beautiful letter. I will say this, and this only—that I esteem your friendship one of the best gifts of my life. I and my family owe much to you and Lady Beaumont. I need not say that I do not mean any additions to our comfort or happiness, which, with respect to external things, you have been enabled to make; but I speak of soul indebted to soul. I entirely participate your feelings upon your birthday; it is a trick of kings and people in power to make birthdays matter of rejoicing. Children, too, with their holiday and plum-pudding, rejoice; but to them, in their inner hearts, it is a day

That tells of time misspent, of comfort lost,
Of fair occasions gone for ever by.

I long to see Wilkie's picture. From Lady Beaumont's account it seems to have surpassed your utmost expectations. I am glad of this, both because the picture is yours, and as it is an additional promise of what he is to do hereafter. No doubt you will read him my *Orpheus of Oxford Street*,¹ which I think he will like. In a day or two I mean to send a sheet of my intended volume to the press; it would give me pleasure to desire the printer to send you the sheets as they are struck off if you could have them free of expense. There is no forming a true estimate of a volume of *small* poems by reading them all together; one stands in the way of the other. They must either be read a few at once, or the book must remain some time by one, before a judgment can be made of the quantity of thought and feeling and imagery it contains, and what (and what variety of) moods of mind it can either impart or is suited to.

My sister is writing to Lady Beaumont, and will tell her how comfortable we are here, and everything relating thereto. Alas! we have had no tidings of Coleridge—a certain proof that he continues to be very unhappy. Farewell, my dear friend. Most faithfully and affectionately yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

¹ *Power of Music* (Oxf. W., p. 188).

C. 282. *D. W. to Lady Beaumont*
K(—)

Coleorton, Friday, 14th November, [1806.]

My dear Friend,

We like the place more and more every day, for every day we find fresh comfort in having a roomy house. The sitting-room, where by the fireside we have seen some glorious sunsets, we far more than like—we already *love* it. These sunsets are a gift of our new residence, for shut up as we are among the mountains in our small deep valley, we have but a glimpse of the glory of the evening through one gap called the Dunmail Gap, the inverted arch which you pass through in going to Keswick. On Wednesday evening my brother and I walked backwards and forwards under the trees near the hall just after the sun was gone down, and we felt as if we were admitted to a new delight. From the horizon's edge to a great height the sky was covered with rosy clouds, and I cannot conceive anything more beautiful and glorious and solemn than this light seen through the trees, and the majestic trees themselves; and afterwards, when we went lower down, and had the church spire and your new house backed by the west, they had a very fine effect. We continued to walk till the sky was gloomy all over, and two lights (we supposed from coal-pits) on the hill opposite to the hall, where the grove stands whither you want to decoy the rooks, were left to shine with full effect, and they looked very wild. We have not been much further than your grounds (except to Ashby, whither we have gone several times on business). The roads, if you do not go very far from home, are by no means so bad as I expected; for instance, the Ashby road, till you come to the turnpike, is very well; afterwards, to be sure, it is shocking, and I have no doubt the Ashby people think we are marvellous creatures to have the courage to wade through it. In consequence of your hint my sister and I walked to the Hospital the next day, and the day after we sent John to school; and a proud scholar he is. He goes with his dinner in a bag slung over his shoulder, and a little bottle of milk in his greatcoat pocket, and never man was fuller of pride and self-importance. The poor old schoolmistress has been very ill and is not yet able to attend to the children

herself; but her daughter said she now wanted nothing but good nursing. We saw her in bed, and we were pleased to observe how clean and comfortable all things were about her. She had had an apothecary to attend her. She appeared to be very feeble; but she expected to be able to go into the school again in a day or two. We shall call to see her this afternoon. Peggy goes with John in the mornings, and Tom brings him home in the afternoon. Mr. Craig has planted honeysuckles beside the pillars at the door. I wish they may thrive, for in a few years the spot will be very beautiful if they do. It makes a charming walk, and I think the effect of the pillars when you are under the shed will be very elegant. We have requested Mr. Craig to plant some of the clematis or traveller's joy, a plant which is very beautiful, especially by moonlight in winter, grows rapidly, and makes a delicious bower. What above all things I delight in is the piece of ground you have chosen for your winter garden; the hillocks and slopes and the hollow shape of the whole will make it a perfect wilderness when the trees get up. The wall at the end which supports the bank is very handsome,—that is, it will be so when it is overgrown; but I hope you will not wall the garden all round. The natural shelving earthy fence which it has at present might be made perfectly beautiful, as I should think. I recognized the old steps which are in Sir George's drawing, and oh! how very pretty that wych-elm cottage might be made; but go it must, that I see, being so very near your house; yet I will and must mourn for it. My sister and I are very fond of the parsonage-house, and should like to live there, as we said to each other one morning when we were walking beside it—if we could but persuade William to take orders; and he being a very 'delightful creature' you know, it would suit you, and we should all be suited. My brother works very hard at his poems, preparing them for the press. Miss Hutchinson is the transcriber. She also orders dinner and attends to the kitchen; so that the labour being so divided we have all plenty of leisure. . . .

I do not understand anything by that line¹ of Michael Angelo's but this, that he—seeing in the expression and light of her eye so much of the divine nature, that is, receiving from

¹ v. Sonnet, 'No mortal object', &c. (Oxf. W., p. 256).

thence such an assurance of the divine nature being in her—felt therefrom a more confirmed belief or sentiment or sensation of the divinity of his own, and was thereby purified. If I write more I shall have no room for the poem. God bless you, my good dear Lady Beaumont! Remember me kindly to Sir George.

[*Here follows 'Star-Gazers', Oxf. W., p. 189.*]

We shall be anxious to know how you find Lady Beaumont's health.¹ I have kept back from speaking of Coleridge, for what can I say? We have had no letter, though we have written again. You shall hear of it when he writes to us.

C. 283. *D. W. to Lady Beaumont*
K.

16th November, 8 o'clock, Sunday Evening. [1806]

My dear Friend,

I write to you from the nursery fireside, and a very warm and comfortable spot it is; and seems more quiet for the gentle regular breathing of the two little boys, who are in bed at the other end of the room. I do not know what to say to you about poor Coleridge. We have had four letters from him, and in all he speaks with the same steadiness of his resolution to separate from Mrs. Coleridge, and she has fully agreed to it, and consented that he should take Hartley and Derwent, and superintend their education, she being allowed to have them at the holidays. I say she has agreed to the separation, but in a letter which we have received to-night he tells us that she breaks out into outrageous passions, and urges continually that one argument (in fact the only one which has the least effect upon her mind), that this person, and that person, and everybody will talk.

He would have been with us here before this time but for the chance of giving H. and D. the hooping-cough, and, on that account, he is miserably perplexed, for he has no other place to carry them to where they would be under the care of females on whom he could rely; and if he were to leave them with her, he must be obliged to return to fetch them, for she would not give

¹ i.e., the Dowager Lady Beaumont, who lived at Dunmow, Essex.

them up to any one but him; and if he leaves them, and has to return, the worst part of the business will be undone, and he cannot possibly regain his tranquillity. As he says himself: 'If I go away without them I am a bird who has struggled himself from off a bird-lime twig, and then finds a string round his leg pulling him back.' My brother has written to advise him to bring the boys to us. . . .

He has also given several other reasons which I need not detail. There is one sentence in one of Coleridge's letters which has distressed us very much, and indeed all is distressing; but it is of no use to enter into particulars. He says, after speaking of the weakness of his mind during the struggle: 'I cannot, therefore, deny that I both have suffered, and am suffering hourly, to the great injury of my health, which at times alarms me as *dropsical*.' This confirms what we had observed in his appearance; but I trust these bad symptoms will wear away when he is restored to quiet, and settled in some employment. It is his intention to instruct the boys himself one part of the day, and the other part to send them to school to learn writing and arithmetic, and to have the advantage of being with children of their own age. I hope my brother's letter will make him determine to come with them here, and that I shall have to tell you that they are here before the end of this week.

My brother has been frequently with Mr. Gray¹ since he received your letter, and has spoken to him about planting thickets in the grove. He has also frequently paced over and studied the winter garden, and laid some plans; but I will not anticipate what he has to say, for he intends writing to you himself when he has fully settled in his own mind what seems to him the best. We have had workmen near the house planting the other part of the enclosed ground. All they have done is already an improvement. The place looks the better even for the dead fence, it gives it a snug appearance; and in a very few years there will be a nice sheltered walk. Mr. Gray is making the new path. He consulted my brother respecting the direction it should take.

You were very kind in transcribing the passage from Pascal.

¹ Gray: probably a mistake of either D.W. or K. for Craig. v. p. 80 *supra*.

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I entirely go along with you in your sentiments of pleasure and admiration. It is a beautiful passage indeed—very beautiful; but there is always a something wanting to the fulness of my satisfaction in the expression of all elevated sentiments in the French language; and I cannot but think, simple as the conception is, and suitable as is the expression, that if Pascal had been an Englishman having the same exalted spirit of piety and the same genius and had written in English, there would have been more of dignity in the language of the sentences you have quoted, and they would have been more impressive. There is a richness and strength in the language of our own great writers that I could never perceive in the French; but I have not read much in French, except poetry and common light reading such as everybody reads, so I have little right to suppose myself a judge.

William has written two other poems, which you will see when they are printed. He composes frequently in the grove, and Mr. Gray is going to put him up a bench under the hollies. We have not yet received a sheet from the printer. We have had no evening walks lately, the weather has been so stormy. On Saturday fortnight we had a terrible wind, which blew down a wind-mill on the moor. William and I went to Grace Dieu last week. We were enchanted with the little valley, and its rocks, and the rocks of Charnwood upon the hill, on which we rested for a long time. Adieu, my dear friend. Accept the best wishes and most affectionate remembrance of all our family. Yours ever,
Dorothy Wordsworth.

MS. 284. *D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*
K(—)

Monday Nov 24th [1806]

My dear Friend,

I have at last the comfort of writing to you with a settled hope that poor Coleridge may be restored to himself and his friends. Lost he has been, oppressed even to the death of all his noble faculties (at least for any profitable work either in himself or for the good of others) but Heaven be praised, his weakness is conquered (I trust it is) and all will be well. Last night Wm and I walked to the post-office (two miles off) tempted through the

miry roads by the *possibility* not the *hope* of a letter ; but a letter we found and I will give you his own words—I dare not believe that he has written to you or that he will be able to write to any body or fulfil any of the duties of friendship till he has left Keswick. He says ‘We have *determined* to part absolutely and finally ; Hartley and Derwent to be with me but to visit their Mother as they would do if at a publick school’. The sentence preceding that I have quoted I will copy and you may judge from it of the state of his mind and what he has had to go through, he who is so weak in encountering moral suffering. ‘I am very glad, deeply conscious as I am of my own weakness, that I had seen you before I came to Keswick ; indeed the excess of my anguish occasioned by the information given me at Penrith was a sort of oracle to me of the necessity of seeing you. Every attack that could be made on human weakness has been made ; but, fortunately for so weak a moral being as I am, there was an indelicacy and artifice in these which tho’ they did not perceptibly lessen my anguish, yet made my shame continually on the watch, made me see always, and without the possibility of a doubt, that mere selfish desire to have a *rank* in life and not to be believed to be that which she really was, without the slightest wish that what was should be otherwise, was at the bottom of all. Her temper, and selfishness, her manifest dislike of me (as far as her nature is capable of a *positive* feeling) and her self-encouraged admiration of Southey as a vindictive feeling in which she delights herself as satirizing me &c. &c.’ He concludes ‘I think it probable I shall leave this place for your mansion of sojourn before an answer can reach me.’ I am sure, my dear Friend you will be comforted when you have read so far. Depend upon it when we know any thing further you shall hear. In the mean time we hope that after he has conquered in the struggle, he will regain his chearfulness with us, and be able to set himself to some work. I hope we shall soon have a letter from you for your last, as far as related to yourself, was very discouraging. I hope you will be comfortable in your new house, the pleasure of having Tom under your own roof at the same time that he is advancing in knowledge in the way suited to his years must, at any rate keep out a sense of privation or dullness.

Oh! my dear Friend! many years may you live, and not in that house (for I would fain hope we shall at some time live near to each other) but may God grant you life to see your dear Son grown up and established in manly virtue, following the example of his Father. I must say that I cannot but hope that there is a great probability that it will be so, though I fear with you that you will never be again in a condition to feel your health secure; but having struggled so long through the very worst—I trust in your strength. We are thoroughly comfortable here—Sir George Beaumont and Lady B. are people whom it does one good to know; He is an example of mildness and disinterestedness, and has a most elegant mind and highly cultivated taste; *She* is equally noble and disinterested and has an enthusiasm about her which is very delightful in a person of her age who has lived so long and so much in the world. Sir G has a large farm in his own hands: their Dairy maid and the Bailiff live in this house, and she is ready at all times to assist our servant,—we are supplied with Butter milk &c. from the farm, and wheat too (this they insisted upon) and the Dairy maid makes the Bread. We have also Fowls, Game, and vegetables. We have a very nice girl, whom we hired here, to take care of the children, and having many domestic conveniences, such as an oven which is always hot by the large kitchen fire, *we* have no household work ourselves;—nothing to do but read, write, walk and attend to the children; no baking-days: the pie is made and baked when it is wanted. Sir G has coal pits on his estate, so we have excellent fires. One of the sitting-rooms is a delightful one,—the other is cold and ill-contrived—we only dine there. Mary's lodging-room and mine are excellent. The rest of the house is cold, and the situation of it cold, the neighbourhood very pleasant—William and I have very pleasant evening walks under the tall trees near the Hall (Sir G's house that he is building)—We have scarcely missed one evening since the new moon. The roads at a distance are very dirty but the paths hereabouts, in the fields and walks, as good as need be; I venture, however, deep and clayey as the soil is, to go nearly three times a week to Ashby in quest of letters—Three times Sir G's Boy goes for us. Mary is very well, *she says*, but I cannot think her strong, and

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indeed no wonder for Thomas (though not to call ill) is ailing and has bad nights (very fatiguing to his Mother). I hope we shall get him weaned before long, but till he is better she will never consent and Sara and I think that he *would* be better if he were weaned. Dorothy is grown very strong since we came. She sleeps the night thro' formerly she used often to wake every hour or more and drink cold water without which she would not sleep—a proof of a very feverish habit, and it was the rarest thing in the world if she did not water two or three times. Poor Sara is plagued with the toothache and looks ill. Wm is tolerable—he does not get rid of the piles. I am the best in health by far. Change of air has wrought wonders for me—I eat most heartily, am never fatigued with exercise and they all tell me I never looked so well in my life. This I do not believe. I think a great deal about seeing you at Bury, but I know not how it is to be managed. The roads are so cross and I see no way but going by London—Farewell my dear good Friend. Believe me evermore yours D W

Wm had a letter from Mr Grahame last night, he inquires anxiously after you and Mr C.—We had the poet (his Br) and his Wife at Grasmere very superior people—we liked the n[?]t

Wm is going to publish *two* smaller volumes and is to have 100 Guineas for 1,000 Copies.

Address: Mrs Clarkson, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

K. 285. W. W. to Thomas Wilkinson

Coleorton, Ashby de la Zouche,
Leicestershire. November [1806]

My dear Friend,

I was prevented by a most severe cold from seeing you as I intended, and meeting the person at Patterdale about the horses. I was indeed much indisposed for six or seven weeks. You will excuse me with your usual goodness for not having written sooner; but what shall I say in apology for your Journal, which is now locked up with my manuscripts at Grasmere. As I could not go over to your part of the country myself, my intention was

to have taken it with me to Kendal and then have delivered it to George Braithwaite or some friend of yours to be carefully transmitted to you; unluckily, most unluckily, in the hurry of departure I forgot it, together with two of my own manuscripts which were along with it, and I am afraid you will be standing in great need of it. If you do, it may be procured, for I can write to Grasmere to that effect; it is there in perfect safety along with papers of my own. If you wish it I shall write to have it taken out and carried over to you by some trusty person, or if you or any of your friends should be passing that way I could send such orders to Grasmere that it may be in readiness for you or them whenever it should be convenient to call for it. If you do not want it, it is in a place where it can take no injury, and I may have the pleasure of delivering it to you myself in the spring.

I am now at Coleorton in Leicestershire with all my family, our house at Grasmere being too small for us to winter in; we shall return in spring: the house we occupy is one of Sir George Beaumont's and very roomy and convenient. We like our situation very well, and are all well in health.

On the other page you will find a copy of verses addressed to an implement of yours;¹ they are supposed to have been composed that afternoon when you and I were labouring together in your pleasure-ground, an afternoon I often think of with pleasure; as indeed I do of your beautiful retirement there.

I have in the press a poetical publication that will extend to a couple of small volumes, 150 pages or so a-piece; and I mean to publish the above verses in it, to which I do not suppose you will have any objections. If you should, I cannot permit them to have any force, therefore not a word upon the subject! I shall send you the books as soon as they are out; tell me how. My wife, sister, and Miss Hutchinson who is with us, join with me in most kind remembrances to yourself and both your sisters. Write soon.

Farewell, most affectionately yours,
Wm. Wordsworth.

¹ *To the Spade of a Friend* (Oxf. W., p. 489).

C(—)
K(—)

286. D. W. to Lady Beaumont

Friday Evening.
[p.m. Dec. 22 1806]

My dear Friend,

We are in expectation every moment of poor Coleridge and his son Hartley. They were to leave Kendal on Wednesday, and if they had come as quickly as my brother and Miss Hutchinson, they would have been here last night. Coleridge says that Mrs. Coleridge intends removing southward in the spring, and is to meet him in London with Derwent, who till that time is to stay with her. . . .

He writes calmly and in better spirits. Mrs. Coleridge had been outrageous; but for the last two or three days she had become more quiet, and appeared to be tolerably reconciled to his arrangements. I had a letter from her last week—a strange letter! She wrote just as if all things were going on as usual, and we knew nothing of the intentions of Coleridge. She gives but a very gloomy account of Coleridge's health, but this in her old way, without the least feeling or sense of his sufferings. I do think, indeed, that the state of his health will absolutely prevent him from lecturing. It is a sad pity that he did not formally decline accepting the proposal, as I believe his heart was never in it, and nothing but the dreamy and miserable state of his mind (which prevented him from *doing* anything) kept him from saying that he would *not* lecture. I trust, gloomy as his own apprehensions are (for he talks of a dropsy in the chest), that when he is more tranquil a tolerable state of health will return. As to drinking brandy, I hope he has already given over that practice; but *here*, I think, he will be tolerably safe, for we shall not have any to set before him, and we should be very loath to comply with his request if he were to ask for it. There may be some danger in the strong beer, which he used formerly to like, but I think, if he is not inclined to manage himself, *we* can manage him, and he will take no harm, while he has not the temptations which variety of company leads him into of taking stimulants to keep him in spirits while he is talking.

My brother, who is writing a long letter to you himself, which you will probably receive the post after this, has had his thoughts full of the winter garden, as you will see. His poetical labours have been at a stand for more than a week. We have had boisterous and very rainy weather, which has kept us chiefly in the house; but yesterday the air was very mild, and to-day the sun shone from nine o'clock in the morning till he set in glory in the west. Then we had the moon, and William and I walked for more than an hour and a half in the grove. The Hall looks exceedingly well by moonlight from the walk near the fish-pond (which, by the bye, adds greatly to the effect of it). The turrets looked very beautiful to-night; great part of the front was in shade, and all the end of the house enlightened. There is one improvement to this house which seems to be wanted—a spout along the edge of the penthouse, or shed; the rain-drops will otherwise entirely destroy the border of tuft and other flowers; besides, in very rainy weather the walk is often even plashy; and also—another reason for placing a spout—soft water (which might be caught by setting a tub under the spout) is very much needed for household purposes, the pump water being, though excellent, very hard. I have often intended to mention to you, but have forgotten it when I wrote, that in reading my journal of our tour in Scotland, you must bear in mind that it is only *recollections* of the tour, therefore do not wonder if you or Sir George should detect some inaccuracies, often misspelt and even miscalled, for I never looked into a book, and only bore in mind my own remembrance of the sounds as they were pronounced to us. Add to this, that the last part was written nearly two years after we made the journey, and I took no notes. My sister and Miss Hutchinson beg to be affectionately remembered to you. Believe me ever, my dear Lady Beaumont, your grateful and sincere friend,

Dorothy Wordsworth.

Saturday morning.—No Coleridge last night, and it is now twelve o'clock, and he is not arrived; therefore we cannot expect him till the arrival of another coach, and if that be late, he will probably stay all night at Loughborough.

C. 287. W. W. to Lady Beaumont
K.

[p.m. Dec. 23 1806]

My dear Lady Beaumont,

There's penmanship for you! I shall not be able to keep it up to the end in this style, notwithstanding I have the advantage of writing with one of your steel pens with which Miss Hutchinson has just furnished me. I have a long work to go through, but first let me tell you that I was highly gratified by your letter, and I consider the request that I would undertake the laying out your winter garden as a great honour. You kindly desire me not to write, but I cannot enter upon my office till I have had your opinion on my intended plan, and solicited the improvement which your taste and intention, and those of Sir George, may suggest.

Before I explain my ideas I must entreat your patience. I promise you I will be as brief as may be; but, meaning to be minute, I fear I shall be tiresome.

First, then, to begin with the boundary line. Suppose ourselves standing upon the terrace above the new-built wall; that, of course, would be open, and we should look down from it upon the garden; and, winding round upon the left bank, I would plant upon the top of it, in the field, a line of evergreen shrubs intermingled with cypress, to take place of the present *hedges*; and, behind these, a row of firs, such as were likely to grow to the most majestic height. This kind of fence, leaving visible such parts of the cottages as would have the best effect (I mean the beautiful one with ivy, and the other, which is of a very picturesque form, but very shabby surface), I would continue all round the garden, so as to give it the greatest appearance of depth, shelter, and seclusion possible.

This is essential to the *feeling* of the place, with which, indeed, I ought to have begun: and that is of a spot which the winter cannot touch, which should present no image of chilliness, decay, or desolation, when the face of Nature everywhere else is cold, decayed, and desolate. On this account, keeping strictly to the example of the winter garden in the *Spectator*, I should certainly exclude all deciduous trees, whatever variety and brilliancy of

colour their foliage might give at certain seasons intermingled with the evergreens, because I think a sufficiency of the same effect may be produced by other means, which would jar less with what should never be out of mind, the sentiment of the place. We will, then, suppose the garden to be shut up within this double and tall fence of evergreen shrubs and trees. Do you remember the lines with which Thomson concludes his *Ode on Solitude*?

Oh! let me pierce thy secret cell,
And in thy deep recesses dwell;
Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When meditation has her fill,
I just may cast my careless eyes
Where London's spiry turrets rise,
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then shield me in the woods again.

In conformity to the spirit of these beautiful lines, I would make one opening, but scarcely more, in this boundary fence, which should present the best view of the most interesting *distant* object.

Having now done with the double evergreen fence, we will begin again with the wall; and, first, let me say that this wall with its recesses, buttresses, and towers, I very much admire. It should be covered here and there with ivy and pyracanthus (which probably you know), or any other winter plants that bear scarlet berries, or are rich and luxuriant in their leaves and manner of growing.

From the wall, going round by the left, the first thing we meet is a mound of rubbish which should be planted. Then, before we reach the ivied cottage, we come to a perpendicular bank or scar; this should be planted along the top, in addition to the double evergreen fence mentioned before, with ivy, periwinkle, and other beautiful or brilliant evergreen trailing plants, which should hang down and leave the earth visible in different places. From the *sides* of the bank also might start juniper and yew, and it might be sprinkled over with primroses. Coming to the second cottage, this—if not entirely taken away—should be repaired, so as to have nothing of a patchy and worn-out appearance, as

it has at present, and planted with ivy; this, and the shrubs and trees, hereafter to conceal so much of the naked wall, as almost to leave it doubtful whether it be a cottage or not.

I do not think that these two cottages would in an unwelcome manner break in upon the feeling of seclusion, if no window looking directly upon the garden be allowed. This second cottage is certainly not *necessary*, and if it were not here nobody would wish for it; but its irregular and picturesque form, its tall chimney in particular, plead strongly with me for its being retained. I scarcely ever saw a building of its size which would show off ivy to greater advantage. If retained,—which with a view to *what it is to become* I should certainly advise,—it ought to be repaired, and made as little unsightly in its surface as possible, till the trailing plants shall have overspread it. At first I was for taking this cottage away, as it is in such ruinous plight, but now I cannot reconcile myself to the thought; I have such a beautiful image in my mind of what it would be as a supporter to a grove of ivy, anywhere beautiful but particularly so in a winter garden; therefore let it stand.

Following the fence round, we come to the remains of the little quarry (for such I suppose the excavation to be, nearly under the wych-elm cottage); I would scratch the bank here, so as to lay bare more of the sand rock, and that in as bold a way as could be done. This rock, or *scar*, like the one before mentioned, I would adorn with trailing plants, and juniper, box, and yew-tree, where a very scanty growth would soon show itself. The next part of the fence we come to in its present state is an unsightly corner, where is an old ugly wall (made still uglier with nettles and rubbish) which has been built to prevent the bank from falling in. Here I would plant, to cover this wall, a hedge of hollies, or some other evergreen, which should not be suffered to grow wildly, but be cropped, making a wall of verdure to ascend up to the roots of the fir-trees that are to be planted upon the top of the bank.

This form of boundary would revive the artificial character of the place in a pleasing way, preparing for a return to the new stone wall; the parts of the whole boundary thus, as you will perceive, either melting into each other quietly, or forming

spirited contrasts. I must however not forget that there is here a space of boundary between this unsightly corner (where I would have the holly hedge) and the new stone wall; and this space would be diversified, first by the steps which now descend into the garden, and next, and most beautifully, by a conception which I have of bringing the water—which I am told may be done without much expense—and letting it trickle down the bank about the roots of the wych elm, so as to make if not a waterfall (there might not be enough for that) at least a dripping of water, round which might gather and flourish some of those vivid masses of water plants, a refreshing and beautiful sight in the dead time of the year; and which, when cased in ice, form one of the most enchanting appearances that are peculiar to winter.

In order to be clear I wish to be methodical, at the risk, as I forewarned you, of being tedious. We will therefore begin with the wall once more. This, as the most artificial, ought to be the most splendid and ornamental part of the garden; and here I would have, betwixt the path and the wall, a border edged with boxwood, to receive the earliest and latest flowers. Within and close to the edging of boxwood, I would first plant a row of snowdrops, and behind that a row of crocus; these would succeed each other. Close under the wall I would have a row, or fringe, of white lilies, and in front of this another of daffodils; these also would succeed each other, the daffodils coming first; the middle part of the border, which must be of good width, to be richly tufted, or bedded over with hepatica, jonquils, hyacinths, polyanthuses, auriculas, mezezeon, and other spring flowers, and shrubs that blossom early; and, for the autumn, Michaelmas-daisy, winter-cherry, china-asters, Michaelmas and Christmas rose, and many other shrubs and flowers. I mentioned before what I would wish to have done with the wall itself. The path of which I have been speaking should wind round the garden mostly near the boundary line, which would in general be seen or felt as has been described; but not always, for in some places, particularly near the high road, it would be kept out of sight, so that the imagination might have room to play. It might perhaps with propriety lead along a second border under

the clipped holly hedge; everywhere else it should only be accompanied by wild-flowers.

We have done with the circumference; now for the interior, which I would diversify in the following manner. And to begin, as before, with the wall: this fronts nearly south, and a considerable space before it ought to be open to the sun, forming a glade, enclosed on the north side by the wall; on the east by a ridge of rubbish, to be planted with shrubs, trees, and flowers; on the west by another little long hillock, or ridge of the same kind; and on the south by a line of evergreen shrubs, to run from the southern extremities of the ridges, and to be broken by one or two trees of the cypress kind, which would spire up without excluding the sun from the glade. This I should call the first compartment of the garden, to be characterised by ornament of architecture as in the wall, by showiness and splendour of colours in the flowers (which should be chiefly garden flowers), and in the choice of the shrubs.

In this glade,—if the plan of bringing the water should not be found impracticable, or too expensive,—I would have a stone fountain of simple structure to throw out its stream or even *thread* of water; the stone-work would accord with the wall, and the sparkling water would be in harmony with the bright hues of the flowers and blossoms, and would form a lively contrast to the sober colours of the evergreens, while the murmur in a district where the sound of water (if we except the little trickling that is to be under the wych elm) is nowhere else heard, could not but be soothing and delightful. Shall I venture to say here, by the bye, that I am old-fashioned enough to like in certain places even *jettes d'eau*; I do not mean merely in towns, and among buildings, where I think they always are pleasing, but also among rural scenes where water is scarce. They certainly make a great show out of a little substance, and the diamond drops of light which they scatter round them, and the halos and rainbows which the misty vapour shows in sunshine, and the dewy freshness which it seems to spread through the air, are all great recommendations of them to me; so much so, that, for myself, I should not be ashamed of seeing one here, if a fountain, which is a thing of more simplicity and dignity, would not

answer every important purpose, and be quite unobjectionable. If we had a living stream bustling through rocks, as at Grace Dieu, and could decoy it among our evergreens, I should not think either of fountain of *jettés d'eau*; but, alas! Coleorton is in no favour with the Naiads.

The next compartment (if you look at the accompanying plan you will clearly understand me) is to be a glade unelaborate and simple, surrounded with evergreens, and a few scattered in the middle. N.B.—The former glade to be entirely open with the fountain; and of this second glade so much of the ancient cottage as could be shown with effect would be the presiding image. No border or garden flowers here, but wild-flowers to be scattered everywhere. Then (still look at the plan) we come to a dark thicket or grove, the path winding through it, under the other cottage; then the path crosses the outlet where the door leads into the high road, which door ought to be entirely concealed, and led up to, under a thick arch of evergreen.

Proceeding with the paths, we cross the end of a long alley, of which I shall speak afterwards. We then are brought to a small glade or open space, belted round with evergreens, quite unvaried and secluded. In this little glade should be a basin of water inhabited by two gold or silver fish, if they will live in this climate all the year in the open air; if not, any others of the most radiant colours that are more hardy: these little creatures to be the 'genii' of the pool and of the place. This spot should be as monotonous in the colour of the trees as possible. The enclosure of evergreen, the sky above, the green grass floor, and the two mute inhabitants, the only images it should present, unless here and there a solitary wild-flower. From this glade the path leads on through a few yards of dark thicket, and we come to the little quarry, and this (adopting an idea of yours, which I had from Mr. Craig, and which pleases me much) I should fill with a pool of water that would reflect beautifully the rocks with their hanging plants, the evergreens upon the top, and, shooting deeper than all, the naked spire of the church. The path would wind along on one side of the pool under the ridge of rubbish, the slope of which should be bare and grassy (if it will not in its present state grow smooth grass it should be seeded for that

purpose). It should be planted only on the top, and with trees that would grow to the greatest height, in order to give the recess as much depth as possible.

You would appear to be shut up within this bottom, till, turning with the path round a rocky projection of the mound of rubbish, you are fronted by a flight of steps, not before visible, which will be made to bring you out of the quarry close under the clipt holly hedge spoken of before. Here you open into a large glade, one side formed by the trees on the mound of rubbish, the other by the holly hedge, and still further by those other steps near the wych-elm cottage, which now lead down into the garden; these steps, not visible till you come at them, and still further on by the principal object in the glade, the waterfall, for so I will call it, from the root of the wych elm.

Having passed through this glade, you go on a few steps through a thicket, and before you come to the new-built wall you cross the other end of the alley spoken of before,—this alley to run down from the boundary path the whole length of the garden in this part, as you will see in the plan. The alley to be quite straight, the ground perfectly level, shaded with evergreens; laurels I think the best, as they grow tall and so much faster than any other evergreen I know; the floor not gravelled, but green, which, when the trees overshadow the walk, would become mossy, so that the whole would be still, unvaried, and cloistral, soothing and not stirring the mind, or tempting it out of itself. The upper end of this alley should appear to be closed in by trees, the lower to be terminated by a rising bank of green turf which would catch the light, and present a cheerful image of sunshine; as it would always appear to do, whether the sun shone or not, to a person walking in the alley when the vista shall have become a complete shade.

Out of this alley, towards the middle of it, on the left side, should be a small blind path leading to a bower, such as you will find described in the beginning of Chaucer's poem of *The Flower and the Leaf*, and also in the beginning of the *Assembly of Ladies*. This little parlour of verdure should be paved with different-coloured pebbles, chiefly white, which are to be found in great plenty sprinkling the sandy roads of this country; these wrought

into a careless mosaic would contrast lively, if the white were predominant, with the evergreen walls and ceiling of this apartment. All around should be a mossed seat, and a small stone table in the midst. I am at a loss what trees to choose for this bower. Hollies (which would be clipped in the inside, so that the prickles would be no annoyance) I should like best, but they grow so slowly.

I have now mentioned everything of consequence. You will see by the plan that there were several spaces to be covered with evergreens, where there might or might not be bypaths, as you should like—one by way of specimen I have chalked out (see the plan) along the foot of one of the ridges of rubbish. These intermediate plantations, when they get up, will entirely break any unpleasing formality, which the alley and bower, or any other parts of the garden, might otherwise give to it, when looked at from above. If you add to these features or passages a seat in some sunny spot, or perhaps a small shed or alcove, you have introduced as much variety within the compass of an acre as my fancy is capable of suggesting.

I had some thoughts that it might be possible to scoop out of the sandy rock a small cell or cavern on the stony side of the quarry, but the rock there is not continuous or firm enough. That part of the rock on which the decayed cottage stands, as it is much firmer, might perhaps admit of something of this kind with good effect. Thus laid out, the winter garden would want no variety of colouring beyond what the flowers and blossoms of many of the shrubs, such as mezereon and laurustinus, and the scarlet berries of the evergreen trees, and the various shades of green in their foliage would give. The place is to be consecrated to Winter, and I have only spoken of it in that point of view, confining myself to the time when the deciduous trees are not in leaf. But it would also be a delightful retreat from the summer sun. We think, in this climate only, of evergreens as a shelter from the cold, but they are chiefly natives of hot climates, and abound most there. The woods of Africa are full of them.

A word before I conclude: I have only given the garden two settled inhabitants, the pair of fishes in the pool; but, in the early spring, bees—much more attended to in the stillness of

that season—would murmur round the flowers and blossoms, and all the winter long it would be enlivened by birds, which would resort thither for covert. We never pass in our evening walk the cluster of holly bushes, under one of which Mr. Craig has placed my seat, but we unsettle a number of small birds which have taken shelter there for the night. The whole bush seems in a flutter with them, while they are getting out of it. Mentioning holly, I must defend Mr. Craig for having fallen in with my proposal of placing me a seat there. Since Burns's time the holly has been a poetical tree as well as the laurel. His muse in the poem of *The Vision* takes leave of him in this manner—

“And wear thou this”—she solemn said,
And bound the holly round my head:
The polished leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.

With respect to trees, shrubs, and flowers, Mr. Craig has a considerable collection. You might add to these by your suggestions, and it might be worth your while for this purpose to take the trouble of visiting some large nursery garden in the neighbourhood of London, and to consult some of your friends.

I am sensible that I have written a very pretty romance in this letter, and when I look at the ground in its present state, and think of what it must continue to be for some years, I am afraid that you will call me an enthusiast and a visionary. I am willing to submit to this, as I am seriously convinced that if proper pains were taken to select healthy and vigorous plants, and to forward their growth, less than six years would transform it into something that might be looked at with pleasure; fifty would make it a paradise. O that I could convert my little Dorothy into a fairy to realise the whole in half a day!

As to the thickets under the forest trees in the walks about the Hall, I have pressed Mr. Craig, and his wishes are good; but lately he has seemed fully occupied: and, to speak the truth, as he has very carefully given up the winter garden to my control, I do not like to intermeddle much with the other. It looks like

taking the whole of the intellectual part from him, which would dispirit him, and be both unjust and impolitic, as he has a good taste, and seems a truly respectable man. He has already, in a general way, had my opinion, which I will continue at all favourable opportunities to remind him of. He has constructed the new walk with judgment, and a sweet spot it is. There are a few hollies here which have an excellent effect; I wish almost the whole hedge to be made of them, as they would be comfortable in winter, excluding the field, which is cold, and of no beauty; and in summer, by being intermingled with wild roses, and hung with honeysuckles, they would be rich and delightful.

I never saw so beautiful a shrub as one tall holly which we had near a house we occupied in Somersetshire; it was attired with woodbine, and upon the very top of the topmost bough that 'looked out at the sky' was one large honeysuckle flower, like a star, crowning the whole. Few of the more minute rural appearances please me more than these, of one shrub or flower lending its ornaments to another. There is a pretty instance of this kind now to be seen near Mr. Craig's new walk; a bramble which has furnished a wild rose with its green leaves, while the rose in turn with its red hips has to the utmost of its power embellished the bramble. Mr. Graham in his *Birds of Scotland*¹ has an exquisite passage upon this subject, with which I will conclude—

The hawthorn there,
With moss and lichens grey, dies of old age.
Up to the upmost branches climbs the rose
And mingles with the fading blooms of May,
While round the brier the honeysuckle wreaths
Entwine, and with their sweet perfume embalm
The dying rose.

My dear Lady Beaumont, I have now written you the longest letter I ever wrote in my life; Heaven forbid that I should often draw so largely upon the patience of my friends. Farewell,

W. W.

¹ James Grahame (1765–1811) published in 1806 *Birds of Scotland*, a poem displaying much ornithological learning and some descriptive powers.

g.
K(—) 288. *D. W. to Lady Beaumont*

Coleorton Tuesday [December] 23^d [1806].

Coleridge and his son Hartley arrived on Sunday afternoon. My dear Lady Beaumont, the pleasure of welcoming him to your house mingled with our joy, and I think I never was more happy in my life than when we had had him an hour by the fireside: for his looks were much more like his own old self, and though we only talked of common things, and of our friends, we perceived that he was contented in his mind, and had settled things at home to his satisfaction. He has been tolerably well and chearful ever since, and has begun with his books. Hartley, poor boy! is very happy, and looks uncommonly well; but we are afraid of the hooping-cough, for there is now no doubt that the cough which we have is the hooping-cough. Thomas is better than when I wrote on Saturday. I long to know your opinion and Sir George's of my brother's plan of the winter garden. Coleridge (as we females are also) is much delighted with it, only he *doubts* about the fountain, and he thinks it is possible that an intermingling of birch trees somewhere, on account of the richness of the colour of the naked twigs in winter, might be an advantage; I may add also from myself, that we have often stood for half an hour together at Grasmere, on a still morning, to look at the rain-drops or hoar-frost glittering in sunshine upon the birch twigs; the purple colour and the sparkling drops produce a most enchanting effect. All our family except the three children (for Dorothy is of their party) are gone to Grace Dieu. The fineness of the morning tempted them, and I hope they will not be much fatigued as they will take a much shorter road than my Brother and I had the luck to find. God bless you, my kind good friend. We shall drink a health to you on Christmas Day. You may remember that it is my birthday; but in my inner heart it is never a day of jollity. Believe me, ever yours,

D. Wordsworth.

P.S. Coleridge intended writing to you or Sir George to-day, or to both, and did not go to Grace Dieu.

M.
G.

289. *W. W. to a Friend*

[1806]

My dear Sir,

I am happy to hear of the instructions which you are preparing for parents, and feel honoured by your having offered to me such an opportunity of conveying to the public any information I may possess upon the subject; but, in truth, I am so little competent in the present unarranged state of my ideas to write any thing of value, that it would be the highest presumption in me to attempt it. This is not mock modesty, but rigorous and sober truth. As to the case of your own child, I will set down a few thoughts, which I do not hope will throw much light on your mind, but they will show my willingness to do the little that is in my power.

The child being the child of a man like you, what I have to say will lie in small compass.

I consider the facts which you mention as indicative of what is commonly called sensibility, and of quickness and talent, and shall take for granted that they are so; you add that the child is too much noticed by grown people, and apprehend selfishness.

Such a child will almost always be too much noticed; and it is scarcely possible entirely to guard against the evil: hence vanity, and under bad management selfishness of the worst kind. And true it is, that under better and even the best management, such constitutions are liable to selfishness; not showing itself in the shape of tyranny, caprice, avarice, meanness, envy, skulking, and base self-reference; but selfishness of a worthier kind, yet still rightly called by that name. What I mean I shall explain afterwards.

Vanity is not the necessary or even natural growth of such a temperament; quite the contrary. Such a child, if neglected and suffered to run wild, would probably be entirely free from vanity, owing to the liveliness of its feelings, and the number of its resources. It would be by nature independent and sufficient for itself. But as such children, in these times in particular, are rarely if ever neglected, or rather rarely if ever not far too much noticed, it is a hundred to one that your child will have more

vanity than you could wish. This is one evil to be guarded against. Formerly, indeed till within these few years, children were very carelessly brought up; at present they too early and too habitually feel their own importance, from the solicitude and unremitting attendance which is bestowed upon them. A child like yours, I believe, unless under the wisest guidance, would prosper most where she was the least noticed and least made of; I mean more than this where she received the least cultivation. She does not stand in need of the stimulus of praise (as much as can benefit her, i.e. as much as her nature requires, it will be impossible to withhold from her); nor of being provoked to exertion, or, even if she be not injudiciously thwarted, to industry. Nor can there be any need to be *sedulous* in calling out her affections; her own lively enjoyments will do all this for her, and also point out what is to be done to her. But take all the pains you can, she will be too much noticed. Other evils will also beset her, arising more from herself; and how are these to be obviated? But, first, let us attempt to find what these evils will be.

Observe, I put all gross mismanagement out of the question, and I believe they will then probably be as follows: first, as mentioned before, a considerable portion of vanity. But if the child be not constrained too much, and be left sufficiently to her own pursuits, and be not too anxiously tended, and have not her mind planted over by art with likings that do not spring naturally up in it, this will by the liveliness of her independent enjoyment almost entirely disappear, and she will become modest and diffident; and being not apt from the same ruling cause,—I mean the freshness of her own sensations—to compare herself with others, she will hold herself in too humble estimation. But she will probably still be selfish; and this brings me to the explanation of what I hinted at before, viz., in what manner she will be selfish.

It appears, then, to me that all the permanent evils which you have to apprehend for your daughter, supposing you should live to educate her yourself, may be referred to this principle—an undue predominance of present objects over absent ones, which, as she will surely be distinguished by an extreme love of those about her, will produce a certain restlessness of mind, calling

perpetually for proofs of ever-living regard and affection: she must be loved as much and in the same way as she loves, or she will not be satisfied. Hence, quickness in taking offence, petty jealousies and apprehensions lest she is neglected or loses ground in people's love, a want of a calm and steady sense of her own merits to secure her from these fits of imagined slights; for, in the first place, she will, as is hinted at before, be in general deficient in this just estimation of her own worth, and will further be apt to forget everything of that kind in the present sense of supposed injury. She will (all which is referable to the same cause) in the company of others have too constant a craving for sympathy up to a height beyond what her companions are capable of bestowing; this will often be mortifying to herself, and burthensome to others; and should circumstances be untoward, and her mind be not sufficiently furnished with ideas and knowledge, this craving would be most pernicious to herself, preying upon mind and body. She will be too easily pleased, apt to overrate the merits of new acquaintances, subject to fits of over-love and over-joy, in absence from those she loves full of fears and apprehensions, &c., injurious to her health; her passions for the most part will be happy and good, but she will be too little mistress of them. The distinctions which her intellect will make will be apt, able, and just, but in conversation she will be prone to overshoot herself, and commit eloquent blunders through eagerness. In fine, her manners will be frank and ardent, but they will want dignity; and a want of dignity will be the general defect of her character.

Something of this sort of character, which I have thus loosely sketched, and something of the sort of selfishness to which I have adverted, it seems to me that under the best management you have reason to apprehend for your daughter. If she should happen to be an only child, or the only sister of brothers who would probably idolize her, one might prophesy almost with absolute confidence that most of these qualities would be found in her in a great degree. How then is the evil to be softened down or prevented? Assuredly, not by mortifying her, which is the course commonly pursued with such tempers; nor by preaching to her about her own defects; nor by overrunning her infancy

with books about good boys and girls, and bad boys and girls, and all that trumpery ; but (and this is the only important thing I have to say upon the subject) by putting her in the way of acquiring without measure or limit such knowledge as will lead her out of herself, such knowledge as is interesting for its own sake ; things known because they are interesting, not interesting because they are known ; in a word, by leaving her at liberty to luxuriate in such feelings and images as will feed her mind in silent pleasure. This nourishment is contained in fairy tales, romances, the best biographies and histories, and such part of natural history relating to the powers and appearances of the earth and elements, and the habits and structure of animals, as belong to it, not as an art or science, but as a magazine of form and feeling. This kind of knowledge is purely good, a direct antidote to every evil to be apprehended, and food absolutely necessary to preserve the mind of a child like yours from morbid appetites. Next to these objects comes such knowledge as, while it is chiefly interesting for its own sake, admits the fellowship of another sort of pleasure, that of complacence from the conscious exertion of the faculties and love of praise. The accomplishments of dancing, music, and drawing, rank under this head ; grammar, learning of languages, botany probably, and out of the way knowledge of arts and manufactures, &c. The second class of objects, as far as they tend to feed vanity and self-conceit, are evil ; but let them have their just proportion in the plan of education, and they will afterwards contribute to destroy these, by furnishing the mind with power and independent gratification : the vanity will disappear, and the good will remain.

Lastly comes that class of objects which are interesting almost solely because they are known, and the knowledge may be displayed ; and this unfortunately comprehends three fourths of what, according to the plan of modern education, children's heads are stuffed with ; that is, minute, remote, or trifling facts in geography, topography, natural history, chronology, &c., or acquisitions in art, or accomplishments which the child makes by rote, and which are quite beyond its age ; things of no value in themselves, but as they show cleverness ; things hurtful to any

temper, but to a child like yours absolute poison. Having said thus much, it seems almost impertinent to add that your child, above all, should, I might say, be chained down to the severest attention to truth,—I mean to the minutest accuracy in every thing which she relates; this will strike at the root of evil by teaching her to form correct notions of present things, and will steadily strengthen her mind. Much caution should be taken not to damp her natural vivacity, for this may have a very bad effect; and by the indirect influence of the example of manly and dignified manners any excessive wildnesses of her own will be best kept under. Most unrelaxing firmness should from the present hour be maintained in withstanding such of her desires as are grossly unreasonable. But indeed I am forgetting to whom I am speaking, and am ashamed of these precepts; they will show my good will, and in that hope alone can I suffer them to stand. Farewell, there is great reason to congratulate yourself in having a child so promising; and you have my best and most ardent wishes that she may be a blessing to her parents and every one about her.

MS.

290. *W. W. to Walter Scott*

K(—)

Coleorton Jan^y 20th [1807]

My dear Scott,

Many thanks to you and your Transcriber for Lord Archibald¹ which was received in due time, and has already passed through the Press with a slight alteration or two. My friend Mr. Montagu has received from Messrs Longman a Copy of your last publication, which ought to have been in my hands some time since, if Montagu had fulfilled the promise he made me of coming down at Christmas, which was the reason I requested him to call for it. I still continue to look for him, and if he does not come I shall have the book sent down in a box I am to receive from² him.

The printing of my work which is now to be extended to two small Vols of 150 pages or so each has met with unexpected delays, and as the sheets are sent down to me for correction, and three are only yet gone through, it will be full three months

¹ *v.* Letter 280.

² from: *MS.* for.

before it is out ; for we do not get on faster than at the rate of a sheet a week. A Copy will be sent to you in the parcel that goes to Edinborough.

We were all very much pleased with your promise to come and see us here if you visit the south the ensuing Spring. Let me earnestly request that you would take us in your *way* to Town ; for I have observed that people always are so poor in time when they are to leave London, that if you defer your visit till your return we shall see little of you, perhaps not see you at all. I cannot promise you much here beyond what I know you would most value, a most welcome reception, and unquestionable proofs of the pleasure your company would give us all ; we have however some things in our neighbourhood which would interest you, in particular Grace Dieu, the remains of an old religious House where Francis Beaumont the Dramatist and his Brother Sir John Beaumont, also an admirable Poet, and other eminent persons of that family were born ; the place itself independent of these associations is highly pleasing, adorned with a beautiful miniature of a rocky mountain stream and the fantastic crags of Charnwood forest, towering above the wood ; which has formerly no doubt surrounded the Convent. The whole of Charnwood forest appears from what I have seen of it to be a very striking tract. We have also Lord Moira's¹ Donington Park near us, upon the Trent, and Lord Ferrers', but neither of these places I have seen. Beaumanor Park² in Charnwood forest is also near us, and as I learn from the history of Leicestershire is well worth visiting. By the bye, I had almost forgot, what if I had forgotten I must have written to you again, I mean a singular sort of request which is, that you could furnish me, by application to any of your Gaelic friends, with a phrase in that language which would take its station in the following verse of eight syllables, and have the following meaning ?

Lega, lega, then did he cry,

Lega, lega, most eagerly

¹ Francis Rawdon Hastings succeeded his father as Earl of Moira ; created Earl of Rawdon, Viscount Loudoun, and Marquis of Hastings, 1817. Had a seat, Castle Donington Park.

² Beaumanor Park, on east side of Charnwood Forest, south of Loughborough.

JANUARY 1807

Thus did he cry, and thus did pray;
And what he meant was, 'Keep away,
And leave me to myself.'

The above will have appeared an odd stanza to you but it is part of a little Poem¹ which I have written on a highland story told me by an eyewitness: the man was an Englishman and the Erse word sounded in my ears like Lega; but will you be so good as to send me a proper phrase to stand in the line, signifying 'beware!', 'keep away', 'let me alone', or anything that might be translated by the words in the text.

Coleridge is at present with us, he is neither I am sorry to say in good health nor spirits: how long he will stay I do not know. He talks of publishing, not *formal* travels, but certain remarks and reflections which suggested themselves to him during his residence abroad. If you come hither in the Spring I should not be surprized if you find him here, he will be most glad to see you.

I hope the execrable Murderer will prove to have been an Irishman. The Scotch much to their honour have hitherto been little tainted by that detestable crime. I had read of it, though not the particulars, in the newspapers and had been very much shocked—farewell, do let us see you if possible, and write as soon as you can; best remembrances from all here, yours with sincere affection

W. Wordsworth.

Address: Walter Scott Esq, South Castle Street, Edinburgh.

MS. 291. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

K(—)

Coleorton January 20th [1807]

My dear Friend,

I will not dwell upon our uneasiness and anxiety at your long silence;—perhaps (and I will try to keep out all fears that it is not so) you have been kept from writing by Christmas festivities and the fatigues following upon them. I know very well, on looking back, that when we have been *most* anxious there has been the least reason for it, as when the Smiths were with you lately; and trusting that you may have no worse tale to tell

¹ *The Blind Highland Boy* (Oxf. W., p. 295).

now I only beg that you will write as soon as possible. I wish Coleridge had written to you—not because there is any need of that to testify his affectionate remembrance of you, but for his own sake that it would be a sign of his going on as he ought to do. Poor soul! he is sadly deficient in moral courage; having yet several letters of painful duty to write he does not feel himself happy enough or rather free enough to set about those of pure pleasure and friendship. He says he will write to-day to Mrs Coleridge his letter of final arrangement, but I shall not depend upon him till I see the letter sealed up and directed. Hartley is a delightful Boy, thoroughly sweet-tempered and happy, and just the same restless, whirling, self-sufficing creature that he was when you saw him last. Poor thing! he has been so much accustomed to move about after his own fancies that we find some trouble in checking him, that is, making him keep silent and *still* in the sitting room, and never having done any offices for others or for himself, except putting on his cloaths, he is absolutely in a dream when you tell him to do the simplest thing—his Books, his Slate, his Pencils, he drops them just where he finds them no longer useful. My dear Friend, I often am reminded of your dear Tom when I see Hartley playing without a companion—how I wish we could have them together! I think they would be of great use to each other, being of dispositions so opposite, yet both good-tempered and active and so near in age. Sara H. and I often talk of going to Bury. Is there any Road but by London? At any rate William intends taking Sara to London, and the journey thence for him and her would be nothing; but as I am not to be of the London party because we cannot leave Mary alone for any long time, and because too, I *have* seen London, I dare not look forward with confidence to going to Bury. We hear nothing of a house in the North of England; I do not see that any is likely to be vacant, except Mr. Jackson's in case the Southneys do not give up their intention of leaving it, and that Mrs. Coleridge removes Southward! For my part, I shall be reconciled to it by necessity, but pleasant as the situation of that house is I never liked it, and I have always thought that I had rather live in any other part of the Lake Country than so near to Keswick as that house. At any rate,

we shall go into the north next summer; and probably cram ourselves for a few months into our own cottage, and before winter surely we may find a place out. Our young ones have completely got over the hooping-cough, but little Thomas is at present poorly with cutting his teeth. Dorothy is grown hardy and a delightful lively creature: she is far less trouble than John was at her age. As to your old Friend honest John (who, by the bye remembers you very well and how he used to go and see you) I must say that at times he is very wilful and unmanageable, which makes him dangerous from his exceeding strength. Whenever he is disposed to quarrel with his Sister (which is not seldom) he uses blows, and not contented with his own heavy hand when he is very angry he takes up whatever is nearest to him, stool, chair, table, stick, or even poker. Yet he has a sweet temper, and certainly the most delightful smile I ever saw. Dorothy looks exceedingly lively and has great variety in her countenance, but the expression of John's is far richer. You remember his dear Uncle John's smile—Johnny's reminds me of it, that is in the quantity of effect which it produces; but it is very different. Little Thomas, God bless him, is neither boastful nor boasted of, but he wins his way silently into all hearts—he has a quiet sensible, grave smile, yet full of light which fixes in his pretty blue eyes, and while he smiles he points his tongue and puts it out upon his under lip—we call it a serpent tongue, it moves about, and changes so prettily. John's used to occupy the whole Den of his mouth, and his Father called it the Dragon of Wantley. Thomas is thin, and I think will never be fat as a Baby, the time of action and struggling now being come on. I wish he were weaned, for Mary has often sad nights with him, and I cannot but think that the child would thrive as well without the breast. We had a letter from Grasmere about a week ago: they have had no fiddlers this Christmas, a doleful piece of news to us, seeming to tell of change and the passing away of good times; I hope, however, that it is only accidental, as one of the fiddlers had [? lamed] his hand, and the other was attending his duty as a Dancing Master. Peggy Ashburner and Old Molly and all neighbours are as well as usual, thinking much of us. Our old servant, Molly Dawson, lives with Mrs. Lloyd.

JANUARY 1807

We wish we could have her again at our return as we intend to keep two women servants, our family with Coleridge and the Boys will be so large. Molly would gladly have come with us hither, but we thought ourselves bound in honour to another. I am sorry that poor Miss Malin is so ill. Remember me respectfully to your Father and give our kindest love to dear Mr. Clarkson and Tom. I leave the scrap of paper below for Mary. God bless you, my dear Friend. Believe me ever faithfully yours.

D. Wordsworth.

Basil Montagu is not yet arrived.

(Postscript by Mary Wordsworth.)

God bless you my dear Mrs. Clarkson! I take up the pen merely to let you see my hand-writing, for Dorothy has, I dare say, told you how we are all going on and everything about us that is interesting, and of our anxiety concerning your health and I trust you do not need such testimony of your being at all times in my thoughts. I do most earnestly wish we could see you and yours. Oh, that we could by some magic power convey you and Tom here for a few weeks, or what seems to be more practicable, I wish that we could manage to see you in your own home. Some of us must contrive this, but I fear it is a pleasure that will not fall to my lot; these cross roads are sadly against us.

Dear little Hartley is just returned from Ashby, which place is two miles distant; he went a ride, along with Sir George B.'s Bailiff, and right proud he is, sweet fellow, of his great feats of horsemanship. Sara will write to you soon—best love to Mr. C. and my friend [] affectionately yours

M. Wordsworth.

Address: Mrs. Clarkson, Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk.

C. 292. D. W. to Lady Beaumont
K.

Saturday Morning, [p.m., Jan. 27, 1807.]

My dear Friend,

We should have been very unjust to you if we had not felt ourselves as free as before. We were only induced to mention the circumstance that, in case any complaints should be made to

you, you might be prepared to meet these with a perfect knowledge of the state of the case as far as we were concerned. And I must take this opportunity of repeating again that we are as perfectly at home as ever we were in our lives, and have never once suffered from that sense of difference or any of those little wants which you speak of.

We use all that you have left for us with freedom exactly as if it were our own, only, believe me, with more pleasure for your sakes. It is a most delightful morning. My brother and sister are gone to the winter garden. He visits the workmen generally twice in the day, and one of us accompanies him; and when it is pleasant we afterwards walk in the grove; hundreds and hundreds of times have we paced from one end of that walk to the other. When the air is calm we take the whole of the walk; but in windy weather we stop before we come to the pond. The seat under the hollies is a great comfort to us.

My brother makes no complaints of Mr. Craig; he is very willing to give his opinion respecting the manner in which my brother's ideas are to be executed. I believe he may be inwardly rather petted; for he gives no *opinion* whatever; and we had long ago found out that his character was exactly what you describe—very obstinate, and somewhat self-conceited; withal industrious, ingenious, and faithful. You have misunderstood me respecting the floor of the alley. It is simply meant to be *green-grown*, which it will in a short time be with short moss after there is any shade. The moss will not be soft; it will be merely a gravel walk mossed over. My brother wishes the alley not merely to be screened at the sides but over-arched. Alas! it will need a long time for this, however tall and strong the evergreens may be when they are planted. Coleridge is pretty well at present, though ailing at some time in every day. He does not take such strong stimulants as he did, but I fear he will never be able to leave them off entirely. He drinks ale at night and mid-morning and dinner-time; and, according to your desire, we have got some from Loughborough. Hartley is thoroughly happy. He spends a great deal of time in Mr. Ward's room; sometimes drinks tea and dines with him, for Mr. Ward takes to him

exceedingly. Little Dorothy also continues to be in high favour with him.

Adieu, my good friend. Believe me, ever affectionately yours,
D. Wordsworth.

Excuse haste. Mr. Bailey is very attentive and kind to us. I have opened my letter to ask you if you have Cowper's translation of Homer. We do not want it unless you have it, or have a desire to purchase it. Coleridge says that the *last* edition of Bruce's Travels¹ is a book that you ought by all means to have. He does not know the name of the editor, but it is published by Longman. If you purchase it we should be very glad to have the reading of it. William and I were in the inside of the new house yesterday. The upper rooms are very much nearer being finished than when we saw them last. William has thought about the laying out of the piece of ground before the house, but he has not yet made up his mind.

c. 293. *W. W. to Lady Beaumont*
K.

[p.m., Feb. 3, 1807.]

My dear Lady Beaumont,

Lord Redesdale's letter contains several things that will be of use to us; I must however make two or three remarks upon it. Our garden is to be a winter garden, a place of comfort and pleasure from the fall of the leaf to its return—nearly half of the year. Great part of this time you now perhaps pass in London, but if you live that probably will not always be so. Infirmities come on with age, that render tranquillity every year more welcome and more necessary. Lord Redesdale seems to have overlooked this, as far as the greatest part of his letter applies to a summer garden. His plan of avoiding expense in digging, weeding, and mowing—particularly the last—may be carried too far; a wilderness of shrubs is a delightful thing as part of a garden, but only as a part. You must have open space of lawn, or you lose all the beauty of outline in the different tufts or islands of shrubs, and even in many instances in their individual forms.

¹ *Travels between the Years 1768 and 1773, through Part of Africa, Syria, Egypt, and Arabia into Abyssinia, to discover the Source of the Nile* (1805).

This lawn cannot be had without mowing. Digging and weeding ought to be avoided as much as possible; and his method is a good one. With his Lordship, I should wish my strength to lie in perennial plants and flowers; but a small quantity of annuals, such as flower very late, may with little trouble and great advantage be interspersed among the others. His objection to an over-arched walk of evergreens, except for summer, at first appears well founded; but there is an oversight in it. In summer you may have a shade of *deciduous* trees or plants; but what are you to do in April or March, and sometimes even in February, when the heat and glare of the sun are often oppressive, notwithstanding the general cloudiness of our climate? For my own part, I can say with truth that in the month of April I have passed many an hour under the shade of a green holly, glad to find it in my walk, and unwilling to quit it because I had not courage to face the sun. Our winter garden is four parts out of five planned for the sun. If the alley or bower, the only parts exclusively designed for shade, should appear too damp or gloomy, you pass them by; but I am sure this will not always be the case; and even in those times when it is so, will not a peep into that gloom make you enjoy the sunshine the more? But the alley I designed for March and April, when there is often a heat in the sun, and a conflict of sun and wind, which is both unpleasant and dangerous, and from which neither walls nor bare leafless trees can protect you. . . . His Lordship's practical rules about making walks, propagating plants, etc., seem all to be excellent; and I much like his plan of a covered walk of vines—but not for our own winter garden.

I shall read the whole to Mr. Craig. He and I propose to go to a nursery garden about fourteen miles off to procure such plants as we are most likely to want. I would not have them bought of any great size; it is a needless expense, and surely it will be some pleasure to see them grow up as from infancy. I never saw any American plants growing with their bog-earth about them, and know not whether it has an unsightly appearance. If not, it certainly would be advisable to have some of the most brilliant in the first compartment of the garden, rather than under the wall. This is to be the most splendid and adorned. I have

removed the rubbish from under the wall; part of it is thrown upon the ridge running from the wall on the right, and part against the straight hedge between the two ivied cottages. I am afraid we must give up the fountain, as Mr. Craig tells me the quantity of water will be too small to produce any effect even in winter. This consideration does not sway with me much; but Captain B—— told me there would be little or *none* sometimes in summer, and upon reflection I think this would be so melancholy, and would make such open declaration of the poverty of the land, that it is better to abandon the idea. We may easily have enough for as many pools or basins as we like.

Before I conclude I will add two or three words in further explanation of my general plan. The first compartment, as I have said, is to be as splendid as possible; to be divided by a fence of shrubbery twelve feet in width, interspersed with cypress. My present thought is to have that side of this fence which looks towards the first compartment to consist probably altogether of laurustinus rather than of a variety of plants; plants in rows or masses in this way always are more rich and impressive. The next compartment, of which the ivied cottage is to be the master object, I meant, in contrast to the preceding one, to present the most delightful assemblage of English winter shrubs and flowers, mingled with some foreign shrubs, as are so common in English cottage gardens as to be almost naturalized. Then comes the second cottage, which I cannot find in my heart to pull down; and I am sure it may be repaired in a manner that will give no offence. I do not mean the encircling path to pass *through* the glade with the gold and silver fish, but only on one side of it, so that it may be entered or not at pleasure. The quarry will be a delightful spot; but this, with the English spire that will so feelingly adorn it, I would have in all its ornaments entirely English. From it we should pass to the clipped holly or boxwood hedge and its accompanying glade, and this should be mixed, and elaborate in its ornaments: something midway betwixt the compartment under the wall and the rest of the garden.

Farewell. Most affectionately yours, and Sir George's,

Wm. Wordsworth.

C.
K.294. *D. W. to Lady Beaumont*

Coleorton, Sunday Evening.

[p.m., Feb. 17, 1807.]

My dear Friend,

What reason have we not to bless the Poets, our friends and companions in solitude or sorrow, who elevate our thoughts beyond our weak poor selves, and him chiefly who was your sister's consolation, that holy bard, and greatest of men! I often think of the happy evening when, by your fireside, my brother read to us the first book of the *Paradise Lost*, and not without many hopes that we may again have the same pleasure together. We received the books a week ago, all but *Park's Travels*,¹ which, the bookseller informs us, are out of print, adding that a new edition would be out in a fortnight. We have all already to thank you for a great deal of delight which we have received from them. In the first place, my brother and sister have read the *Life of Colonel Hutchinson*,² which is a most valuable and interesting book. My brother speaks of it with unqualified approbation, and he intends to read it over again. I wait for the time when the reading this work is to fall to my share, with great patience. I shall next begin with *Barrow's Travels*,³ and I have not quite finished the *Anecdotes of Frederick*,⁴ which I find exceedingly amusing, and instructive also, as giving a lively portrait of the hard-heartedness, and selfishness, and servility of the courtiers of a tyrant, and of the unsatisfactoriness of such a life.

For more than a week we have had the most delightful weather. If William had but waited a few days, it would have been no anticipation when he said to you the 'songs of spring were in the grove',⁵ for all this week the birds have chanted from morn till evening,—larks, blackbirds, thrushes, and far

¹ v. Letter 280 (note).

² *Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson*, written by his widow Lucy (publ. 1806).

³ *Travels in South Africa*, by Sir John Barrow (1800–1804).

⁴ *Original Anecdotes of Frederick the Second, King of Prussia, and of his Family, his Court, his Ministers, his Academies, and his Literary Friends*, by Dicadowne Thiebault. Translated from the French, 2 vols. London (1805).

⁵ *Sonnet to Lady Beaumont* (Oxf. W., p. 264).

more than I can name; and the busy rooks have joined their happy voices.

As soon as dinner was over to-day, Coleridge, Miss H., my brother, and I set forward upon a ramble through Spring Wood; then we came to a cottage at the edge of another wood, which, I believe, does not belong to Sir George (I have forgotten the name of the wood), but I dare say you will recollect the spot. The cottage stands so sweetly in a sloping green field, which is enclosed and sheltered by the woods in a semicircle. We went still further, and saw many traces of the coming spring, two or three primroses amongst the honeysuckles, but what was most pleasant of all to us, the paths were in most places perfectly dry, and we hope that we shall henceforth be able frequently to wander in the woods. I must not forget to tell you that we have discovered a favourite cottage of yours within this fortnight, and visited it several times—the little dwelling under two holly-trees, about a hundred yards from the wayside, going to Mr. Bailey's. The situation of the cottage is beautiful; the peep of the lake (lake I will call it here, for it looks exactly like one) is very sweet, and the village, when you turn your eyes to the other side, has a very chearful appearance. It gave us great satisfaction, when we were sitting with the old man and his wife by their fire-side, to hear them let out the history of their love for the holly-trees. He told us how long ago he had planted them ('when he was a *young youth* going to service'), and that they were now a shelter for his house, and nothing could prevail upon him to part with them. You can hardly conceive with what pride he directed our attention to the richness of the berries, and at the same time lamented that some idle boys had 'robbed' one tree of its prettiest branches, which arched over, and almost touched the cottage window; he would not have had it 'cut away for half a guinea'.

We longed not for *those* trees, but for half a score as beautiful in the winter garden. Such a sight neither you nor we can hope to see there; but a very few years will, I doubt not, make it a delicious winter retreat. When the shrubs and trees once get forward they will begin to look pretty, and the situation and the form of the ground is such that it is already sheltered and warm without the help of trees. The men work industriously, I am

sure, for we never find them idle ; but little seems yet to be done, the labour having been all employed in clearing away, removing rubbish, and digging soil out for the border. My brother thinks that, by all means, the terrace should be terminated by another tower. He is here very happy in his employment, and I assure you that you need not give yourself a moment's care about interrupting him in his poetical labours ; for those will and must go on when he begins, and any interruption, such as attending to the progress of the workmen, and planning the garden, is of the greatest use to him. After a certain time the progress is by no means proportioned to the labour in composition, and if he is called from it by other thoughts, he returns to it with ten times the pleasure, and his work goes on proportionally more rapidly. He and Mr. Craig intend to visit the nursery at Nottingham next week, or the week following. It was a most kind and friendly deed when Sir George wrote to Coleridge. He had begun to write several days before he received Sir George's letter ; but I do not know how long it might have been before he would have been able to finish the letter. At some future time my brother hopes to have it in his power to profit from Sir George's kindness ; he is very proud of such mutual records of their friendship ; and I need not say what a grace and a value one of Sir George's beautiful sketches would add to any volume of poems ; nor (what would be of more importance in Sir George's feelings) the great delight that we all in common by our own fireside should receive from it. Adieu, my dear Lady Beaumont—Believe me, with sincerest gratitude, your affectionate friend,

D. Wordsworth.

MS.
K(—)

295. *D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

Coleorton, February, Monday Morning,

I believe the 17th, [1807.]

My dear Friend,

You can scarcely conceive how much pleasure your last letter gave us ; but I wish you would not go to Church so often (I am not going to disturb your religious sentiments, or to argue against going to church in general ; for we are become regular

churchgoers, that is, we take it by turns, two at a time, and always two every Sunday when the weather will permit) but I do think that you have no business at Church in winter, and that you are more likely to catch cold there than anywhere else. I speak seriously that I did not read without alarm that you had been at church four successive Sundays, though no doubt the pleasure of knowing that you had done so without injury was inexpressibly great. We hope that Mr. Clarkson will keep in the mind of coming to see us at Grasmere in the summer holidays. I think at that time of the year, having your Father and Sister and Brothers so near you, you will be able to endure the loss of him and dear Tom, in consideration of the happiness they will give and receive. It is very pleasant to hear of the attachment Tom feels for his native mountains, and it would surely be desirable that it should be encouraged, and the fresh and lively impressions which he would bear away with him could not but greatly enliven and fertilize his mind. I am sure you have no need to be anxious respecting Tom's backwardness, in the ordinary sense, in his school learning; our poor John was called a dunce because, poor Boy, he loved his own solitary dreamings, wanderings with his fishing rod, or social Boyish sports, better than his master's tasks; and we know what he came to at last. I have a request to make, that you will send us your profiles. Even if we should meet before our return to Grasmere it would be infinitely more delightful to have the first effect of them when we are absent from you. Perhaps you may not be able to procure a Frank; but, as I suppose the profiles are simply cut out in white paper, it would only be the expense of a double or treble letter. Coleridge has left the likeness of your husband at Keswick, which Mary and I have lamented very much, as we did not see it. Wm and Sara did see it at Kendal after we were gone, and they were exceedingly struck with the likeness, but Coleridge says that that which you have for us is even better. Alas, Basil Montagu is not yet arrived, and we begin to fear that we shall not see him at all, therefore if he does not come soon, or positively tell us that he cannot come, we shall have Mr. Clarkson's first volume sent down by the waggon along with some other things which William left in London. I have taken up the

pen after half an hour's absence. Coleridge called me up stairs to read a letter from Mrs. C. who, poor woman! is almost frantic, being now convinced that C. is determined not to live with her again (which she never fully believed before; though she herself, as far as words could go, had fully assented to it.) I have been agitated by the letter, and the thoughts which it led to. Coleridge has determined to make his home with us; but *where*? There is no house vacant in the North, and we *cannot* spend another winter in the cottage, nor even a *summer* with Coleridge and his two boys, therefore how can we go again into the North this summer? Besides there would be something very unpleasant (not to say indelicate, for that in a case of *necessity* might be got over) in going so near to Mrs. Coleridge immediately after their separation; for, after she has been with C. at Ottery, she intends to return to Greta Hall, and remain there as long as the Southey's do. At present, after the short consideration we have given the matter, it seems as if we ought to seek out a ready-furnished house in this neighbourhood, or further south. Coleridge had an idea that S. intended leaving Keswick in the Autumn, in which case, he wished to have the house; and we consented to take it—though *very very* reluctantly—Mary and I having many objections to Keswick, and a hundred more to taking Mrs. C.'s place in that house. But in consideration of Coleridge's inclinations, the convenience of having his books already there, and for the sake of Mrs. Wilson and Hartley, we had consented; but, as Mrs. C.'s letter informs C. that Southey has no thought of leaving Keswick, it is out of the question, and we are all right glad in our hearts to be released. Perhaps we might have a house near you; but don't seek one out or say a single word about it to anyone, for this is only an eager thought of Mary's and mine (she is now sitting beside me). We shall probably have our plans settled in a few days, and if it be so I will write to you. I am sure you will be anxious to know what is to become of us. In the mean time it is of no use to talk of our visit to you. I hope that some one or more of us may be able to accomplish it if we do go in [to] the North, and if we do *not* there cannot be a[ny] doubt of it. As to poor Mrs. Coleridge, I cannot but pity her, because she *does* suffer; though I feel and know

that wounded pride and the world's remarks, are all that give her pain. We have had the sweetest weather possible; the dirty roads are already dried up and we are free to ramble wherever we like: when we first came we were confined to the dry paths near the house, and many a pleasant walk we have had under the trees in Sir George's Grove, by moon and starlight. William is engaged in superintending the making of a winter garden for Lady B. (her idea she took from one of Addison's papers in the *Spectator*) but the plan and I may say *invention* is entirely William's: and a beautiful picture or romance it is; and when time has helped the work it will be a substantial and true paradise. We rejoiced very much in the accession to your dear Father's income, it must have been a happy day for you all, as well as the poor children when they ate their Christmas dinner. Poor Miss Malin! I pity her! I wish the Weynes had lived near Ashby instead of Derby. A whole letter, and not a word of the dear children. John is well, but he has not grown since he came to Coleorton; but Dorothy is as rosy-cheeked as a rosy apple, and as fat as a pig. Thomas is thin and delicate, yet he has got rid of his cough. Coleridge often talks of you and wishes to write; but he never writes any letters but of necessity, and I believe will not be able to do so till he has seen Mrs. Coleridge again and parted from her for ever—by for ever I mean made it public and taken up his home elsewhere. It is his wish that she should be in such a state of mind as to be able to visit her in a friendly way.

Adieu my dear very dear Friend. Write as often as ever you can. May God bless you and yours.

D. Wordsworth.

Address: Mrs. Clarkson, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.

MS.
K(—)

296. *W. W. to Walter Scott*

2nd March 1807

My dear Scott,

I am much obliged to you for your Gaelic information which answers my purpose completely, nothing but kindness like yours could have encouraged me to trouble you on so trifling an occasion.

We are all exceedingly happy in your promise of visiting us

on your road to town. Coleridge talks of leaving us in a fortnight, but as he is of a procrastinating habit, there is great probability of meeting him here, he desires me to give his best respects and to say how happy he will be to see you. Coming this way, of course you will have to take the Carlisle and Lancaster Road; if you come by Coach take your place only to Derby; which is only 14 miles from this place; the Innkeeper will be for sending you round by Buxton which is 6 miles about, this under pretence of the badness of the road, but the short Road is as good as the long one; and if he should refuse to bring you this way, threaten him with taking a Chaise from another Inn and he will immediately comply. They sent us round and Sir George Beaumont was exceedingly angry; and I have heard from several persons that the short Road is not a whit worse than the other. The coach would bring you to Loughborough which is only eleven Chaise miles from us, but as it is 14 or 16 miles beyond Derby it cannot be worth while to be boxed up in the Coach so long for little or no advantage.

I am very glad to hear that Flodden Field is to be celebrated by you: as you say you think of publishing your Poem is probably in a state of great forwardness, I mean as to composition, for which I am still more glad: your memory is so excellent we all hope to be gratified with the recitation of some of it when you come hither. The day before yesterday I made an excursion of 20 miles from this place, as far as Nottingham, which is an interesting town and neighbourhood; and even would be something more so to a Scotchman as its appearance and situation are somewhat like Stirling or Edinborough: a Castle (but unfortunately the old one is demolished and a new modern edifice with Corinthian pillars built upon its site) perched upon a Rock, a lofty bare rock, with the Town sloping down from it on the same ridge, and below a vast extent of fertile meadow at this time 'green as an emerald', a magnificent savanna with the Trent one of the grandest, if not the grandest, of our English Rivers winding through it. By the bye, speaking of Nottingham have you read Mrs Hutchinson's Life of Colonel Hutchinson, her Husband; he was Governor of Nottingham Town and Castle in the time of the Civil Wars; it is a most delightful Book.

MARCH 1807

I have not yet received your Vol. of Ballads ; we are here in a bye place and the means which I took to have them conveyed safely have been the very cause of my not yet having received them at all. My Printer seems to have added one more to the number of the Seven Sleepers ; I have not had a Sheet these thirteen days—farewell as I am to see you so soon ; affectionately yours

Wm Wordsworth.

You must enquire for Sir George Beaumont's new Farm House near Coleorton Hall.

Address: Walter Scott Esq, South Castle Street, Edinburgh.

MS.

297. D. W. to R. W.

Coleorton—. 18th March 1807

My dear Brother,

William has desired me to write to inform you that it will be necessary that you should provide 200 £ towards the payment for the Patterdale Estate. Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, or Thomas Wilkinson of Yanwath will draw upon you for that sum. William had hopes that T Hutchinson could have accommodated him with the money ; but he received a letter yesterday informing him that it was out of his power, not being certain that he should receive the whole of the money due to him from the sale of his farming stock.—We drew upon you about ten days ago in favor of Mr Wm *Bailey*, not Mr *Farnell*, as we intimated to you was our intention. Do let us hear from you and tell us that you will contrive to come and see us while we are here. We have tried in vain to procure a house in the neighbourhood of Grasmere, and have written to request Mr John Monkhouse to view a house at Orton, in Westmoreland, called Orton Hall which belonged to Justice Burn. It has been offered to us *furnished* at 25 £ per annum, very cheap certainly, but we are afraid that the situation is bleak and cold. If we do not go there we shall probably stay here another winter, which Sir George and Lady Beaumont very much wish. We are all well. The air of Coleorton has agreed wonderfully with Dorothy—She is become as healthy and strong as John. I cannot say so much of poor little Thomas, who, though not a sickly child, does not thrive as we could wish.

MARCH 1807

I have one request to make, which I do very earnestly, namely that you will send us down a statement of our accounts. We are quite in the dark, and we should wish to be able to shape our expenses to our means. Do let us have this account as soon as possible. William and Mary join with me in kind Love to you. In the hope that we shall see you this spring—

I remain, dear Richard,
your ever affectionate Sister
D. Wordsworth.

Address: Richard Wordsworth Esq^{re}, Staple Inn, London.

MS. 298. *D. W. to R. W.*

April 2nd Coleorton Hall. [1807]

My dear Brother,

I am going to request that you will do a service for Mr Coleridge, which will perhaps be attended with some trouble; but I am sure you will take it upon yourself with pleasure; it is, that you will have the goodness to go to the Assurance Office near Blackfriars Bridge to pay the sum due from him on account of his policy of assurance. For this purpose and on the score of other debts Coleridge has given Wm a Draft for 50 £, which will be due in June; and William begs that you will be so kind as to pay the money for Coleridge to the assurance office, and place it to his (William's) account. The sum, as you will learn at the office, is somewhere about 28 £.

Dear Richard, we wish much to see you here as we were disappointed of your company last summer; do write and tell us that you will come. I cannot, however, doubt of your writing now as you will have to apprise us of the business being settled at the assurance office, and therefore I cannot be sorry that we have had occasion to trouble you, for you never write upon any common affairs—

I am, dear Richard
your affect^e Sister
D. Wordsworth.

PS—I have just asked Coleridge for a more particular description of the Office he says 'He cannot be wrong, it is called

APRIL 1807

the great Assurance Office on Black Friars Bridge, that office where *Morgan* is.' you must not lose any time as the money is due.

You have not sent us the statement of our accounts—Pray do.

Address: Richard Wordsworth Esq^{re}, No 11 Staple Inn, London.

MS. 299. *W. W. to Thomas De Quincey*

K.

86 Thornhaugh Street, London, Sat. 5 o'clock.

p.m. Ap. 25, [1807]

D^r Sir,

I have but this moment rec^d your Letter which has travelled half the world over after me. I have only time to say that Mr. Coleridge though at present in Town will not be here many days—but if you come hither in the course of ten days or a fortnight you will find me here, and I shall be most happy to see you. I have not time for more.

Yours sincerely,

W. Wordsworth.

Address: Thos de Quincey Esq^{re}, Worcester College, Oxford.

MS. 300. *W. W. to Thomas De Quincey*

K.

86 Thornhaugh St., 28th Ap. [1807]

My dear Sir,

The time of my leaving Town does not depend upon myself, but a Gentleman who accompanies me into Leicestershire where I have been resident for the last 6 or 7 months.—The time of his departure is uncertain but he hopes to be ready to attend me on Tuesday next.—I write now to say that if you are not in Town before Sunday I shall in all probability have left this House, however if you do not find me here, I shall be at the Rev^d. Christopher Wordsworth's, Essex Place, Lambeth. You will most likely meet with Mr. Coleridge, as he has been detained in Town longer than he expected. I am very happy at the prospect of seeing you, for believe me I have been much interested in you.¹ I am, dear Sir, in great haste, your sincere friend,

W. Wordsworth.

Address: Thos de Quincey Esq^{re}, Worcester College, Oxford.

¹ in: MS. for.

MAY 1807

MS 301. *W. W. to Lady Beaumont*
M. G. C. K.

Coleorton, Tuesday May 21st 1807.

Pray excuse this villainous paper, I cannot find any other
of the folio size.

My dear Lady Beaumont,

Though I am to see you so soon I cannot but write a word or two, to thank you for the interest you take in my Poems¹ as evinced by your solicitude about their immediate reception. I write partly to thank you for this and to express the pleasure it has given me, and partly to remove any uneasiness from your mind which the disappointments you sometimes meet with in this labour of love may occasion. I see that you have many battles to fight for me; more than in the ardour and confidence of your pure and elevated mind you had ever thought of being summoned to; but be assured that this opposition is nothing more than what I distinctly foresaw that you and my other Friends would have to encounter. I say this, not to give myself credit for an eye of prophecy, but to allay any vexatious thoughts on my account which this opposition may have produced in you. It is impossible that any expectations can be lower than mine concerning the immediate effect of this little work upon what is called the Public. I do not here take into consideration the envy and malevolence, and all the bad passions which always stand in the way of a work of any merit from a living Poet; but merely think of the pure absolute honest ignorance, in which all worldlings of every rank and situation must be enveloped, with respect to the thoughts, feelings, and images, on which the life of my Poems depends. The things which I have taken, whether from within or without,—what have they to do with routs, dinners, morning calls, hurry from door to door, from street to street, on foot or in Carriage; with Mr. Pitt or Mr. Fox, Mr. Paul or Sir Francis Burdett, the Westminster Election or the Borough of Honiton; in a word, for I cannot stop to make my way through the hurry of images that present themselves to me, what have they to do with endless talking about things nobody cares anything for except as far as

¹ *Poems in Two Volumes* (1807) had just been published.

their own vanity is concerned, and this with persons they care nothing for but as their vanity or *selfishness* is concerned ; what have they to do (to say all at once) with a life without love ? in such a life there can be no thought ; for we have no thought (save thoughts of pain) but as far as we have love and admiration.¹ It is an awful truth, that there neither is, nor can be, any genuine enjoyment of Poetry among nineteen out of twenty of those persons who live, or wish to live, in the broad light of the world—among those who either are, or are striving to make themselves, people of consideration in society. This is a truth, and an awful one, because to be incapable of a feeling of Poetry in my sense of the word is to be without love of human nature and reverence for God.

Upon this I shall insist elsewhere ; at present let me confine myself to my object, which is to make you, my dear Friend, as easy-hearted as myself with respect to these Poems. Trouble not yourself upon their present reception ; of what moment is that compared with what I trust is their destiny, to console the afflicted, to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier, to teach the young and the gracious of every age, to see, to think and feel, and therefore to become more actively and securely virtuous ; this is their office, which I trust they will faithfully perform long after we (that is, all that is mortal of us) are mouldered in our graves. I am well aware how far it would seem to many I overrate my own exertions when I speak in this way, in direct connection with the Volumes I have just made public.

I am not, however, afraid of such censure, insignificant as probably the majority of those poems would appear to very respectable persons ; I do not mean London wits and witlings, for these have too many bad passions about them to be respectable even if they had more intellect than the benign laws of providence will allow to such a heartless existence as theirs is ; but grave, kindly-natured, worthy persons, who would be pleased if they could. I hope that these Volumes are not without some recommendations, even for Readers of this class, but their imagination has slept ; and the voice which is the voice of my Poetry without Imagination cannot be heard.

¹ Cf. *Excursion*, iv. 763–5.

Leaving these, I was going to say a word to such Readers as Mr. Rogers. Such!—how would he be offended if he knew I considered him only as a representative of a class, and not an unique! ‘Pity,’ says Mr. R., ‘that so many trifling things should be admitted to obstruct the view of those that have merit;’ now, let this candid judge take, by way of example, the sonnets, which, probably, with the exception of two or three other Poems for which I will not contend appear to him the most trifling, as they are the shortest, I would say to him, omitting things of higher consideration, there is one thing which must strike you at once if you will only read these poems,—that those to Liberty, at least, have a connection with, or a bearing upon, each other, and therefore, if individually they want weight, perhaps, as a Body, they may not be so deficient, at least this ought to induce you to suspend your judgement, and qualify it so far as to allow that the writer aims at least at comprehensiveness. But dropping this, I would boldly say at once, that these Sonnets, while they each fix the attention upon some important sentiment separately considered, do at the same time collectively make a Poem on the subject of civil Liberty and national independence, which, either for simplicity of style or grandeur of moral sentiment, is, alas! likely to have few parallels in the Poetry of the present day. Again, turn to the ‘Moods of my own Mind’. There is scarcely a Poem here of above thirty Lines, and very trifling these poems will appear to many; but, omitting to speak of them individually, do they not, taken collectively, fix the attention upon a subject eminently poetical, viz., the interest which objects in nature derive from the predominance of certain affections more or less permanent, more or less capable of salutary renewal in the mind of the being contemplating these objects? This is poetic, and essentially poetic, and why? because it is creative.

But I am wasting words, for it is nothing more than you know, and if said to those for whom it is intended, it would not be understood.

I see by your last Letter that Mrs. Fermor has entered into the spirit of these ‘Moods of my own Mind.’ Your transcript from her Letter gave me the greatest pleasure; but I must say

that even she has something yet to receive from me. I say this with confidence, from her thinking that I have fallen below myself in the Sonnet beginning—‘With ships the sea was sprinkled far and nigh.’ As to the other which she objects to, I will only observe that there is a misprint in the last line but two, ‘And *though* this wilderness’ for ‘And *through* this wilderness’—that makes it unintelligible. This latter Sonnet for many reasons, though I do not abandon it, I will not now speak of; but upon the other, I could say something important in conversation, and will attempt now to illustrate it by a comment which I feel will be very inadequate to convey my meaning. There is scarcely one of my Poems which does not aim to direct the attention to some moral sentiment, or to some general principle, or law of thought, or of our intellectual constitution. For instance in the present case, who is there that has not felt that the mind can have no rest among a multitude of objects, of which it either cannot make one whole, or from which it cannot single out one individual, whereupon may be concentrated the attention divided among or distracted by a multitude? After a certain time we must either select one image or object, which must put out of view the rest wholly, or must subordinate them to itself while it stands forth as a Head:

Now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires! Hesperus, that *led*
The starry host, rode brightest; till the Moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent *Queen*, unveiled *her peerless* light,
And o’er the dark her silver mantle threw.¹

Having laid this down as a general principle, take the case before us. I am represented in the Sonnet² as casting my eyes over the sea, sprinkled with a multitude of Ships, like the heavens with stars, my mind may be supposed to float up and down among them in a kind of dreamy indifference with respect either to this or that one, only in a pleasurable state of feeling with respect to the whole prospect. ‘Joyously it showed,’ this continued till that feeling may be supposed to have passed away, and a kind of comparative listlessness or apathy to have suc-

¹ *Paradise Lost*, iv. 604–9.

² Oxf. W., p. 258.

ceeded, as at this line, 'Some veering up and down, one knew not why.' All at once, while I am in this state, comes forth an object, an individual, and my mind, sleepy and unfixed, is awakened and fastened in a moment. 'Hesperus, that *led* The starry host,' is a poetical object, because the glory of his own Nature gives him the pre-eminence the moment he appears; he calls forth the poetic faculty, receiving its exertions as a tribute; but this Ship in the Sonnet may, in a manner still more appropriate, be said to come upon a mission of the poetic Spirit, because in its own appearance and attributes it is barely sufficiently distinguish[ed] to rouse the creative faculty of the human mind; to exertions at all times welcome, but doubly so when they come upon us when in a state of remissness. The mind being once fixed and roused, all the rest comes from itself; it is merely a lordly Ship, nothing more:

This ship was nought to me, nor I to her,
Yet I pursued her with a lover's look.

My mind wantons with grateful joy in the exercise of its own powers, and, loving its own creation,

This ship to all the rest I did prefer,

making her a sovereign or a regent, and thus giving body and life to all the rest; mingling up this idea with fondness and praise—

where she comes the winds must stir;

and concluding the whole with

On went She, and due north her journey took.

Thus taking up again the Reader with whom I began, letting him know how long I must have watched this favorite Vessel, and inviting him to rest his mind as mine is resting.

Having said so much upon a mere 14 lines, which Mrs. Fermor did not approve, I cannot but add a word or two upon my satisfaction in finding that my mind has so much in common with hers, and that we participate so many of each other's pleasures. I collect this from her having singled out the two little Poems, the Daffodils,¹ and the Rock crowned with snowdrops.² I am

¹ Oxf. W., p. 187.

² Oxf. W., p. 162.

sure that whoever is much pleased with either of these quiet and tender delineations must be fitted to walk through the recesses of my poetry with delight, and will there recognise, at every turn, something or other in which, and over which, it has that property and right which knowledge and love confer. The line, 'Come, blessed barrier, etc.,'¹ in the sonnet upon Sleep, which Mrs. F. points out, had before been mentioned to me by Coleridge, and indeed by almost everybody who had heard it, as eminently beautiful. My letter (as this 2nd sheet, which I am obliged to take, admonishes me) is growing to an enormous length; and yet, saving that I have expressed my calm confidence that these Poems will live, I have said nothing which has a particular application to the object of it, which was to remove all disquiet from your mind on account of the condemnation they may at present incur from that portion of my contemporaries who are called the Public. I am sure, my dear Lady Beaumont, if you attach any importance [to it] it can only be from an apprehension that it may affect me, upon which I have already set you at ease, or from a fear that this present blame is ominous of their future or final destiny. If this be the case, your tenderness for me betrays you; be assured that the decision of these persons has nothing to do with the Question; they are altogether incompetent judges. These people in the senseless hurry of their idle lives do not *read* books, they merely snatch a glance at them that they may talk about them. And even if this were not so, never forget what I believe was observed to you by Coleridge, that every great and original writer, in proportion as he is great or original, must himself create the taste by which he is to be relished; he must teach the art by which he is to be seen; this, in a certain degree, even to all persons, however wise and pure may be their lives, and however unvitiated their taste; but for those who dip into books in order to give an opinion of them, or talk about them to take up an opinion—for this multitude of unhappy, and misguided, and misguiding beings, an entire regeneration must be produced; and if this be possible, it must be a work of *time*. To conclude, my ears are stone-dead to this idle buzz, and my flesh as insensible as iron to these petty

¹ Oxf. W., p. 254.

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stings; and after what I have said I am sure yours will be the same. I doubt not that you will share with me an invincible confidence that my writings (and among them these little Poems) will co-operate with the benign tendencies in human nature and society, wherever found; and that they will, in their degree, be efficacious in making men wiser, better, and happier. Farewell; I will not apologise for this Letter, though its length demands an apology. Believe me, eagerly wishing for the happy day when I shall see you and Sir George here, most affectionately yours,
Wm Wordsworth.

Do not hurry your coming hither on our account: my Sister regrets that she did not press this upon you, as you say in your Letter, 'we cannot *possibly* come before the first week in June'; from which we infer that your kindness will induce you to make sacrifices for our sakes. Whatever pleasure we may have in thinking of Grasmere, we have no impatience to be gone, and think with full as much regret at leaving Coleorton. I had, for myself, indeed, a wish to be at Grasmere with as much of the summer before me as might be, but to this I attach no importance whatever, as far as the gratification of that wish interferes with any inclination or duty of yours. I could not be satisfied without seeing you here, and shall have great pleasure in waiting.
Address: Lady Beaumont, Grosvenor Square, London, forwarded to Keswick, Cumberland.

MS. 302. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

Sunday evening 7 June 1807

My dear Friend.

I am sure this will be a welcome letter, as it gives you the privilege of two days more of dear Sara's company. Yielding to our own inclinations and to the earnest entreaties of Sir G. and Lady B. we have consented to stay till Wednesday morning; and if we stay a couple of days at Leeds we shall not reach Halifax till Sunday, i.e. this day week, and if Sara arrives a couple of days afterwards (which she would spend more to her heart's content with you than anywhere else) we shall be perfectly well able to satisfy our friends at Halifax.

JUNE 1807

I had a letter from Miss Threlkeld two days ago, in which she proposes that the children, Molly, and one of the Aunts should sleep at her Mother's house, and adds that *I* must first go to Mr Rawson's; therefore, when Sara reaches Halifax she must inquire for Mrs Threlkeld. I am afraid she will have to sleep at Leeds, which will be unpleasant. There are coaches every morning between Leeds and Halifax. If she could write to let us know the day when she will reach Halifax, we might meet her at the Inn where the coach puts up. You will rejoice to hear that dear little Tom has been bettering for many days, though he is in the midst of cutting three teeth. He has cut 5, and three more are on the point of showing themselves. We were very much alarmed about him ten days ago; indeed, I thought he would not be reared: he slept neither night nor day, and choked when he dropped asleep in the most frightful manner. This choking we afterwards found proceeded from a sore throat, and as that passed away he grew better: and notwithstanding all he has suffered he strengthens and his looks improve. His Mother, too, looks better and seems to be tolerably strong, and I think her appetite is rather larger than it was: yet she cannot be well being so very thin. The Messenger is going so I am stopped. I am very sorry for I have much more to say and this letter is not worth the postage. God bless you my dear good Friend. We all rejoice in the rapid progress of Mr. Clarkson's history which must be a most valuable work.¹ Sir George and Lady B. came last Wednesday. Sir G. looked very ill at his first coming, but he has improved greatly. We watch his looks with great anxiety for he is a dear and delightful and good man, a precious friend and a bright example to others of his rank. Lady B. is the soul of enthusiasm and kindness. Evermore your

D. W.

You must not let your husband come into the North this Summer if it is to London you journey the next. Do [*? manage*] to come. Do come. It will be little expense to you while you are there, the journey will be the whole.

Address: Mrs. Clarkson, Bury St Edmund's, Suffolk.

¹ *The History of the Rise, Progress, and Accomplishment of the Abolition of the African Slave-Trade.* 2 vols., 1808.

JULY 1807

MS.

303. D. W. to R. W.

July 1st 1807 [p.m. Halifax]

My dear Brother,

We are sorry to be obliged to draw upon you again, which we had not expected at this time; but Coleridge has disappointed us, having occasion himself for the Draft for 50 £ which I mentioned to you when I wrote about the payment at the Assurance Office. I shall draw a Bill this day on you for 20 £ in favour of Mr William Rawson of Halifax, at one month after date. We leave this place on Friday, shall stay till Monday morning at the house of a Friend of mine in the neighbourhood of Leeds, and shall then proceed as fast as possible to Grasmere. All our Friends here are well, though in some consternation at the Stoppage of the Banks in this Town—Happily the Rawsons have little or no concern with them, and the Fergusons have left off business, otherwise they would probably have been injured. We are all well—Thomas is very much improved by his residence at Halifax. We hope we shall see you at Grasmere before the summer is over. Sir George and Lady Beaumont, we have reason to believe, are now at Keswick, they intend to take lodgings at Grasmere before they leave the North. When you see Christopher and Priscilla give my kind love to them. William and Mary join me in affectionate good wishes to you. Believe me,

dear Richard

Your affect^e Sister

D Wordsworth

Address: Mr Wordsworth, No 11 Staple Inn, London.

*MS.
K.*

304. W. W. to Francis Wrangham

Grasmere July 12 [1807]

My dear Wrangham,

I received your Letter (directed to Coleorton) at Halifax in your own County; yet seventy or eighty miles from your place of abode. I am in your debt for two Letters, one received many months ago; to that I made reply from London (which I visited this Spring) in a sheet which was to be filled up by Montagu; but

as you do not mention this Letter, I take for granted that Montagu, with his usual fidelity in the art of forgetting, neglected not only to add his own part but to forward mine.

Your epigrams were amusing enough; the last, I think, was the best; I heard a good deal of the Yorkshire Election where I was, but my Friends were among the blues; of course I did not hear much good of Lord Milton, except in the streets: and there indeed I heard enough.

I am glad you had received so much pleasure from those of my poems which you had read. I am so much of your opinion with respect to Lord Nelson that I shall omit the note in future. Is your objection to the word 'immediately' or to its connection with the others? The word itself seems to have sufficient poetical authority, even the highest.

Immediately a place

Before his eyes appeared, sad, noisome, dark.¹

I am well aware that the *nimia simplicitas* of my diction will frequently be complained of. I am prepared for that, being confident that the more an intimacy with our best writers is cultivated, the less dislike of this kind shall I have to encounter.

Do not you write in the Critical Review occasionally? I know you are intimate with the publisher, Mawman. I put this question to you because there is a most malignant Spirit (his fleshly name is Legrice)² whose gall and venom are discharged upon the public through that review. This wretch, for such I cannot but call him, has taken Coleridge, his quondam School-fellow at Christ's hospital and contemporary at Cambridge, into his most deadly hatred, and persecutes him upon all occasions, in which hatred all Coleridge's friends have a share, and I among the rest. I have therefore to request that you would take so much trouble as to keep the review of my Poems in the Critical out of this Creature's hands, either by reviewing them yourself, which I

¹ *Paradise Lost*, xi. 477-8.

² Charles Valentine Le Grice (1773-1858): his 'wit combats' with Coleridge at Christ's Hospital are recorded in Lamb's *Essay on C. H. thirty-five years ago*. He was ordained in 1798 and was incumbent at Penzance 1806-31. I have found no other evidence than this letter of his persecution of Coleridge, and when W. met him in 1841, he gained a very different impression of him (v. W. W. to C. W., Aug. 11, 1841).

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should like best, or in any other way. I have requested this of you, not that I think the criticisms of this man would have the slightest influence on the final destiny of these poems, or that they would give me a moment's concern on any other account than this; that some of my relations and friends who have not strength of mind to judge for themselves might be wound[ed] but chiefly because the immediate sale of books is more under the influence of reviews than is generally supposed, and the sale of this work is of some consequence to me. If you stir in this affair there is no time to be lost.

Are we not likely to see you here? Your place is too much out of the way for my purse. Affectionately yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

Pray let a copy of your sermon be sent by Mawman to Longman's, to be forwarded by him in the first parcel of books he sends to Southey.

MS. 305. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

K(—)

July 19th Sunday [1807]

My dear Friend,

Your kind letter forced from me many bitter self-reproaches with which indeed I had often and long ago at times been visited, and yet if being in an unsettled way is any excuse for my putting off writing to you I may be excused, and I must say for myself that when I am put off my usual course though having plenty of leisure I am in a state of mind that particularly unfits me for writing and makes me guilty of neglects that when I am at home with plenty of business I am seldom tempted into—but no more of this, I have said so much for my own case, for the language of your letter shows plainly that *you* required no explanation or apology. My dear Friend, you will believe that when Sara arrived at Halifax we were but one half glad to see her, we lamented so much that she was not still with you. I know not how we had made the mistake, but we calculated that my letter must certainly arrive in time to stop her departure from Bury. I wish we could have been in our new house before your husband's arrival, and yet I do not know; if we have fine weather he will

like as well to see us here, and we *have* a bed for him if he will sleep in the same room with Johnny, who lies very quietly in his bed and will not disturb him. I sleep in the[?] room with Thomas, and J and D in the two-bedded room. But when we have any body in the house Molly goes to the other house with D. Oh! that you were coming too! but this is idle—we could not have accomodated you and we will make Mr. C. promise to bring you next summer. Why should he not, prosperous as you are, and little Tom along with you. Your account of Mr. Clarkson's progress confirmed by Sara is very delightful. We may now fairly call you rich people, for if God preserve your husband's health what should hinder him from going on as he has begun; another subject will surely arise when he has finished his present work. I wish I could give you like histories of the flowing in of wealth from our literary concerns, but alas! poetry is a bad trade; and William's works sell slowly; yet we do hope that in the course of a twelvemonth the present Editions will be sold off, and then there will be two hundred pounds more, which we shall greatly need to meet the expenses of fitting up our new house and the high rent. I will tell you in a few words what we have been doing since we left Coleorton on Wednesday the 10th of June. We travelled in the post-chaise to Nottingham, where we walked about and viewed the Castle and town, an interesting old place, and particularly so to us at that time having just read Mrs. Hutchinson's account of the troubles there in Oliver Cromwell's time. The castle stands nobly but it is an ugly modern building. We slept at Nottingham and at 6 o'clock in the morning Mary and the three Children got into the Coach, and William, Molly and I upon the outside, and we should have rode thoroughly pleasantly if we had not heard poor Thomas cry *all* the way. The next stage Mary came out and Molly went in, but she was frightened and durst sit there no longer, so ever afterwards till we got to Sheffield she rode within and had a most fatiguing journey, for Thomas had had his sleep with Molly the second stage and hardly ever ceased crying. From Sheffield we sent Molly by the coach and we six took a post-chaise and had a truly distressing journey to Huddersfield, where though only 8 miles from Halifax we were obliged to stop all night. We breakfasted

at Halifax the next morning. We found ourselves in poor heart with respect to Thomas who was very unwell indeed; but happily the air of Halifax agreed with him and he recovered strength daily, and the house was so large that nobody was disturbed by him or any of the children. We all enjoyed much pleasure at Halifax in seeing the country, for Mr. Rawson has a carriage and we rode about frequently, and I had great pleasure in the revival of many old recollections and in finding every favourite valley more beautiful than I had ever imagined. Mr. and Mrs. Rawson (Mrs. Rawson you know took care of me after my Mother's death) are most excellent people, Mr. R. a truly liberal, pious and affectionate-hearted man, and Mrs. R. the very best tempered woman, and the most thoroughly intent upon doing what is right of any person I ever knew, all without effort from a blessed nature. Mrs. and Miss Threlkeld made many enquiries after you. We stayed a fortnight at Halifax, and Mrs. R. accompanied us to New Grange, where we stayed from Friday till Monday morning. It is a cheerful, pleasant place, and the Abbey—how very beautiful! My dear Friend, often did we mention you to each other when we were there, and far oftener thought of you separately. I cannot express how much I regretted that we did not know more of your goings on there, the room where you slept and many other things I wished to know. From New Grange Mary, Sara, Molly and the children went in a post chaise to Kendal where they arrived that night. They had a pleasant journey for Thomas was very well and J. and D. are excellent travellers and give very little trouble. About an hour after their departure William and Mr. Marshall got upon horseback, and Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Rawson, one of Mrs. Marshall's Sisters and I went in their carriage to Otley and up the Wharf as far as Bolton Abbey. I hope you have been there. The Abbey stands in the most beautiful valley that ever was seen; the Ruin is greatly inferior to Kirkstall; but the situation infinitely more beautiful, a retired woody winding valley, with steep banks and rocky scars, no manufactories, no horrible forges, and yet the forge near Kirkstall has often a very grand effect. We spent a very pleasant day in the neighbourhood of Bolton with our friends, and parted from them at six

miles distant from Burnsall, the place where we were to lodge. We had a *delightful* walk to Burnsall, and there we were received at the little Inn with that true welcoming which you only meet with in lonely places; and we had an hour's very interesting conversation with the landlord, a most intelligent man. Burnsall is a pretty little village, by the side of the Wharf—now not a very large stream; the fields green, but wanting wood, and fenced with stone walls.

From Burnsall we walked with a guide over bare hills to Gordale, and there we rested under the huge rock for several hours, and drank of its cold waters, and ate our dinner. We then climbed up the side of the waterfall and made our way over the crags to Malham Cove, then drank tea at the Inn, and returned again in the evening to Gordale. Next morning walked to Settle, went from Settle to Ingleton in a cart which took us up at Giggleswick Scar; and from three miles beyond Ingleton whither we walked after tea we rode on the outside of the coach to Kendal, where we found Mary, Sara and the Children; the next day we spent at Levens, and on Friday came to Grasmere in a post-chaise. On our arrival here our spirits sank, and our first walk in the evening was very melancholy. Many persons are dead, old Mr. Sympson,¹ his son the parson, young George Dawson,² the finest young man in the vale, Jenny Hodgson our washerwoman, old Jenny Dockwray and a little girl Dorothy's age who never got the better of the hooping-cough which she had when we went away. All the trees in Bainriggs are cut down, and even worse, the giant sycamore near the parsonage house, and all the finest firtrees that overtopped the steeple tower. At home we found all well; the garden very nice, the roses more abundant than ever. Old Molly is truly grateful for your kind remembrance of her. The children are delighted with home. John and Dorothy are as fine Bairns as ever were seen, and very little trouble now they are restored to their old haunts. Thomas strengthens, but he was very very poorly at the end of last week. Mary is better. T. Hutchinson has been with us on Friday. Sara

¹ The Rev. Joseph Sympson (*v. E. L.*, pp. 251–2) had died on June 27 of this year.

² *v. Excursion*, vii. 695–890.

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and Joanna are at Kendal. Sara owes a visit to Mrs. Cookson of Kendal and must stay there at least six weeks longer.

Adieu, God bless you my dear Friend. William and Mary's kind love. John has not forgotten your being at Robert Newton's. Believe me ever yours.

D. W.

Sir George and Lady Beaumont are at Keswick. William went to them on Monday and stayed till Thursday. I am going in about ten days to spend a week with them. They will be at the Inn or Robert Newton's a fortnight, they lodge at Mrs. Jacksons. Coleridge never writes to us—he is at Stowey. He had neglected informing his Brothers of his intention of visiting them, and they are gone to a watering place.

I am afraid this letter will give you much trouble, but you will have time plenty in your husband's absence.

Address: Mrs Clarkson, Bury St Edmund's, Suffolk.

MS. 306. *D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

My dear Friend, Grasmere. Sunday 30th August [1807]

I found your letter upon the table last night on my return from Lloyd's where I spent the day with the two elder children. They sent the car for us, and the children, especially Dorothy, were in ecstasies all the way thither. D. is of the dancing brood, and given to ecstasy. But John is of a more sober and thoughtful nature, though very joyful. Oh! that you could see them! But you will and must see them next summer, and Tom will be with you. They expect nothing in him but a playfellow, for we talk of *little* Tom Clarkson. I am afraid that the first meeting will be attended with disappointment, which John will testify by the most beautiful blushes and shy looks upon his open countenance that you ever saw. As to Thomas, he is grown a very stout healthy-faced child, and can almost walk alone. So much for the children. You desired I would say a great deal about them, but it would, perhaps, have been better if I had first spoken of your husband, as he may not have yet sent off the unfinished letter which he took away with him from Grasmere, and you may be anxious to hear of him. You must know that I first heard of his

arrival by accident at Buttermere, from some Quakers who were talking about Mr. Luff. I conjecture their being Quakers, and knowing Luff, they must know Mr. Clarkson. So I spoke to them, and they told me they had parted from him at Ulswater only the day before; I then began to regret that I was not at home, for I thought 'Surely he must have been on his way to our house', though the Quakers could not inform me that he was; but guess my surprize on being told at my return home a few days afterwards, that Mary had heard by *accident* also of his being at Ambleside and had never seen him! Well this passed away. We received his Book from Keswick with a note saying that he was going to spend a day and a half at Keswick and would then come to us for a day. We expected him accordingly the whole of Saturday, but in the evening we walked to our new house for a nigh half hour leaving word where we were going, and behold! at our return he had been here and was gone! I cannot express our mortification and disappointment, disappointment yet mingled with surprize that he had not stopped for our arrival. Mary and I began to climb the hill towards Ambleside, then we recollected that he might *not* be at Ambleside and that we could send a letter by Charles Lloyd to him there if he were not gone. So we turned back and I wrote a note, and the next day we received one from him saying that he would spend Monday with us, and accordingly on Monday he arrived, and rejoiced we were to see him—looking well and happy like one who had accomplished the purpose for which he had been living worthily for so many years. We had read his book, indeed it is so interesting that having once begun there was no leaving off. I never read anything more interesting in my whole life than the narration part. Clarissa Harlowe was not more interesting when I first read [it] at 14 years of age. William, I believe, made a few remarks upon paper, but he had not time for much criticism, and in fact having only one perusal of the work he was too much interested. I noted a few words which seemed to me objectionable. The introductory chapter, I think, might be a good deal shortened with advantage, and by all means let not that chapter be published (at least not in its present state or not the whole of it) in which he traces the *chances* which first called

AUGUST 1807

out his operations, and the *ifs* that might have prevented them etc, etc, etc; perhaps in some other places the reflections might be curtailed; but the whole Book¹ is so interesting on a first perusal that I should require a second to be able to point them out. Wm and Mary are at Eusemere, dear Eusemere! They went on Tuesday, the day your husband left us, but I was obliged to send a messenger for William the day after, for Mr. Crump arrived and wanted his advice respecting the laying out of his grounds. William returned yesterday to Eusemere, and you will be glad to hear that the planting is all left to him and he may do whatever he likes about the grounds. Besides, Mr. Crump is likely to be a very good landlord, for he is a most kind-hearted and good-natured man. I consider the appointment of William as planter of the trees is quite a publick benefit.

Dear little Dorothy has been playing beside me all the time I have been writing, and she has made me smile and laugh at her little fancies fifty times. She is singing a song of her own making at this moment—'She will go to de hay and Baby shall go!' You must know that her Baby is made of a pocket handkerchief, and they are drinking together out of her tea things. I dare say your husband will tell you that Johnny wished to shew him his Noah's Ark by way of a treat. It is the nicest plaything that ever was and has given delight both to young and old at Town End. Molly Fisher and Peggy Ashburner were not less pleased than John and Dorothy. At this moment he is exhibiting it to a Miss Mackereth, a visitor of Mary Ashburner. Old Molly and Peggy, however, are very proud of your remembrance of them. God bless you my dear, dear Friend.

Yours ever,

D. W.

I expect Wm and Mary and the Beaumonts Wednesday, i.e. the day after the Fair.

I spent twelve days with the Beaumonts very pleasantly. We were twice at Buttermere. We rejoice in the good news of your health and of the Lambs advancement towards liberty.²

Address: Mrs Clarkson, Bury St Edmund's, Suffolk.

¹ v. pp. 132, 229.

² In the earlier summer the Lambs had spent a short holiday with the Clarksons at Bury.

SEPTEMBER 1807

MS.
K(—)

307. D. W. to Jane Marshall

Grasmere. September 19th [1807]

My dear Friend,

If I had ever been inclined to blame your silence the letter which I received a few days ago would have completely justified you and satisfied all my wishes; but, in truth, I hardly even expected to hear from you before your arrival at home; and, believe me, I feel very grateful for your kindness. We were all exceedingly interested with your account of your travels; the more so as it was somewhat flattering to find that you were in general most pleased with what most pleased my Brother and me. I am sorry that our host, Macgregor, has left the Ferry-house at Loch Ketterine, and I do not regret as he was not there that you did not go up the Lake. We did not ascend Ben¹ Lomond; but I should have liked to have done it very much; for though it is not particularly a pleasure to me to see those places with which I am familiar below me reduced as in a map I think there is no sensation more elevating to the heart and the imagination than what we take in, on viewing distant mountains, plains, hills, vallies, towns and seas from some superior eminence. I do not wonder that you were disappointed with Glen Croe, passing it on a sunny morning and with expectations of something tremendous or terrible. It may be *sublime* under certain accidents of weather, but can never, I think be tremendous or terrible; and I think the Glen itself is unjustly treated when such epithets are used in describing it. It is a wild and solitary spot—where you feel that you are in *Scotland*—black cattle were the only living things except birds and sheep that we saw in travelling through it. I think if you had perfectly recollected what I said of Glen Croe (allowing for the difference in the time of day and the weather) you would not have been disappointed. The *Town* of Inverary is a miserable place when you are in it—dirt and [? finery,] but I think the effect of the first view of it (in combination with the broad expanse of water, fishing-boats, hills and distant mountains, and afterwards with the castle and bridges) is very impressive and beautiful. The sun was shining

¹ Ben: D. W. has written Loch.

on the water when we first came in view of this prospect and it made a distinct impression upon my mind of festive gaiety which I shall never forget. Loch Tay, though a very pretty place to live beside, is, except at Killin and Taymouth, an insipid scene to visit by way of a sight. It is greatly inferior in beauty to all our Lakes, and not equal in grandeur I think to the most insignificant of them. You had greatly the advantage of us at Edinburgh—we were only there one day, and that was a very rainy one. I cannot agree with you in admiring the Cathedral at Melrose more than the Chapel of Roslin. As far as it goes, as a whole, the Chapel of Roslin appeared to me to be *perfection*, the most beautiful in form, and of entire simplicity. Melrose has no doubt been a much grander place; but *as a whole* at present it produces little effect—the minute sculpture is excessively beautiful; but oh! how much more delight have I in the remembrance of Bolton in its retired valley, and the venerable Kirkstall! I hope, my dear Friend, that you will write again very soon; for we are anxious to know that the termination of your tour corresponded with the course of it, that your Mother, and Sisters and the Children were in perfect health, and that you had in every other respect a happy return to New Grange. I hope Mary Anne does not forget us, and that honest James would be ready to shake his Friend John by the hand if they were to meet again. I have no doubt that Ellen can run about by herself, and you will be glad to hear that our little Thomas is not far behind; he has gone on improving rapidly, and can go by the help of chairs, window-seats, etc. John and Dorothy were much delighted with your presents from Keswick. I cannot say that the drum survived the heavy blows which were given it many days; but the tea-things are preserved with care in Granny's cupboard, and brought out upon particular occasions as a great treat. Our new house will not be ready before Martinmas, a bad time for removing. I have been fully employed of late; for William and Mary spent 12 days at Ulswater, and returned with Sir George and Lady Beaumont, who stayed a week at Grasmere, and two days after their departure Wm and M. set forward again upon a tour, to Wasdale, Ennerdale, Whitehaven, Cockermouth etc. I expect them at home today—they have had delightful weather;

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and I hope I shall have a most entertaining account of their travels. Mary, you see, has been disposed to make use [of] her liberty while she has it. I am happy to say that her health is much improved though she looks thin. My Brother was exceedingly obliged to Mr. Marshall for his letter. I have just been taking a copy of it to send to Lord Lonsdale, who had some talk with my Brother (when¹ he was at Lowther with the Beaumonts) about planting, and William thinks Mr. Marshall's observations so valuable, that he will take the liberty of sending them to Lord L. I must not close my letter as I should wish to add to it after Wm and M. return. I am in daily expectation of a letter from Mrs. Rawson. I have been all the morning [with] Dorothy gathering mosses and this after[noon] [] and little Sally and Thomas a nut[ting]. []autiful at present, being in perfect health.¹

Saturday morning. My Brother and Sister returned yesterday night after a most delightful Tour. They were at Cockermouth, our native place, you know, saw the terrace walk that you have heard me speak of many a time, with the privet hedge still full of roses as it used to be 30 years ago. Yes *I* remember it for *more* than 30 years.

Oh! Jane how the time rolls along! yet if it were not for dates and other artificial helps to memory I should forget that I was not as young as when you were married; for I feel no bodily difference. They saw my old nurse, and my Father's house-keeper and some of our relations. I have kept my letter back one post in the hope of getting two Whitehaven notes exchanged for two of some Bank nearer to you, that I might enclose them, and I have been at 4 or 5 houses this morning, but cannot get them changed, therefore I will send my letter without and perhaps you will not regret it, as you will probably hear from me again the sooner. My Brother and Sister beg to be affectionately remembered to you all, including the family at North Hall. We often talk with pleasure of the time we spent with you. Do write soon and believe me, dear Jane, (*signature cut away*)

Address: Mrs Marshall, New Grange, near Leeds.

¹ For three lines part of the page is torn away.

OCTOBER 1807

MS.

308. D. W. to R. W.

Grasmere. October 2nd [1807]

My dear Brother,

I begin to be impatient to see you, and therefore I cannot help writing to inquire after you, and to beg that if you cannot come very soon you will write to us. Mary thought herself very unfortunate in not seeing you when she was at Eusemere and Appleby. I hope you have had no return of the disorder which attacked you at Appleby. I was exceedingly sorry to hear that you had been so ill. William will draw upon you in London for 50£. at one month after date. Most likely the Bill will be drawn about the 18th of this month, and in favour of Mr. Sympson of Kendal. He is our Grocer and we expect him here at that time, and as we owe him some money we think it best to take that opportunity of getting a large draft cashed, as we find it often difficult to get cash for a small one in this neighbourhood.

We are all well. Thomas, who was a very delicate child is grown strong and healthy, and Dorothy is much improved since you saw her.

William and Mary join with me in kind Love to you.

Believe me, dear Richard,

Your affectionate Sister

Dorothy Wordsworth.

We shall be very glad to shew you our new house. I am afraid we shall not enter upon it till Martinmas.

Address: Mr. Rd. Wordsworth, to the care of Mr Hutton, Penrith.

MS.

309. D. W. to Jane Marshall

K(—)

Grasmere October 18th 1807

My dear Friend,

I cannot express how much pleasure my Brother has already received from Dr. Whitaker's Books,¹ though they have been

¹ *The History of the Original Parish of Whalley, and Honour of Clitheroe*, by T. D. Whitaker, 1801, and *The History and Antiquities of the Deanery of Craven*, by T. D. Whitaker, 1805. W.'s 'plan' was the writing of *The White Doe of Rylstone*.

only two days in his possession. Almost the whole time he has been greedily devouring the History of Craven, and (what is of more importance) he has found all the information which he wanted for the prosecution of his plan. I need not say how very much he feels himself indebted to Mr. Marshall and you for your kind and ready compliance with his request. We heard of the parcel being at Kendal several days before its arrival here: owing to some neglect, which vexed us exceedingly, we were kept in expectation of it two or three carrier days. It has, however at last arrived perfectly safe, and you may depend upon it that we shall take all possible care not to injure the Books, especially the loose sheets, and when we return them, they shall be packed as they came. I have great pleasure in thinking that you may receive gratification from the poem which William is writing. I will not tell you the subject of it, that you may not anticipate anything. In the mean time (but that is a foolish phrase, for it may be many months before the poem he is now writing is finished, and many more before it is *published*)—In the [mean]time, however, I have prevailed upon him to let me transcribe a short one which he wrote about a month ago on the story of young Romelli and the Strid; which, as it may remind you of the day we passed together at Bolton, I hope you will read with pleasure.

[*Here follows 'The Force of Prayer' (Oxf. W., p. 494).*]

If you receive any pleasure from this little poem, which may encourage you to think that Dr. Whitaker would do the like, when you see Dr. Whitaker if you choose to take the trouble, you may read it to him, and when you see Mrs. Rawson, pray read it to her. My dear Jane I thank you heartily for your letter. The pleasure which it gives me when you speak of your dear Children, now that I have seen them all, is more than I can describe. I hope you will soon meet with a proper person to assist you in instructing them. Plain good sense seems *at present* to be all that is necessary for a teacher for them; supposing her to have had a good education in the common way, and to have lived in a respectable society, and to have been accustomed to the care of Children.

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It must indeed be a delightful office to you to instruct Mary Anne. I never saw a sweeter or more engaging Child. Thomas does all but walk alone. John and Dorothy get forward with their Books. D. is quite fat and looks uncommonly healthy. Thomas continues to sleep with me; but he seldom disturbs me. We are going to send a draft to Halifax and I have desired Edward¹ to pay you the two guinea[s on the] first opportunity. Is Harriot return[ed?]? You will be glad to hear that my health is very good at present. Many people tell me how well I look. We all join in best wishes to all your household, and your good Friends at North Hall. God bless you my dear, kind Friend! May you long enjoy the blessings which you possess at present in your flourishing Family. My love to Mary Anne and kisses to the young ones. John does not forget James. Adieu yours ever

D. Wordsworth

My Brother has made great use of Mr. Marshall's observations on planting, with which he has been greatly pleased, as they coincide with his own previous ideas of what *should* be. He recommends to every body to plant larches on their *high* rocky grounds—and oak, ash, etc. etc. on their richer and low grounds. You ask after the Beaumonts—they left us the very day before Wm and Mary went on their tour to Wasdale, Whitehaven etc. Lady B. is very busy planting and laying out the grounds at Coleorton. Christopher's youngest child has been dangerously ill. Mrs. Christopher Wordsworth who expected to be brought to bed hourly when Mrs. Rawson saw her is still in expectation. William is going to Penrith next week to see Richard who has been prevented from coming to Grasmere by a fall from his horse. Happily he escaped with a sprained ancle and is getting better.
Address: Mrs Marshall, New Grange, near Leads.

MS.

310. D. W. to R. W.

Grasmere Nov. 3rd [1807]

My dear Brother,

You seem to be determined that *you will not come* to see us, therefore Mary and I, having a great desire to see you, are

¹ Edward Ferguson.

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determined if possible to accomplish it, and we will pay you a visit of two or three days, if the weather will permit, as soon as it can be managed after we know that you can receive us. Be so good as to write immediately and tell us how long you intend to stay at Sockbridge. Should you be going away before the end of next week (I write on Sunday, the first day of this week) we will set off, supposing the weather to be fine, as soon as we have received your letter; but if you are not going away so soon, we will not set off till Wednesday or Thursday sennight, it being rather more convenient to us not to leave home before that time; but, as I said before, if it should suit you better, we can come with the first fine weather after we receive your letter.

We are all well. I do not know whether William will be able to accompany us or not; but if he does he can lodge at Thomas Wilkinson's; for I suppose you have not two spare Beds. Do not let this proposal of ours prevent your coming to see us, if you can. We might go back with you if the weather was very tempting. Sara Hutchinson is here and her Brother Henry. She was at Patterdale last week, and intended to have called upon you, but was prevented.

William and Mary join with me in kind Love. Believe me dear Richard

Your affectionate Sister
D. Wordsworth

Address: Richard Wordsworth Esq^{re}, Sockbridge, Penrith.

MS. *311. W. W. to Francis Wrangham*
K.

Grasmere, Nov. 4th, [1807.]

My dear Wrangham,

I have just received from Montagu two Letters of yours to him, by which I learn that your application to have the Review of my Poems taken out of Le Grice's hands¹ was successful; for the trouble you have taken in this business I thank you, but alas! either for me, or for the Critical Review, or for both! it has been out of the frying-pan into the fire

¹ *v.* Letter 304.

—primo avulso non deficit alter

Aureus, et simili frondescit virga metallo,¹

for I am told that there has appeared in the said journal an article purporting to be a Review of those Poems which is a miserable heap of spiteful nonsense, even worse than anything that has appeared hitherto, in these disgraceful days. I have not seen it, for I am only a Chance-Reader of reviews, but from what I have heard of the contents of this precious piece, I feel not so much inclined to accuse the author of malice as of sheer, honest insensibility, and stupidity. With what propriety did I select my motto for the Lyrical Ballads, which might have been continued with equal or greater propriety on the present occasion:

Quam nihil ad genium, Papiniane, tuum!²

But Peace to this gentleman, and all his Brethren: as Southey neatly says 'they cannot *blast* our *laurels*, but they may *mildew* our *corn*'; and it is only on account of this latter power which to a certain degree they unfortunately possess that I troubled you, or deemed them worth a moment's thought. To turn to a more agreeable subject; I am indeed much pleased that Mrs. Wrangham and yourself have been gratified by these breathings of simple Nature, the more so, because I conclude, from the character of the Poems which you have particularized, that the Volumes cannot but improve upon you. I see that you have entered into the spirit of them. You mention the Daffodils; you know Butler, Montagu's friend, not Tom Butler, but the Conveyancer; when I was in Town in Spring he happened to see the Volumes lying on Montagu's mantel-piece and to glance his eye upon this Very Poem of the Daffodils; 'aye,' says he, 'a fine morsel this for the Reviewers.' When this was told me, for I was not present, I observed that there were two lines in that little Poem which if thoroughly felt, would annihilate nine tenths of the Reviews of the Kingdom, as they would find no Readers; the lines I alluded to, were those

They flash upon that inward eye,
Which is the bliss of Solitude.

I should not have been sorry to have had an opportunity of

¹ Virgil, *Aeneid*, vi. 143-4.

² From Selden's *Table Talk*.

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saying this to Butler himself. Before I finish the subject of these Poems let me request you to take a pen and correct in your Copy the following gross blunders of the Press, as some of them materially affect the sense.

1st volume, page 87 rightful Heir

Do. Do. 118 and *through* this wilderness.

Do. Do. 121 while I was framing beds *for*.

2d volume, page 84 small wooden isle.

Do. Do. 91 wheels hither *her* store.

Do. Do. 127 His Thrift thy *uselessness*.

'Guilt-burthen'd' you have already noted ; I will also thank you if any of your Friends happen to possess the Book, and their copy should fall in your way, to take the trouble of correcting the grossest of the above blunders. 'In Gaelic or the English tongue' the language in your substitution is certainly more correct, and is the *proper* language, but somehow it sounds ill. *In English*. Your other corrections I shall adopt and thank you for them ; and should be glad of more. Bringi tales is a gross error of the Press.

Pray let me now ask, how you are employed ? I had heard a rumour of the offence you had given to Dr. Symmonds by the Review, but I never either saw it or the book itself. In fact I might as well live at St. Kilda for any commerce I have with passing Literature, especially bulky works ; for I have no neighbour that buys them, and we have no Book-club. Have you any good old Libraries near you ? or how are you accommodated with Books, new or old ? You speak kindly in your Letter of the pleasure you would have in seeing Montagu, and me, in your neighbourhood ; I should like it much, but can[not] encourage the hope, for a reason which I believe I have heretofore specified. Yorkshire is a favorite region with me, both your side of the country, and the vallies on the western side, among the Ribs of the British Apennine. I know it all well, almost every corner in it ; and should like better to wander through it on that very account. If Montagu comes down to you next summer, I shall expect you to find your way to Grasmere : remember this. I am pleased to find you do not forget the drawing or drawings. Mrs.

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W. desires me to say that when you see Mrs. Langley she will thank you to mention her name as a person who remembers her kindness with pleasure. With best regards to yourself and Mrs. Wrangham I remain affectionately yours

Wm. Wordsworth.

MS. 312. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson
K(—)

Grasmere November 4th [1807]

My dear Friend,

I am sick of waiting and wishing for a letter from you, and I blame myself for not having before written again. I blame *myself* for having made no exertion to obtain the comfort of a letter from you, but observe I do not blame *you* for I must take to the credit of not being an ordinary correspondent. I never accuse my Friends of remissness or neglect however long their silences may be and however great my pleasure in their letters. I do not trouble yourself with explanations, but let us hear from you as soon as possible. I hardly know when it was that I wrote to you; but I think no great changes have happened since: I will, however, try to recollect. When your Husband was in this country Wm and Mary were at Eusemere; they came home with the Beaumonts, who spent a week here: then Mary and Wm left me again for a week. They went to Wasdale, Ennerdale, Whitehaven etc, and yet a third time I am going to lose them both if the weather be such that they can cross Kirkstone on Saturday, Sunday, or Monday. Joanna and Miss E. Green are going to Stockton and Mary will accompany them and spend about three weeks there, if as I said, the weather will permit her to ride on horseback over Kirkstone. Wm will part from her at Penrith and in about a fortnight will join her at Stockton, where he will pass a few days with her amongst her relations. You must know that he is in high favour (as a great genius) with *my Uncle Harry*, but I am afraid however much either he or Mary may win the way to his good graces no present good will arise from it. As long as he lives he will keep what he has. It is really shocking to see how he will suffer Tom Hutchinson to waste his time without making the least operation for him. Tom is at

Penrith, and just to keep himself from doing nothing he employs his horses in carrying between Stockton and Penrith.—I believe he gets enough or perhaps more than enough to maintain him, but it is a sad wasting of the best part of his life. Sara is going to Appleby. She is tired of moving about, wishing she had stayed longer with you, and longs now to be settled quietly with us for the winter. She will stay at Appleby till Christmas, and I believe will spend the Christmas holidays at Penrith and then come to Grasmere. Miss Weir and Bessy and Jane Hutchinson are to pass their Christmas with us. If Mr. Clarkson could meet with a good Farm for Tom we should all be very thankful. He seemed to think it would be no difficult Task when he was in the North, but I am afraid he is not likely to succeed as we hear nothing from him. But to return to our own more immediate concerns ; Mary never complains, but she is very thin ; and looks miserably in the face, as we who know her best think ; yet I must say that others who are less interested say that though she is very thin her looks are not unhealthy. I hope that her journey may be of service to her. She is taking bark, and it does not seem to produce the same effect it has hitherto done of heating her, but she has not yet given it a fair trial. I cannot say that she has any illness except occasional headaches, and her appetite is not very bad, *for her* ; but, you know, she is one of the poorest eaters in the world. Thomas is growing a very fine healthy child, he ran alone for the first time on Sunday, and he is now a stout walker, and a beautiful sight it is to see the three upon the carpet together. There is a strong family likeness among them, yet they are all different, one would almost think, as any children can be. The ordinary expression of John's countenance is grave, but his smiles are the sweeter for it, lighting up like his poor Uncle's John's dear Smiles. He is bold and manly, yet very shy and shamefaced before company. Most people think Dorothy far cleverer, but that is a mistake: she is proud, and not unwilling to display what she can do, and John keeps his attainments to himself. She continues to be very pretty, but not like the same child that you knew ; her complexion is fresh and she is very fat so that the cast of her face is not so *fine* as it was. Thomas's features are not so singular as either John's

or Dorothy's but his eyes are remarkably sweet and his countenance is always delightful. He is fat and fair and he is even grown ruddy, at least we think him so, recollecting what a pale-faced creature he was. John and D. go daily to School. The Master is very fond of D. she learns so quickly, as he says, but we cannot find out that her progress is equal to John's who is less in favour with the Master. John can repeat most of the Church Catechism (a profitable attainment you will say!) simply with hearing the other children repeat it in the School. We shall go to the new house with the first fine weather after Mary's return. It is a very bad time to remove, but we think the house is perfectly dry. My Brother Richard has had a most unfortunate journey into the North. He was first taken very ill at Appleby; then, just when he was coming to see us, his horse fell with him and he was severely hurt in one leg, and last Sunday but one he was attacked again with the same dreadful disorder in his Bowels which had confined him to his room several days at Appleby. William spent the whole of last week at Penrith. Richard was recovering when he left him, which was on Friday, and that was the first day he had been able to dine downstairs. I have had much uneasiness about him, and I am also anxious for Christopher who has been poorly, and Priscilla tells me he looks very ill. He confines himself too much in his study, and he has suffered a great deal from watching and anxiety, his second child having been long and dangerously ill. He (the child) is better, but not strengthened sufficiently to make them expect his life with confident hopes. After Priscilla's recovery she is to go with him to Birmingham, to try what change of air will do. She was delivered of a third son on the 30th of last month and we hope is doing well. Mrs Coleridge wrote about a month ago that she was at Bristol in hourly expectation of Coleridge, who was to attend her and the children to Birmingham and Liverpool, where they had visits to pay, and that he was to leave her at L. and go to London to deliver two courses of lectures. Another letter came to the Southneys' last week saying that she was to set off on Wednesday i.e. last Wednesday with the children, that Coleridge was in better health and better spirits, but not a word of his plans or whether he was to

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accompany them any part of the way; nor *when* they were to be expected at home, I suppose, for Southey says nothing about it. That is all we know, Coleridge has never written to us, and we have given over writing to him, for what is the use of it? We believe he has not opened one of our letters. Poor soul! he is sadly to be pitied. I fear all resolution and strength of mind have utterly deserted him. Do write, tell us how Mr. Clarkson gets on with his Book, and tell us all about your health. Remember us to Susan. Adieu my dear kind Friend. Believe me ever most affectionately yours,

D. Wordsworth.

Tell us also that you will come and see us in our new house next summer.

There is no chance of our procuring the first volume of Mr Clarkson's Quaker Book again. Mr. Clarkson thought that he would get us a copy of that volume from the waste sheets. Do remind him of it, and if it could be sent to my Brother Christopher's in the course of a fortnight it might come down with some tea which he is to send us. Half an hour after I had closed this letter I heard a tumult in the house and Mary shouted; I was alarmed, and guess my surprize and joy at seeing Hartley skipping about the room. His Mother and Derwent and Sara were at the door in a chaise, and a Mr. de Quincey a young Oxonian who long ago addressed a letter to William expressive of his gratitude and veneration, and since that time they have corresponded occasionally; he found out Coleridge and is come for a week purposely to see William. Mrs. Coleridge is just as usual only more friendly than ever with us, looks well and is in great spirits. They brought a short letter from Coleridge which speaks of a long one sent the day before (ten days ago) which we have never received. I believe that no plans are settled between them, but all is just the same as when they parted at Keswick, yet that he will never live with her and *she* deprecates its being spoken of as the greatest disgrace and evil in the world, therefore, (especially as neither he nor she talk publickly of separation) the less that is said of the matter the better. She talks of Coleridge and every thing else just as usual. Coleridge's

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health and looks are much improved. They left him at Bristol intending to set off to London immediately. He talks of coming into the North in March. Poor dear Coleridge, I am almost afraid to wish him here, fearing that we may be of [no] service to him. Hartley looks uncommonly well, and Derwent is very much improved in activity and manliness. Sara is like a spirit, fair and beautiful, but far far too delicate. She looks as though a single blast of wind would blow her into her grave. She is very little taller than Dorothy, and not so heavy. John is within an inch of Derwent's height. God bless you, Do write. The Coleridges stayed with us all night and left us after dinner to-day. By lodging two at Peggy Ashburners we contrived to harbour the whole party, not excepting Mr. de Quincey.

Address: Mrs Clarkson, Bury St Edmund's, Suffolk.

MS. 313. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

K(—)

December 2nd [1807]

My Dear Friend,

I generally make warm resolves in the first impulse of my pleasure when I receive a letter from one of my very dear Friends, and such I made on the receipt of yours that I would write immediately, which I was the more [? inclined] to that I might prevent that uneasy undecided state of half-expectation in which both parties remain when letters cross on the road as ours did. I was very glad to hear of the progressive improvement of your health—slow indeed is your progress, but it is very comfortable that you keep in the right way. But I do not like to hear you speak of such an indefinite time for coming to see us as in the course of the three years' residence in our new house. I wish that Mr. Clarkson had not been obliged to hurry himself in the publishing of his Book, as it is so much less harassing to do such things with a mind entirely settled; however, I do not doubt that another Edition will speedily be called for, and in the meantime it will be no unpleasing employment to prepare the corrections. I long to see the Book. I was never more deeply

interested in my life than in that part of it which we read. Let me remind you again to procure the first volume of the *Portraiture*¹ if it be possible.

Since I wrote to you we have had two letters from dear Coleridge; they were short; but it was a great satisfaction after his dreary silence, which we know him too well not to attribute to unhappiness and irresolution of mind; which he himself most was suffering from and would *most feelingly* condemn. I believe I had finished my letter to you when the Coleridges came, and that what I wrote about them was scribbled hastily across the paper. To give you a general idea of the state of things I must tell you that Mrs. Coleridge was in great spirits, and talked of Coleridge's coming down with her as what had been chiefly prevented by her having Mr. De Quincey as a companion, and that she and the children did not go to London with him on account of the expense, etc. But observe this was all said in Mr. De Quincey's presence. When we were alone together she entreated us to say nothing to Mr. De Q. that should make him suspect anything amiss between her (and C.,) spoke of the disgrace of a separation, that she had never mentioned it, nor would mention it, to any living soul, and a great deal more. To this M. and I answered that their present or rather past way of going on *was* disgraceful, but that if each declared openly that they were separated we could see no disgrace whatever that was likely to follow, that there would be a buzz, and all would be over; whereas now every body was ready to sneer. 'Well,' she replies, 'he may stay away if he likes. I care nothing about it, if he will not talk of it'; and then she began again about disgrace, and the children. As to the children we replied that the evil was mighty indeed; but, however they went on, she saw plainly that *they* were not likely to be much with both parents at once. The fact, then, is this, that Coleridge, not knowing how to manage with the boys, or where to place them, consented that they should come with her; and he has parted from her, just as he did before, with positive assurances that he will never live with her; but without having had the resolution to persist in declaring it among his and her Friends; so people will go on saying that he

¹ v. Letter 248, *note*.

forsakes his wife and children, etc., etc., and he will always have something to make him uneasy and disturbed, something hanging over his head to be done, till all the world knows how they are situated. Of course the part that we, and all the friends of both parties, should take is this ; to keep silence, and if the subject is ever discussed in our presence, to say we know nothing about it. Mrs. Coleridge seems to be disposed to be more friendly with us than ever, and if she had not so little feeling I should pity her very much for having been so often put into disagreeable situations, by his delays of coming to her at the time promised, and the like. For instance, I believe she was kept several weeks at Bristol in hourly expectation of him. These things are very wrong, and it is a sad pity that he should have done any thing at such a time, which his best friends cannot help condemning. If after he came home he had acted with dignity and firmness, how easy would all have been, compared with what it is ! Sara, in a letter which I have just received from her, says that she thinks you must have misunderstood what I said in my last, as you 'lament his irresolution respecting his wife'. I hope I have now explained myself so that you cannot misunderstand me. I wrote in such a hurry that I hardly know what I said, but I did not then think differently from what I do now of his general resolution not to live with her ; and now as then I equally lament the weakness which has prevented him from putting it out of her power to torment him any more. Coleridge's last letter was written the day after his arrival in London. His lectures are to begin on Monday. He says nothing of his private feelings, but that his thoughts have been with us continually, and that he has been very unhappy. He adds that his lectures are likely to be very profitable, and that, if he is in a state to be other than a discomfort to us, he will certainly be at Grasmere in the course of the first fortnight in March. I am afraid his health will suffer from the bustle and fatigue he will have to go through in London, and I shall be very anxious to hear regularly from him. He had been detained more than a fortnight at Bristol by illness brought on by having got wet after dining out and drinking wine which turned sour on his stomach. The best news contained in his letter was that he had been going on with the

Christabel,¹ and had written almost as much as we have already seen, and rewritten his tragedy. If he has no more to do with Mrs. C. in the way of discussions, arrangements, or disputes, and comes hither in a mood to continue to compose verses, I shall have yet hopes that he may fulfil the promise of his great endowments, and be a happy man. It is now time to speak of ourselves. Mary has been absent from home three weeks and three days, and William has been prevented, till yesterday, from following her to Stockton. The roads have been all blocked up by snow, and even yet, though it will be a fortnight on Friday since the first great fall, there is no carriage-way from Penrith to Keswick. William left me yesterday morning, on foot; he intended to sleep at Threlkeld and proceed next day to Penrith where he would find Tom H's horse, and T. intended to go with him to Stockton, but I am afraid he would not get on to Appleby to-night as they intended. It has been raining all day, which I rejoice at much, as I wish that William were with Mary and at his journey's end, for the frost has been intense, and so much snow on the road as to make walking very laborious; and for the sake of the children I am very glad the air is warmer, for I keep myself anxious about them. John, in spite of all my care has had a very bad cough. Thomas and D. are perfectly well. Thomas trots after me 'Anny, Anny!' and if he comes upstairs when I am not in the room he sets off into all the rooms to seek me directly, 'Anny, Anny!' taking no notice of any other person or thing till he has found me. I do not expect Wm and Mary at home this Christmas, for Wm *must* stay at least a fortnight with M's friends. She is in high favour with her '*rich* uncle' as old Molly calls distant uncles. In this case, however, with good reason. Joanna says that Mary looks much better than when she left home, but from Mary's first letter I suspect she was not going on so well. She complained of feverish heat in this dismal cold weather, and had begun to be restless for William and to feel that she had been long from us. I am very happy amongst my little ones, but Oh! how glad shall I be when William and Mary come back

¹ This was probably Coleridge's intention rather than his achievement. Nothing of *Christabel* that survives was written after 1801.

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again. William has written above 500 lines of a new poem. A Tale, very beautiful. He has not yet done half of it.

Do write, and may God bless you. Think of the comfort of [seal] me now—

Ever your true Friend,
D. Wordsworth.

We shall not go to our new house till Spring or Summer.

Address: Mrs Clarkson, Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk.

C. 314. D. W. to Lady Beaumont
K.

Grasmere, December 6th [1807]

My dear Friend,

I hope you are arrived in safety at Dunmow, and have found Lady Beaumont¹ not in worse health and spirits than when you left her, though it can scarcely be expected but that after every summer's absence you must perceive some shade of difference in her, some little decay of strength. This excessive cold weather must be very trying to old persons, though they never should stir out of doors. How does she bear it? You do not mention Sir George's health, so I hope he is well. Coleridge's lectures, as he told us (for we have had another letter from him), were to begin last Monday, and I had hopes that you would be present at the first; but I gather from your letter that you were to leave town before that time, which I am very sorry for. Mr. De Quincey, the gentleman whom I mentioned to you, who had come with Mrs. Coleridge from Bristol to see my brother, has promised to take down the heads of the whole course of lectures (and he is very capable of doing it accurately), of which he will send a copy to us. He is a remarkable and very interesting young man; very diminutive in person, which, to strangers, makes him appear insignificant; and so modest, and so very shy, that even now I wonder how he had ever the courage to address himself to my brother by letter. I think of this young man with extraordinary pleasure, as he is a remarkable instance of the power of my brother's poems over a lovely and contemplative mind, unworped by any established laws of taste (as far as it is in my

¹ i.e. the Dowager Lady Beaumont.

power to judge from his letters, and the little I have seen of him) —a pure and innocent mind! It will be a week to-morrow since William left me, which was as soon as the roads would permit. I have not yet heard of his arrival at Stockton; but I will give you the account of his journey to Penrith in his own brief words, which perhaps may amuse you. He left home between ten and eleven o'clock on Tuesday morning, and he says, 'I arrived here (at Penrith) between five and six. It was a pleasant morning; Skiddaw from the top of the Raise (Dunmail Raise) one huge mass of snow, spotless and smooth even to sublimity.' (By the bye, I must tell you that we, in the vale of Grasmere, have no opportunity of observing this appearance, all our mountains being rocky, and therefore spotted with black.) He goes on: 'The road was tolerably good all down St. John's.'¹ Within half a mile of Threlkeld I overtook a man of the country on horseback on a pad, told him whither I was going, and that I wished to hire a horse. He said he himself was busy, but if I could get a lad at Threlkeld to bring back the horse, he had no objection to let me have his a little way. Procured a lad at Threlkeld, had a quart of ale with the man, and set off with the lad on the horse behind me. Rode on to Hutton Moor, had four miles' riding on the whole, and then parted with the lad; gave the man for his horse a shilling, the boy sixpence. At Penriddock saw a man before me in a gig, and, with smart running, overtook him. He asked me to get in and ride, but had not rode above 100 yards before we met a man, who told us that the gig could not get along. The gentleman turned back to Penriddock, and I walked on. It rained very hard. Lost one of my gloves on the road, turned back, and, poring in the dark, found it. Got here very little tired. The journey has been a very interesting one: the long avenues of snow, which have been cut through some places half a mile long, and often between two and three yards deep, had a very solemn and lovely appearance. I passed several parties of men cutting; in one place at least twenty-five. Saw a shepherd in the wildest part of Hutton Moor collecting his sheep, on horseback, not on the road, but on the wildest part of the moor. The wind was at my back all the way, and helped me

¹ The Vale of St. John.

on; and I am surprised to find myself so little fatigued, for the road was often very slippery and trying.' I hope you will not be tired with this extract, which, though it seemed to me short before I began, has, I find, filled half my paper. At least you will be pleased to find that my dear brother was in such good health and spirits. Since his departure we have had a fine thaw, but the frost has begun again keener than ever; everything freezes in the house, which was not the case before, and there is again a thin covering of snow upon the fields. The mountains, of course, have never been clear, and long will it be before the huge snow-drifts are melted away. If we had had any reason to expect such weather as this, my sister had not gone to Stockton this year, but when she left home, the weather was very pleasant, and such a storm at this season of the year is not remembered by any person living in this country; and it is, indeed, forty years since there has been such a fall of snow at any season. Forty years ago the roads were blocked up for three weeks, and it is still remembered by numbers, and goes by the name of the *great snow*.

My sister was prevailed upon to leave home by the earnest entreaties of her friends, especially of her sister Joanna, who was going thither, and they travelled from Penrith together; but (as I have said) nothing could have prevailed upon us to trust her, if we could have foreseen what has happened. I hope, however, she has not suffered in any respect from the storm, except that her return will have been delayed by it, for William must stay a fortnight with her amongst her friends. She writes in good spirits, and her sister tells us her looks are much improved. I have to thank you for a hamper of game, which arrived on Friday. When I saw the hamper, I began directly to grieve that William and Mary were not at home to share it with me; but I soon recollected that I might make a present of a part to a neighbour who had been very civil to us, and to whom we had had no opportunity of making any return. Accordingly I did so, and the gift was much prized. There was a mistake both in the address and the manner of sending it. It had been sent by *Leicester*, and was directed to Keswick, instead of Kendal; also it is proper to say, when the package requires expedition, *To be forwarded by the Ambleside Post*. Luckily, the weather being so

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severe, the game was quite sweet, but it had been ten days on the road. I am sorry to trouble you with this explanation of mistakes; but I think it proper, as the like might occur again, and by mentioning it to Captain Bailey, when you have occasion to write to him, it might be prevented. I had heard from Cole-ridge of Davy's illness, and his great discoveries. I am very anxious to hear that he is restored to health. Poor Wilkie! I am very sorry, too, to hear of his illness. I fear that by too much application, though in very different ways, they may have both irreparably injured their constitutions. Pray make my most respectful and affectionate remembrances to Sir George. Adieu, my dear friend. Ever yours,

D. W.

MS.
K(—)

315. *D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

Monday 28th December [1807]

My dear Friend,

Your letter was a true pleasure and comfort to me, bringing such good tidings of the state of your health, and the prospect of having you under the same roof with us for so long a time could not but be delightful; though I looked at it through some doubt, and one serious apprehension; namely that the exposed situation of the house might not agree with you. I do not think that, perhaps, there is much reason to suppose that this country in itself would be much worse than any other, though we used to think that it might be so; but Mr Crump's house is exposed to the full force of the East wind, and of every other except the North, from which it is very imperfectly screened. On the other hand the house, as far as thick walls and tight doors go, is well built, and the rooms being well-sized and airy there would be no need of your going out of doors except in mild weather. I mention this first, because you must weigh well the danger before you think further about it. I should have answered your letter the very day on which I received it, but I thought it better to wait till William and Mary arrived that my answer might be entirely satisfactory. And I must now explain the only obstacle on our part. When we engaged this house it was under the idea

that Coleridge, with his two Boys would come and live with us, a plan to which we consented, in the hope of being of service to Coleridge, though we were well aware of the odium which we should draw upon ourselves, by having the children under our roof. We do not, however, now think that Coleridge will have the resolution to put this plan in practice; nor do we now even think it would be prudent for us to consent to it, C. having been so very unsteady in all things since his return to England. Had he acted with firmness we should willingly have encountered blame, as the only means of preserving C. in quiet, and promoting his schemes for the education of his Sons; but we had long experience at Coleorton that it was not in our power to make him happy; and his irresolute conduct since, has almost confirmed our fears that it will never be otherwise; therefore we should be more disposed to hesitation; and fear, of having our domestic quiet disturbed if he should now wish to come to us with the Children. I do not say that we *should not consent*; but it would be with little hope; and we shall never *advise* the measure. We have not, however, the least expectation, that we shall see Coleridge for more than two or three months at a time, in which case he might be well accommodated with you in the house: but you will see that we cannot come to any determination till after March, when he talks of being with us: and also we should wish you not to mention the affair to any body as, if C. were to hear of it either from ourselves or by any other means it might serve as a handle for despair, and an excuse for considering himself as utterly homeless, and we would fain give him all possible assistance if any thing can be done. I need not say what pleasure we should have in being so near to you, and the house is so large that we need not be any annoyance to each other; for we need never meet but when it is more agreeable to us than not, and Mr Clarkson and William may each pursue their separate studies as much apart as if they were not in the same house. This for William is of the utmost importance; for all his work is disarranged and his mind made uneasy, whenever he is obliged from the smallness of our house, to be in company with any but our own family except in hours of relaxation. The matter then may stand thus. If Coleridge makes our house only an *occasional*

residence, there is no objection whatever on our side ; and I hope that none will arise with you of sufficient importance to prevent your coming (taking care to weigh scrupulously the danger to your own health). All lesser arrangements will be easily made when the first point is determined upon—and now let me speak of William and Mary. They arrived just before John and Dorothy were put to bed on Wednesday night—Poor things! they came into the room in their night-coats, and there was great joy both in the return of their Father and Mother and the many nice things that were brought. Thomas was asleep ; but before Bed-time he waked ; and though he seemed very well to know his mother, he was not quite at ease with her at that sleepy time ; but the next day he was just as happy as he had ever been. I am sorry to say that Mary is grown even thinner than when she left home ; and I cannot think she is in a right way ; yet she has no other symptom of ill health except occasional head-achs and a bad appetite. She saw her Sister Betsy at Stockton and was upon the whole well satisfied with her situation ; and both William and she are in great favour with Mr Henry Hutchinson, the Uncle. John Hutchinson has a fine family of Children ; but alas! a silly mother at the head of them, and he himself is in a very poor state of health, and has far too many petty cares to distract him (for the weight of every thing falls upon him), and he has the management of his own concerns in business besides. William consulted Dr Beddoes about him and he sent a prescription, and when M. left Stockton he was much better ; but I am afraid his complaint is of a serious nature. Sara left Appleby with Wm and M, and is now at Eusemere. On Saturday the frost broke, and we have had heavy rains, and have felt the utmost of the inconvenience of this house. We were very comfortable during the frost ; and the scene out of doors was exquisitely beautiful—the lake firm transparent ice ; the trees, for days together covered with sparkling white, as thick as the foliage itself. I never saw any thing like it before ; I never saw the hoar-frost so thick, and so lasting ; even in spite of clear sunshine. Old Molly was very much pleased with your remembrance of her—She is not well at present, and in bad spirits ; as she always is when she ails any thing. I hope you will see the

Lambs before your return—I had a letter from Miss L about a month ago, in which she spoke feelingly of the distress she had given you, and the damping of her own hopes of going from home again to any Friends house, or coming to see us. She said too, that Charles had been poorly. I wish very much that you may see Coleridge. I need not ask you to write immediately after and tell us all particulars concerning him. We shall be very glad to hear that poor Davy is out of danger. Your account of the Lecturer was very interesting to us. I wonder that he should not remember my Brothers. It *was* a very snowy windy day on which my Father was buried and my three eldest Brothers followed him to the Grave; Christopher was at Penrith,¹ and I was in Yorkshire. What is the Lecturer's name? Perhaps William may recollect the family. You had been strangely misinformed of the nature of the Edinburgh Review² of William's poems. Luckily Lloyd takes it in, therefore I have seen it. Wm and M chanced to see it at Penrith. I have no one mortification about it except that the sale of the Book may be for a time injured, and on that account I *am* sorry. But the review itself is so senseless, so contradictory, and plainly so spiteful, that it can do no harm with any wise or feeling mind; and for me, I have not laughed so heartily this long time (except now and then at dear little Sissy³) as I did at the reading of it. You will not accuse me of being selfish or vain, when I say that I should feel disposed to like your Cousin⁴ Henry Robinson for his love of William's poems; if I had not before been prepossessed in his favour, from your having spent many happy hours of your youth in his society. I am not more confident of any truth than of this—that there must be something good in the heart that is much attached to my Brother's poems, and I trust too, that they make better the heart that loves them. Mary joins with me in kind

¹ *v. Prelude*, xi (1805) 345–89. In the 1850 text W. states that 'I and my three brothers . . . followed his body to the grave': D.'s statement here shows that the 1805 text, 'I and my two brothers', was correct.

² Jeffrey had reviewed W's 1807 volumes in the *Edin. Rev.* of October 1807.

³ Sissy: the pet name of little Dorothy (Dora) W.

⁴ H. C. R. was not Mrs C.'s cousin. D. makes this mistake several times in the Letters.

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Love to your husband and Tom. God bless you my dear, kind
Friend. Believe me ever your D. W.

Address: Mrs Clarkson, at John Clarkson's Esq^{re}, Purfleet, near
London.

C. 316. D. W. to Lady Beaumont
K.

Grasmere, January¹ 3^d, 1808.

My dear Friend

Three or four times have I been about to write to you, and far oftener have wished to do it since I received your interesting letter from Dunmow, and to-day arrives your note enclosed in the parcel with Walton's *Complete Angler*. I should have felt the bitterness of self-reproach for my long silence, if I had been betrayed into it by a procrastinating disposition, or by negligence; but I wished to write to you in quiet and leisure, and some ordinary every-day occurrence always prevented me. My dear Lady Beaumont, I cannot say how much I am gratified by Sir George's kind remembrance of me, nor how highly I shall value his gift, for *his* sake, as well as that of the pure innocent spirit that breathed out the tender sentiments contained in that book, so many years ago. I have read a few pages here and there, and have seen enough to be convinced that it has not been overpraised. I was greatly delighted with one passage, where Walton speaks familiarly of Sir Henry Wotton, Milton's friend, and his frequent companion in his favourite pleasure, and he repeats some of the expressions of Sir Henry, which are very beautiful. My brother has seized upon the book for his own reading this night, as he fancies that the imagery and sentiments accord with his own train of thought at present, in connection with his poem, which he is just upon the point of finishing. I think it will be finished in the course of three or four days. He has written above 1200 lines; it is in irregular eight-syllable verse, and will be called *a tale*.² I certainly misled you when I said that it would be a sort of romance, for it has nothing of that character; yet it is very different from any other poem that my brother has written. I hope that you will be pleased with it; indeed, I am sure you will, and I can hardly conceive how any feeling heart

¹ January: December D. W. [sic].

² *The White Doe of Rylstone*.

can be otherwise. My brother has fixed upon the day of his finishing this poem as the day of his writing to Sir George. He would have written a week ago, but, as he said, having waited so long, he would now wait till the work was done, when he should have the pleasure of telling Sir George what he knew he would be glad to hear. My sister, with my brother, arrived at home on the Wednesday before Christmas Day, she having been absent six weeks, and he three weeks. They had not an unpleasant journey, though the weather was excessively severe; the trees, hedges, and every blade of grass or withered stalk having been covered as thick with hoar-frost, all day through, for many days together (in spite of sunshine and blue sky), as ever I have seen them covered with snow after a heavy snow-shower; and the appearance was exquisitely beautiful. I could not but think that during the whole eight years of our residence, we had never before seen these mountain vales in the full possession of their *peculiar* grandeur and power over the imagination. The lakes were firm ice, as clear as crystal.

But I have strayed from the point where I set out. The inconvenience of our small house (for we have been driven out of the kitchen on the opposite side of the road by the late rainy weather) often reminds us of the comforts we enjoyed last year at Coleorton; but we are so very glad that we are not in the *new* house, that we are disposed to make the best of everything, and to fancy ourselves very comfortable; though I must confess we are never thoroughly so till after seven o'clock in the evening, when the children are put to bed, and the business of the house is over; for the kitchen not being ceiled, we can almost hear every word that is spoken when we are in the sitting-room, and every foot that stirs. Spite of this, my brother has worked most industriously, and, I think, successfully; but of that you will one day judge. When I recollect the happy evening we spent together at the reading of *Peter Bell*, I long for the time when this last poem shall be read to you and Sir George.

We have anxiously expected a letter from Coleridge, with some account of his valuable friend Davy; but we have had no letter from him since I wrote to you. Mr. Stuart, the Editor of the *Courier*, whom my brother saw at Stockton, had however

reported that he was pronounced to be out of danger, and this morning we have had a confirmation of the happy tidings (through Southey) from Sir George. I am very much afraid that we may hear of a relapse, and at best, one scarcely ventures to hope that, after such a shock, his constitution will be unimpaired; yet how Coleridge does rise up, as it were, almost from the dead! It is next to marvellous to hear of his good looks after the two severe fits of illness that he has lately had. I do hope that the work in which he is engaged will be of service to him, especially as his exertions for the cause of human nature (such I may call them) will be animated by his strong sentiments of friendship and veneration for my brother.

As to the *Edinburgh Review*, to which I suppose you allude, it is so very silly, and, as you express it, *ignorant*, that I think it must do good with the judicious, though I fear its influence upon the many who buy books will for a time affect the sale of the Poems. It is a harsh transition to turn from these busy malevolent creatures, to that pious, gentle soul, the mother of your friend, who was soothed in pain and sickness and old age by the tender effusions of my brother's heart. I had always a firm conviction that such would be his power over the innocent and pure; yet every single proof of this must needs be most pleasing to me. What a beautiful picture of filial piety does that short extract from Lady Susan Bathurst's letter present! and how sweetly did her mother's breath pass away! I received your letter when I was alone, and I will not attempt to tell you how much it employed my thoughts, or how grateful I was to you for it. I read the passage to my brother on the evening of his return home, and I hardly need to add that he was much affected by it. Such facts as these we may lay to the heart, and surely they may soothe us in worldly sorrow! We were exceedingly glad to receive such an account of your dear mother. I recollect you gave me a very interesting description of her manner of spending Christmas Day twelve months ago, and on the same day this year I thought of her and you, with many wishes for your happiness and tranquillity in the coming year, and for her, that whenever her end comes it may be bright and cheerful as her life has been, and without severe bodily suffering. Again I must repeat how much

I value Sir George's gift. Pray desire him to accept my best thanks. Adieu, my dear friend. May God bless you. Your affectionate and grateful

Dorothy Wordsworth.

Though the Journal would have arrived safely, it was better not to run the risk of sending it, as our own copy is very incomplete, and it is possible that Coleridge may lose his; and also if it is likely to afford any pleasure to Mrs. Fermor, I should have been sorry that it had come. I wish I had not mentioned the mis-sending of the game, as I caused you the trouble of writing about it; and we have since received a hamper (just at the beginning of Christmas festivities), which was properly directed, and came in a very short time. There is one part of your last letter which I have not noticed. Do not think from this that it made no impression upon me; but I have left no room for such a subject: I mean the over-indulgence of children. No person can be more seriously convinced of the bad effects of over-indulgence than I am, and though I am far from thinking that I entirely avoid the fault, yet I hope I do not very grievously err. More of this hereafter. I should be very glad of an opportunity of reading Mrs. Carter's *Life*.¹ Perhaps it may be sent to Southey to review, and we may see it through him.

[*For 316a. W. W. to Walter Scott v. p. 458c*]

MS. 317. W. W. to Sir George Beaumont
M.G.C.K.

My dear Sir George,

[Jan. or Feb. 1808]

I am quite delighted to hear of your Picture for Peter Bell; I was much pleased with the Sketch, and I have no doubt that the picture will surpass it as far as a picture ought to do. I long much to see it. I should approve of any Engraver approved of by you. But remember that no Poem of mine will ever be popular; and I am afraid that the sale of Peter would not carry the expense of the Engraving, and that the Poem, in the estimation of the public, would be a weight upon the Print. I say not this in modest disparagement of the Poem, but in sorrow for the sickly taste of the Public in verse. The *People* would love the Poem of Peter Bell, but the *Public* (a very different Being) will

¹ v. p. 15, note.

never love it. Thanks for dear Lady B.'s transcript from your Friend's Letter ; it is written with candour, but I must say a word or two not in praise of it. 'Instances of what I mean,' says your Friend, 'are to be found in a poem on a Daisy' (by the bye, it is on *the* Daisy, a mighty difference!) 'and on Daffodils *reflected in the Water!*' Is this accurately transcribed by Lady Beaumont? If it be, what shall we think of criticism or judgement founded upon, and exemplified by, a Poem which must have been so inattentively perused? My Language is precise; and, therefore, it would be false modesty to charge myself with blame.

Beneath the trees,
Ten thousand dancing in the breeze.
The *waves beside* them danced, but they
Outdid the *sparkling waves* in glee.

Can expression be more distinct? And let me ask your Friend how it is possible for flowers to be *reflected* in water where there are *waves*? They may indeed in *still* water; but the very object of my poem is the trouble or agitation, both of the flowers and the Water. I must needs respect the understanding of every one honoured by your friendship; but sincerity compels me to say that my Poems must be more nearly looked at before they can give rise to any remarks of much value, even from the strongest minds.—With respect to this individual poem, Lady B. will recollect how Mrs. Fermor expressed herself upon it.—A Letter also was sent to me, addressed to a friend of mine, and by him communicated to me, in which this identical poem was singled out for fervent approbation. What then shall we say? Why, let the Poet first consult his own heart as I have done and leave the rest to posterity; to, I hope, an improving posterity. The fact is, the English *Public* are at this moment in the same state of mind with respect to my Poems, if small things may be compared with great, as the French are in respect to Shakespear; and not the French alone, but almost the whole Continent. In short, in your Friend's Letter, I am condemned for the very thing for which I ought to have been praised; viz., that I have not written down to the level of superficial observers and unthinking minds. Every great Poet is a Teacher: I wish either to be considered as a Teacher, or as nothing.

To turn to a more pleasing subject. Have you painted anything else beside this picture from Peter Bell? Your two oil Paintings (and indeed everything I have of yours) have been much admired by the artists who have seen them. And for our own parts we like them better every day; this in particular is the case with the small picture from the neighbourhood of Coleorton (which, indeed, pleased me much at the first sight) but less impressed the rest of our household, who now see as many beauties in it as I do myself. Havill,¹ the Water-Colour Painter, was much pleased with these things; he is painting at Ambleside; and has done a view of Rydale Water, looking down upon it from Rydale Park, of which I should like to know your opinion; it will be exhibited in the spring, in the water-colour exhibition. I have purchased a black-lead pencil sketch, of Mr. Green of Ambleside, which I think has great merit, the materials being uncommonly picturesque and well put together: I should dearly like to have the same subject (it is the Cottage at Glencoyn, by Ullswater) treated by you. In the Poem I have just written you will find one situation which, if the work should ever become familiarly known, would furnish as fine a subject for a Picture as anything I remember in Poetry, antient or modern. I need not mention what it is, as when you read the Poem you cannot miss it. We have at last had, by the same Post, two letters from Coleridge, long and melancholy; and also from Keswick an account so depressing as to the state of his health, that I should have set off immediately to London to see him if I had not myself been confined by a violent inflammation in my face from cold and a decayed tooth.

I hope that Davy is by this time perfectly restored to Health. Believe me my dear Sir George most sincerely yours,

W. Wordsworth.

My Sister is no worse in health than she has been; but she certainly grows thinner every week.

Address: Sir George Beaumont Bart, Dunmow, Essex.

¹ William Havill (1782–1857) occupied a prominent place among the founders of the English Water-colour School. He travelled in China, India, and Italy, and was especially famous for his landscapes.

MS.
C. K.

318. *D. W. to Lady Beaumont*¹

My dear Friend,

Many thanks for your kind letter! We received it on a morning as delightful to the feelings as any I can remember; my Brother and I walked to Ambleside to meet the Post; the birds were singing joyfully, and the sun shone so warm, and the air was so mild that with closed eyes we might have believed it was the month of May; but the ground was almost covered with snow; and to-day we have had cold dismal rain; and we may expect more snow. It has been a long and most severe winter, particularly unfortunate for us, as it has added to the inconveniences of our two small houses; and has also often compelled my brother to the sitting-room, when in a milder season he would have composed his verses in the open air; indeed, I cannot but admire the fortitude, and wonder at the success with which he has laboured, in that one room, common to all the Family, to all visitors, and where the children frequently play beside him. I spoke rashly when I said that I hoped you might receive the printed poem at Dunmow. Much time will be lost in sending it backwards and forwards; and Southey did not go to Leeds till last Tuesday! It gave us great delight to hear that Sir George has painted the picture from Peter Bell. I should think, independent of its own connexion with the Poem, that the *painting* must gain very much by the change of time, from moonlight to (early) morning; and as separating that scene entirely from the action contained in the poem, it is very judicious. There would have been some confusion if the *moonlight* had been preserved. I hope the day will come when we shall see the picture itself, whether ever the poem be graced with an engraving from it or not.—We have been informed that Davy is perfectly recovered. I hope that this good news is true. Poor Coleridge! I have deferred speaking of him to the last; for I have nothing good to say. We have been exceedingly distressed by the two letters we have had from him, and still more by an account that came from Keswick; insomuch that my Brother was only prevented by his

¹ Written on reverse of sheet containing Letter 317.

own illness from setting off to London. He wrote to Coleridge requesting an immediate answer, I also wrote to Miss Lamb to desire her to go to him, and see exactly how he is and inform us; and upon the nature of her answer and Coleridge's, it will depend whether my Brother goes to London or not. His object will be to attend upon Coleridge as long as he (Coleridge) is obliged to stay in London, or to see that he is likely to be attended to, and to prevail upon him, as soon as he is at liberty, to come into the North. He had said to Southey that he '*could* not live many months.' Now I do not think he spoke then, rashly or lightly, still less to give pain; and I believe that, if he were wholly left to himself, it might, in a few months even, be impossible to save him; but I have no doubt that his low spirits have made him look at his condition of body as so hopeless; and that if he could be cheered, as formerly, by the society of his Friends, and would take common care of himself, he might yet be well, and live long to the benefit of mankind. We anxiously expect his letter, and still more anxiously Miss Lamb's, as her account will be more to be depended upon because dear Coleridge will be unwilling to draw my Brother away from his home. Adieu, my dear Lady Beaumont. Forgive this scrawl. I write with a bad pen; and in *haste*, for it is late, and my letter goes in the morning. Believe me ever your affectionate Friend,

Dorothy Wordsworth.

MS. 319. *D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

Grasmere Feb. 5th, 1808

My dear Friend,

In spite of former experiences of long silences without material cause we cannot help being a little uneasy that we do not hear from you. I wrote very soon after I received your last letter and directed to you at Purfleet. Perhaps your journey thither may have been prevented and you may never have received my letter. At any rate, however, I think you must now be at home again, and I will direct to Bury as usual. I am afraid you have not seen Coleridge. Poor Coleridge! The only good news we have heard of him is that his lectures have begun. We never hear anything

directly ; and nothing has reached us but one distressing detail of illness after another ; and I fear it will never be otherwise ; for setting aside that he takes no care to guard against wet or cold, I have no doubt that he continues the practice of taking opiates as much as ever. I wish you may have seen him. You will at least be able to tell us if he was in tolerable spirits. We are all well but for Mary, who is as thin as I ever saw anybody who could go through the ordinary business of life and walk about chearfully. William has finished his poem of the *White Doe of Rylston* or *The Fate of the Nortons* and it will probably be sent to the press in less than a month. The length of the poem is nearly 1700 lines and I think it very beautiful. It is to be published in Quarto. He means to demand 100 guineas for 1,000 copies. Before he publishes it he intends to send the manuscript to Coleridge. You have heard of Luff's estate. He is in great spirits about it, and all persons are agreed that it is the cheapest purchase that has been made in this country for many years. Askew has lent him the whole of the money. This is surely a heavy debt, but he may reduce it soon (if he has not other calls for his money) by felling wood. Poor Sara Hutchinson, who always seems to come in the way of sorrow, was staying with Miss Green at Eusemere. They walked over to Penrith one Thursday. Miss G. was later ill, and died on the Thursday after. Mrs. Addison has lost her second daughter, Jane. Anthony Harrison is married to Miss Catherine Raincock,—I think I can recollect no other news. John would be your very soul's delight if you were here. There never was a more promising Boy. His temper is delightful. He seems to have a natural goodness about him ; is tractable as possible, yet as bold and active as ever. Dorothy is all fun and life, a dear creature, but not so good as her Brother. Her faculties are, I think, quicker, but John has ten times the thought, his greater age even being considered ; and he is knowing and sensible. Thomas partakes of both their dispositions, he has a large share of Dorothy's liveliness and of John's sweetness. Do excuse this poor letter, it is hardly worth the postage, I must confess. I write entirely for our own sakes, not yours, otherwise I should have put it off till to-morrow, for I have already written three letters at this sitting, and my head

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is tired. Do write: we want very much to know how you are and whether you yet think about the plan of coming to Grasmere. I hope the new Book goes on well—we shall be anxious to see it. Have you procured us a volume of the *Portraiture*?

Adieu my dear kind Friend, may God bless you for ever.
Your most affectionate

D. Wordsworth.

Sara Hutchinson wishes much to hear from you and she talks of writing to you.

My kind love to Tom. What a great Fellow we shall see when we see him again. You will have a surprise when you see from whom this letter comes. It looks not like me.

Address: Mrs. Clarkson, Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk.

MS. 320. *D. W. to Jane Marshall*
K(—)

[Grasmere. Feb: 28. 1808]

My dear Friend,

We have had such alarming accounts of the state of our poor friend Coleridge's health that my Brother has determined to go up to London to see him, and if he be strong enough, to endeavour to prevail upon him to return with him to this country. He had engaged to deliver a course of Lectures at the Royal Institution, and after having got through two (as we have heard from others to the great delight of the listeners) he has been obliged to give up the attempt. He, himself, has told us that he got through the last with the utmost pain and difficulty. My Brother leaves home tomorrow, Mary goes with him as far as Kendal, and will spend one day with a Friend there and return the next. You will believe that our spirits are greatly depressed by this sad news. Coleridge himself thinks that he *cannot* live many months; but we hope that he looks on the worst side of his condition, and that my Brother's presence may be of service to him.

If you have not had an opportunity of sending the manuscript to Dr. Whitaker before this reaches you, my Brother wishes to have it sent to him immediately by the Coach to London, unless you can insure that it will not be delayed more than four days

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by going to Dr. W. My Brother has a great desire that Dr. W. should see it before it is published ; but as the Holme is such an out of the way place he is afraid that Dr. W. may not immediately have an opportunity of sending it to the Coach, and as Wm will be in London himself he wants to push the printing, and to correct the press himself. Be so good, then, as to forward the Poem, (if it be yet in your hands, and if more than four days delay is likely to arise from its going to Dr. Whitaker), directed to my Brother at the Courier Office, Strand, London. Mr. Marshall will have the kindness to see it booked, and to write a line by the post to my Brother at the Courier office, apprizing him when and how it is sent. We have written to Dr. W. to beg him to send the MS. to London if he has it. I hope tomorrow's post will bring a letter from you with news of the safe arrival of the Poem. Adieu, my dear Friend. God bless you all.

D. W.

Address: Mrs Marshall, or Mr Marshall, New Grange, Leeds.

MS. 321. *D. W. to Jane Marshall*

K(—)

Grasmere. Wednesday 24th Feb. [1808]

My dear Friend,

I am truly distressed that you have had so much trouble about the Poem. No doubt you have sent daily to the coach, and got nothing—at least I judge it is so ; but you shall hear. Mr. Southey left Ambleside last Tuesday but one, took the MS. with him, and intended to take the coach from Kendal to Leeds. I have this day had a note from Mrs. Coleridge, wherein she says 'Southey did not go to Leeds but went by Liverpool'—and not a word from him about the MS.—and we have had no letter from him. I think he must have taken it with him to London, knowing that my Brother intended to have it printed as soon as Dr. W. had seen it. It is true he may have forwarded it by the Leeds coach from Kendal, and if so, I hope you have received it. I wrote a note to you last night telling you the melancholy cause of my Brother's sudden departure to London ; and desiring you to forward the MS. to him there if it were not already with Dr. W. I *hope* Southey has taken it to London, though I am

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heartily vexed that you should have so much plague for nothing; however your loss respecting the reading of the poem is not much, for it is much pleasanter to read a printed book than a manuscript, and my Brother intends to send you a Copy as soon as ever it is printed. I am grieved too, with respect to Dr. W., he has already had the plague of one letter, written yesterday, requesting him to send the Poem to London instead of Grasmere. Wm left me yesterday, Mary went with him to Kendal and will not return till tomorrow night. I accompanied them as far as Low Wood, a place well known and well beloved by you. They went in a Cart and Molly drives them, in true rustic fashion; but I assure you it is no disagreeable conveyance upon these smooth roads. The day was delightful, warm and sunny, the lake glittered, the birds sang in full concert, and we could not but be cheered at parting. It seemed as if the Heavens looked favorably upon our hopes. But alas! Coleridge is very ill—Yet we gather consolation from past experience; he has often appeared to be dying and has all at once recovered health and spirits. No doubt however his constitution must be weakened more and more by every attack. I have had a letter from Eliz. Threlkeld and am happy to hear that she is in better health than usual. God bless you, my dear Jane, you have my most earnest wishes for a joyful end of your coming trial! I have no time for more—the boy waits and I would not lose a post—excuse scrawling and do write to me.

D. W.

Address: Mrs Marshall, New Grange, near Leeds.

MS.

322. *D. W. to W. W.*

J(—) K(—)

Grasmere Wednesday March¹ 23 [1808]

I trust my dearest Love, that this is the last letter we shall have to send to you further than Kendal, for at Kendal we will meet you with one—God be thanked we are all well. Mary looks better to-day, and seems pretty strong and dear Sara for these two days has had no tickling cough and is in other respects

¹ *Written by D. W. November*

without cause of complaint. But we have been, and the whole vale—since Monday afternoon in the greatest consternation. If you did not leave before Saturday you must have heard the cause of it from Coleridge for I have recounted to him the melancholy history.

George Green and his wife, our Sally's Father and Mother, went to Langdale on Saturday to a Sale, the morning was very cold and about noon it began to snow, though not heavily but enough to cover the ground. They left Langdale between 5 and 6 o'clock in the evening and made their way right up the Fells, intending to drop down just above their own cottage, in Easedale—(Blenkrigg Gill under Miles Holmes's Intack¹). They came to the highest ridge of the hill that can be seen from Langdale in good time, for they were seen there by some people in Langdale: but alas! they never reached home. They were probably bewildered by a mist before daylight was gone, and may have either fallen down a precipice or perished with cold—six children had been left in the house, all younger than Sally, and the youngest an infant at the breast. Poor things they sate up till 11 o'clock on Saturday night, expecting their parents, and then went to bed, satisfied that they had stopped all night in Langdale on account of the bad weather; the next day they felt no alarm; but stayed in the house quietly and saw none of the neighbours, therefore it was not known that their Father and Mother had not come back till Monday noon, when that pretty little Girl, the eldest of the household (whom you will remember, having admired the exquisite simplicity and beauty of her Figure one day when you were walking with Mary in Easedale)—this Girl went to George Rowlandson's to borrow a cloak. They asked why, and she told them she was going to *loit*² their folk who were not come home. George Rowlandson immediately concluded that they were lost and many men went out to search upon the Fells. Yesterday between 50 and 60 were out, and to-day almost as many, but all in vain. It is very unfortunate that there should be so much snow on the Fells. Mary and I have been up at the house this morning, two of the elder daughters are come home,

¹ Intack: an enclosed piece of fell-side pasture.

² *loit* = seek.

and all wait with trembling and fear, yet with most earnest wishes, the time when the poor creatures may be brought home and carried to their graves. It is a heart-rending sight—so many little, *little* creatures. The Infant was sleeping in the cradle, a delicate creature the image of Sara Coleridge. Poor Sally is in great distress. We have told her that we will keep her till we can find a nice place for her, and in the mean time instruct her in reading, sewing etc. We hope she will continue to be a good girl.

We do not intend her to have anything to do with the children after our new servant comes. We have hired little Mary, the young woman who lived at Mrs Havill's, and who has been so long desirous to come to us. This very moment three, nay four of the poor orphans (for Sally was with them) have left the room. The three had been at Mrs North's who has sent them home with a basket of provisions, and will visit them herself with clothes for all the younger, being very ragged. That sweet Girl looks so interesting, has such an intelligent, yet so innocent a countenance that she would win any heart. She is a far nicer Girl than Sally and one that we could not but have more pleasure from; but poor Sally has fallen to us, and we cannot cast her off for her Sister; but we hope that Mrs North will take *her*, or at least send her to school.

Old Molly's legs are much swoln and she grows daily weaker. I hope her sufferings will soon be at an end. She talks with cheerfulness of dying except when she turns to poor John's desolate condition. I really think I have nothing more to say for I have not heart to talk of our own little concerns, all being well with us. We have been strangely unsettled for these three days. Pray bring Sally a new Testament—you can buy it at Kendal. The children are at School. I hope you will think Thomas looks better than when you went away—he is very healthy.

Remember me affectionately to Mr De Quincey and tell him that we hope to hear that he intends coming into the North this summer. We had a letter from Coleridge on Monday, written just after you set off for Dunmow. We were much disappointed that there was no letter from you. We hope for one from Dunmow tonight.

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God bless thee my dearest William and grant that we may
see thee again in good health and soon—thine evermore
Dorothy Wordsworth.

I open my letter to tell you that we are at ease—the poor lost
creatures are found. John Fisher has called at the window to
tell us—he says they had rolled a great way—and were found
just above Benson's, Where that is I cannot tell; but it must
have been low down. She was near a wall—and he lying a little
above her.

*Address: Thomas De Quincey Esq^{re}, Worcester College, Oxford.
For Mr Wordsworth.¹*

MS. 323. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson
K(—)

Monday 28th March [1808]

My dear Friend,

We have had no letter from William since he was with you.
He wrote on the very day he was to see you; and from Coleridge
we have heard of his having been with you; and from Lady
Beaumont that he was at Dunmow, and well, last Tuesday. I
wonder whether he read his poem to you. I *hope* he did; for I am
sure you would be delighted—nay that is too cold a word, *en-
raptured* with it, and may perhaps have had some influence in
persuading him to publish it, which he very much dislikes now
that it comes to the point, though he left us fully determined.
I can never expect that poem, or any which he may write, to be
immediately popular, like *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*; but I
think the story will help out those parts which are above the
common level of taste and knowledge, and that it will have a
better sale than his former works, and perhaps help them off.
We have hoped for a letter from you and indeed were dis-
appointed that we have not had one, but never doubting that
there was a sufficient reason for your silence—you have had

¹ Wordsworth had intended to return to Grasmere *via* Oxford, and was
only prevented by anxiety to reach home earlier on account of Sara's illness.
Both Japp and Knight print this letter as though it were written to De Q.,
omitting the opening lines, and altering its conclusion to 'Your affectionate
friend'.

nothing very good to tell us of poor Coleridge—and yet nothing very bad; for we have had frequent letters from him, and his health seems to be much amended. He has been too much employed in thinking of his friends to have time to brood over his own misfortunes, and *that* I am sure is much better for him; though I believe he has a thousand times over more care and sorrow for his friends than for himself. He has been exceedingly anxious about dear Sara H. I trust much more so than there was occasion; for she is at present very well, and though I have not skill to measure the danger, I hope (for Hope is in my nature) seeing her well, and though not looking very well in the face, yet I think not worse than when she came to Grasmere. I hope, almost with confidence, that there is no cause to apprehend bad consequences from the accident, yet accident I can hardly call it for there was no external cause sufficient to account for it. Great care will be necessary and she has promised to avoid with the most scrupulous attention everything that is likely to be hurtful, and what is more to *do* everything that is likely to be of service. [?] it is for her though not for people in general to promise; but you know that she and all her family are habitually regardless of *doing anything* for their health's sake. We shall not suffer her to leave Grasmere for any cause this long time. Joanna has been very ill, and continues very poorly: she began with a bad cough, and Mary was afraid of a consumption, but that is quite gone. I always thought of Sara that her complaints were chiefly nervous, occasioned by her uneasiness of mind on account of Tom's unsettled state. No doubt you have heard of the daily expectation of Mr. Henry Hutchinson's death, their rich and selfish uncle. The physicians had given him up, and he grew so fond of all his relations whom he kept sitting by his bedside the day through that we thought it was a sure sign of his speedy dissolution. He is, however, recovering fast. In this case Tom will go to the Stewardship, and Sara will either live with Joanna in our cottage or be with us at the new house, or perhaps Joanna may be with us here also for one year; but she has such a fancy for a home of her own that Sara does not think she will be happy without one. *She* would like to take a house near Penrith; but Sara is determined to be with or beside us. How-

ever, so long as poor Joanna remains in her present state nothing can be determined. She is with Betsy at Stockton.

Most likely you have read in the papers of the dismal event which happened in our neighbourhood on Saturday sen-night, but I am sure you will wish to know further particulars. Our thoughts have been almost wholly employed about the poor sufferers or their family ever since. George and Sarah Green, two inhabitants of this vale, went to a sale in Langdale in the afternoon; and set off homewards in the evening, intending to cross the fells and descend just above their own cottage, a lonely dwelling in Easedale. They had left a daughter at home eleven years old, with the care of five brothers and sisters younger than herself, the youngest an infant at the breast. These dear helpless creatures sate up till 11 o'clock expecting their parents, and then went to bed thinking that they had stayed all night in Langdale because of the weather. All next day they continued to expect them, and on Monday morning one of the boys went to a house on the opposite side of the dale to borrow a cloak. On being asked for what purpose he replied that his sister was going to Langdale to *lait their Folk* who had never come home. The man of the house started up, and said that they were lost; and immediately spread the alarm. As long as daylight lasted on that day, and on Monday and till Tuesday afternoon, all the men of Grasmere, and many from Langdale, were out upon the Fells. On Tuesday afternoon the bodies were found miserably mangled, having been cut by the crags. They were lying not above a quarter of a mile above a house in Langdale where their shrieks had been distinctly heard by two different persons who supposed that the shrieks came from some drunken people who had been at the sale. The bodies were brought home in a cart, and buried in one grave last Thursday. The poor children all the time they had been left by themselves suspected no evil; and as soon as it was known by others that their father and mother were missing, the truth came upon them like a thunder-stroke. The neighbouring women came to look after them, and found them in a pitiable state, all crying together. In a little time, however, they were pacified, and food was brought into the house, for they had scarcely anything left—for their parents were the poorest people

in the vale, though they had a small estate of their own and a single cow. This morsel of land, now deeply mortgaged, had been in the possession of the family for several generations; they were loth to sell it, and consequently they had never had any assistance from the parish. He had been twice married. By his former wife he had left one son and three daughters. They must have very soon parted with their land if they had lived, for their means were reduced by little and little, till scarcely anything but the Land was left. The cow was grown old, and they had not money to buy another. They had sold their horse, and were in the habit of carrying bridles, or anything that they could spare, to barter for potatoes or bread. Luxuries they had none. They never made tea, and when the neighbours went to the children on Monday they found nothing in the house but two boilings of potatoes, a very little meal, and a few [pieces] of lean dried mutton. The cow at this time does not give a quart of milk in a day. You will wonder how they lived at all, and indeed I can hardly tell you. They used to sell a few peats in the summer, which they dug out of their own heart's heart—their land—and perhaps the old man (he was 65 years of age) might earn a little money by doing odd jobs for his neighbours; but it was never known till now (by us at least) how much distressed they must have been. See them when you would, they were always chearful; and when they went from home they were decently dressed. The children too, though very ragged, were clean; and are as pure and innocent, and in every respect as promising children as I ever saw. Since this melancholy event our thoughts have been chiefly employed in laying schemes to prevent the children from falling into the hands of persons who may use them unkindly, and for giving them decent educations. One of the eight is in place, and can provide for herself; the next is with us. She has attended the children since we came from Coleorton; but we had intended parting with her at Whitsuntide if her parents lived, and have hired an elder servant in her place, thinking it bad for the children's tempers to be under one so young: we shall however now keep her, not as a servant, but shall send her to Grasmere school, and teach her to sew; and do our best to fit her for a good place. She is as innocent and as guileless as a Baby;

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but her faculties are rather slow. After her there are six left, and it is probable they will be boarded out by the parish. We hope that a sufficient sum will be raised for the purposes I have mentioned. Everybody who has the power seems disposed to assist them. The Bishop of Llandaff will subscribe ten guineas, and we have received five guineas from a Mr. Wilson; a very amiable young man, a Friend and *adorer* of William and his verses, who is building a house at Windermere. This sum we shall keep back till we see what is done by the parish and others, and we hope to get more from our friends. Perhaps your uncle Hardcastle may do something, or some other Friends of yours. I cannot have patience to look over this letter, which I hope you have read patiently—or else woe to me! Excuse blunders, and I hope you will make it out at least. God bless you for ever. Kindest love to your husband. We hope that William will bring his book, and the first volume of the other.

Believe me ever your affectionate and faithful,

D. Wordsworth.

Address: Mrs Clarkson, at Joseph Hardcastle's Esq^{re}, Hatcham House, New Cross, Deptford, Kent.

MS.

324. *D. W. to W. W.*¹

March 31, [1808]

This letter is intended for William, tho' I have little hope that he will be in town when it arrives—

We are exceedingly concerned, to hear that you, William, have given up all thoughts of publishing your Poem. As to the outcry against you, I would defy it—what matter, if you get your 100 guineas into your pocket? Besides it is like as if they had run you down, when it is known you have a poem ready for publishing, and keep it back. It is our belief, and that of all who have heard it read, that the *Tale* would bear it up—and without money what *can* we do? New House! new furniture! such a

¹ This is an extract from a letter written by D. W. to S. T. C. and W. W., when W. was in London on a visit to Coleridge. It arrived after W. had left for Grasmere, and is quoted by S. T. C. in a letter to W. (undated, but probably written in May) about *The White Doe of Rylstone*.

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large family! two servants and little Sally! we *cannot* go on so another half-year; and as Sally will not be fit for another place, we must take her back again into the old one, and dismiss one of the Servants, and work the flesh *off our poor bones*. Do, dearest William! do pluck up your Courage, and overcome your disgust to publishing. It is but a *little trouble*, and all will be over, and we shall be wealthy, and at our ease for one year, at least.

C. 325. W. W. to Sir George Beaumont
K.

Grasmere, April 8th, [1808]

My dear Sir George,

I arrived here the day before yesterday, having given up my plan of going by Oxford, in consequence of the bad accounts received of the state of Miss Hutchinson's health. I found Mrs. Wordsworth and my sister well.

I left London on Sunday morning, the day, or day before, you would reach it. This was sufficiently mortifying, but could not be prevented. I had a pleasant ride to town from Dunmow, the morning being, though cold, unusually beautiful. I heard Coleridge lecture twice, and he seemed to give great satisfaction; but he was not in spirits, and suffered much during the course of the week, both in body and mind. I did not write to you, or Lady Beaumont, at Dunmow, because my departure from town was deferred from day to day; and I wished to be able to speak with certainty of my intended motions. When you write to your mother, Lady Beaumont, pray do not fail to present to her my respectful remembrances and best thanks for her hospitable attention to me. I am very happy that I have seen her.

Coleridge and I availed ourselves of your letters to Lawrence, and saw Mr. Angerstein's pictures.¹ The day was very unfavourable, not a gleam of sun, and the clouds were quite in disgrace. The great picture of Michael Angelo and Sebastian pleased me more than ever. The new Rembrandt has, I think, much, very much, in it to admire, but still more to *wonder at*, rather than admire. I have seen many pictures of Rembrandt which I should prefer to it. The light in the *depth* of the Temple is far the finest

¹ v. E. L., p. 423.

part of it ; indeed, it is the only part of the picture which gives me very *high* pleasure ; but that does highly please me. No doubt by this time you have seen Coleridge, and probably heard him lecture. I long to hear from you, and about him, what you think of the state of his health and spirits, etc. etc. Pray tell Lady Beaumont that I left my poem in C's possession ; so that, if she wishes to read it again, she may easily procure it of him.

We live in hope that our new house will be ready for us in May. As you will guess, we are sadly cooped up here, particularly at this time. But O how happy are we altogether again ! If but poor Coleridge were in the right way, we should be content, in the fulness of contentment, as I trust that, with care, we shall bring Miss Hutchinson about again. When you have seen Havill's drawing of Rydale, pray tell me what you think of it. I have not much confidence in my judgment of pictures, except when it coincides with yours.

My heart has been so occupied since my return with my own family that I have scarcely greeted, or noticed, the beautiful vale in which we live, and our sheltering mountains ; but this is a pleasure to come. You will deem it strange, but really some of the imagery of London has, since my return hither, been more present to my mind than that of this noble vale. I left Coleridge at seven o'clock on Sunday morning, and walked towards the city in a very thoughtful and melancholy state of mind. I had passed through Temple Bar and by St. Dunstan's, noticing nothing, and entirely occupied with my own thoughts, when, looking up, I saw before me the avenue of Fleet Street, silent, empty, and pure white, with a sprinkling of new-fallen snow, not a cart or carriage to obstruct the view, no noise, only a few soundless and dusky foot-passengers here and there. You remember the elegant line of the curve of Ludgate Hill in which this avenue would terminate, and beyond, towering above it, was the huge and majestic form of St. Paul's, solemnised by a thin veil of falling snow. I cannot say how much I was affected at this unthought-of sight in such a place, and what a blessing I felt there is in habits of exalted imagination. My sorrow was controlled, and my uneasiness of mind—not quieted and relieved altogether—seemed at once to receive the gift of an anchor of

security. Little remarkable occurred during my journey. We had a guard to the coach, whose first journey it was ; he had been a grocer, and taken to this new way of life—and for what reason, think you ?—he did not like the confinement of his old business. At Lancaster I happened to mention Grasmere in hearing of one of the passengers, who asked me immediately if one Wordsworth did not live there. I answered ‘Yes’. ‘He has written,’ said he, ‘some very beautiful poems ; the critics do indeed cry out against them, and condemn them as over-simple, but for my part I read them with great pleasure ; they are natural and true.’ This man was also a grocer. My sheet is exhausted. Affectionate remembrances to Lady Beaumont, and to Mrs. Fermor if with you. And believe me, my dear Sir George, your sincere friend,

W. Wordsworth.

MS.
K(—)

326. *W. W. to Richard Sharp*

Grasmere April 13th [1808]

My dear Sir,

Well knowing your general humanity, and the particular interest you take in this part of the country which I inhabit, I have been unable to resist an impulse to send you the enclosed Paper, giving a brief account of a most melancholy event which took place lately in our Vale, and soliciting the assistance of such persons as may be willing to do an act of kindness upon such an occasion. Let me beg of you for the sake of the children of whom you will read in this Paper, and of the pleasant remembrances which you will have in common with me, of Easedale, that part of Grasmere Vale of which the unfortunate Persons you will read of were inhabitants, that you would procure among your friends, Mr Boddington for example and Mr Philips¹ (I mention these more particularly) and any other of your Friends, unknown to me, a contribution however small for the purposes specified in the Paper. I beg you to do this, as a matter to which I, who am acquainted with all the particulars of this pathetic case, and the merit of the Parties, attach no common interest. One of the

¹ Boddington and Philips were Sharp's partners in his business as a West Indian merchant.

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orphans a little Girl is now in my service, and I shall myself take care of her.

I am sorry that I did not see you again before I left London, from which I was summoned abruptly by an alarming account of the state of Miss Hutchinson's (my Wife's Sister's) Health. She had burst a small blood vessel, and we were apprehensive of worse consequences. She is now better though far from well. I found Coleridge so unwell and out of tune, that I had not encouragement even to mention to him the breakfasting with you on the Tuesday, as we talked of.

Mrs W—, I am most happy to say, I found greatly improved in her looks; a change which I attribute to a beneficent effort of Nature in forwarding her in the family *way* which she is treading.—I am sorry that we are not to see you here in summer.

I am my dear Sharp
affectionately yours
W. Wordsworth.

There are many very moving circumstances attending this case, of which my Sister will write a minute narrative; and which if we live to meet in this country again, I will read to you, as they will tend to throw much light upon the state of the moral feelings of the inhabitants of these Vales.—In the accompanying paper I have not entered into particulars, because I feared that to persons of less feeling, or taking less interest in the country than you do, it might be tedious.

Pray be so good as send the enclosed Letter to the twopenny Post.

Address: Richard Sharp Esq^r M.P., Mark Lane, London.

MS. 327. *W. W. to Francis Wrangham*
K.

Grasmere April 17th [1808]

My dear Wrangham,

Your last Letter arrived just in time viz, while I was busy in stirring among my more rich and powerful Friends, among whom you yourself are to be ranked, to promote the interest of a cluster of little orphans, who have been left such in a most

afflicting manner. Pray read the account, and do exert yourself among your humane and affluent friends to promote the benevolent design which we are setting on foot. To Mrs Wrangham likewise, as a Mother I venture particularly to recommend this case, though I am well aware that she must have so many claims upon her humanity. My Mind turns among other persons to Mrs Langley, who I think upon your or Mrs Wrangham's recommendation would not fail to assist us. You will excuse my sending this dim transcript made by a multiplying writer, we having had occasion to make so many copies. Some person in your House will not perhaps decline the trouble of making a fair copy of the paper, which I hope you will be so good as to circulate among your Friends.

I presumed far upon your indulgence when I left your last Letter but one so long unanswered—. The kindness which it displayed did not merit such a return, but I know not how it is, I can repay the love of my Friends more punctually by any coin than that of Letters. You offered to build me a Cottage, and spoke of your sublime ocean scenery. I could not be easy under the thought of any Body having the trouble of building a house for me, and since the loss of my dear Brother, we have all had such painful and melancholy thoughts connected with the ocean that nothing but a paramount necessity could make us live near it. Our common Friend Montagu is doing and looking very well ; he is advancing in his profession, and has in Mrs. Skepper an excellent Friend for himself, and Tutress, and even Mother for his Children. Your Assize Sermon¹ I hope to receive through Longman's hands. About last Christmas I wrote a Poem of the narrative kind of some length, which, if I publish it, I shall send you. Excuse my writing more at length at present ; for I am quite exhausted, having had to write and to transcribe so much about this melancholy affair ; and having had a course of dreadful suffering in our family last week ; nothing less than an apprehension that our eldest Boy, a child for his beauty, strength, and sweet disposition the admiration of every one, was labouring under that dreadful malady, the water in the head. God be

¹ *Human Laws best supported by the Gospel; an Assize Sermon.* York, 1808.

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praised it has not proved so, and he is mending apace. But his sufferings have been great, his bodily ones, and ours (of mind) far far more dreadful. I am very affectionately yours

W. Wordsworth.

My sole errand to London was to see Coleridge who had been dangerously ill, and is still very poorly. I have read your quondam Friend's, Dr. Symmonds' life of Milton;¹ on some future occasion I will tell you what I think of it. Your own prose translations from Milton are excellent, but you have not done justice (who indeed could?) to that fine stanza 'Cultu simplici gaudens Liber, etc. etc.' it is untranslatable.

Address: Rev^d Francis Wrangham, Hunmanby, near Bridlington.

George Green and Sarah his Wife, Inhabitants of the Vale of Grasmere, having gone to Langdale on the morning of Saturday the 19th of March last, set off to return to their own house a lonely Dwelling on the same eve[n]ing, intending to cross over the mountain. They had left a Daughter at home, eleven years of age, with the care of five other children younger than herself, the youngest an infant at the breast. On Monday afternoon, one of the Boys went to the nearest house to borrow a Cloak for his Sister, who (he said) was going to Langdale to seek their Father and Mother, who had not returned as they had expected, on Saturday. Immediately the alarm was spread, and continual search was made, as long as daylight lasted, on that day, and the day following, and till Wednesday afternoon, when the Bodies of the unfortunate Persons were found. It is supposed they had been bewildered by the snow and mist; and they perished by falling over the rocks, they were buried in one Grave on the Friday afternoon.

The unhappy Fate of this Pair, and the forlorn condition in which the children are left, have excited much compassion; which has been more deeply felt in their own neighbourhood because the Deceased were much respected for their good morals and decent manners, for their frugality and industry, and for the

¹ *The Life of John Milton*, prefixed to his edition of Milton's *Prose Works*, 1806.

constant cheerfulness and independence of mind, with which, without any assistance from the parish, they supported their Family under the burthen of extreme poverty. This compassion has naturally been accompanied with a general desire that more than ordinary exertions should be made to befriend and protect the orphan children. It is therefore thought proper to draw up a brief statement of the condition of the Family, for the information of such persons as may be disposed to promote this benevolent design.

George Green had been twice married, and has left one Son and three Daughters by his first wife who do not stand in need of assistance. By her who died with him, he has left four Sons and four Daughters: the eldest of these, a Girl fifteen years of age, is at present in Service; the second, a girl likewise, is with a Family who will take care of her and fit her out, when she also is fit, for Service. One of the Boys will be maintained by his Father's eldest Son, who will breed him up to his own business; so that there remain five children to be provided for.

The Father has left a small Estate which is deeply mortgaged, and it is probable that *after it is sold*, little or nothing will remain for his children. The Parish have therefore agreed to allow, to each of these five children, two shillings per week till they are fit to go to Service or to be apprenticed. The object then of those Persons who interest themselves on this occasion, is to raise a Sum to make an addition to the weekly allowance of the Parish, by means of which the children may be placed in a respectable Family or Families: it is also intended to send them to School, and what money remains to be employed in setting them forward as Servants or Apprentices.

It is conceived that it will be grateful to benevolent Persons to promote a subscription for the above purpose: first, as a natural tribute of human Sympathy upon so melancholy an occasion; secondly, as a testimony of respect for the honesty, industry, patient and even cheerful endurance of extreme poverty by which the Deceased were distinguished: and lastly, and above all, that there may be a better hope that the children may go forward in that course of innocence and virtue in which their Parents have thus far conducted them.

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K(—)

328. *W. W. to S. T. Coleridge*

Grasmere, Monday Morning, April 19th, 1808.

My dearest Coleridge,

Last night brought us your Letters (under cover from Sharp). I am quite vexed that my Letter sent on the Friday Evening, two days after my arrival here, has never reached you, and I am quite at a loss to account for it. You ought to have received that letter on Monday morning, i.e. a week and a day after I left you. This is the more vexatious because we cannot discover where the fault lies; the Letter was not directed to Lamb, but to yourself at the Courier Office. The present is the 4th letter I have written to you since my arrival at Kendal, one from Kendal, one by the first Post after my arrival here, viz. Friday, a third by last Saturday's post sent via Keswick; besides a few lines I added to a Letter of Dorothy sent off eight days ago. These Letters have all, except the first, been directed to Lamb; but I suspect the fault is in our Ambleside Post. Enough of this, but pray ask Sir George Beaumont if he has received a Letter from me, for I wrote one and sent it by the same person who carried the Friday's Letter to you, which has been lost.

The day of my arrival here little John was seized with a violent pain in the head and about the neck, with sickness and vomiting, and fever; in two days the fever abated but the sickness and occasional pain in the head continued with obstinate costiveness, and about the eighth day the pain seemed to be so fixed in the head, so continual had been the sickness and the costiveness, and such was the appearance of an evacuation which we procured by repeated doses of calomel, that we were under the most dreadful apprehension that the complaint would prove the water on the Head. This was last Thursday night, on Friday morning Mr Edmondson came, and he allayed our fears; though I must do Mr Scambler the justice to say that though he was somewhat staggered he always declared it to be his opinion that the case was not hydrocephalus. Since Friday morning John has been recovering, but he is still much reduced. I have been thus particular in this case, because I thought it necessary to be so in order that you may be satisfied of the great probability

that our fear, anxiety, and the sight of the child's suffering so much, and the noises and bustle and night disturbance in so small a house would affect Sarah. Accordingly I think it has done so, but nothing like to the extent which I apprehended; but certainly her pain has been greater, and to-day the Leeches are to be applied. Mr Scambler says that her pulse is pretty good—but both he and Mr Edmondson thought proper that she should take a small quantity of foxglove and nitre. Mr Edmondson said that always when the pain returned, the Leeches should be applied, followed by the blister; such were also, I remember, Mr Rideout's directions; but really it ought to be considered that the discomfort and fretful sensations which in Sarah's constitution a blister produces may possibly outweigh the advantage from it. I mentioned this to Mr Scambler and he begged I would ask you whether an ointment of tartar Emetic rubbed on till it produced inflammation and pustules might not answer as good a purpose, and it would certainly be attended with less inconvenience. Now that our minds, and our House are comparatively quiet, I do not doubt but that I shall be able to send you better accounts of Sarah. Our greatest difficulty, I think, will be in keeping the Body regularly open. Mr Edmondson and Scambler recommend the salt to be encreased rather than the Rhubarb. In the Letter which has not reached you I mentioned that Mary was much better, her appetite excellent, and her looks greatly improved; but alas! she has been severely tried since my return, and the fatigue, which she and Dorothy have had to undergo, has been most pernicious to them both. If I thought that after what has been said, you could command your attention to any other subject, I should with more satisfaction to myself go on to tell you that considerable exertions have been made to serve the orphan Greens; a paper which I drew up has been circulated, and a subscription solicited with good success. I sent an abridgement of this paper to Sharp, to Montagu, to Wrangham, and even to Lady Holland, and mean to send one to Rogers. One shall be sent to you, to which you may add such particulars from Dorothy's Letters as you may think serviceable in making up a moving story, and I think you will be able effectually to aid us. The Children are the admiration of every

Body for their innocence, affectionate dispositions, and good behaviour. As soon as she has leisure Dorothy means to draw up a minute detail of all that she knows concerning the lives and characters of the Husband and Wife, and everything relating to their melancholy end, and its effect upon the Inhabitants of this Vale; a story that will be rich both in pleasure and profit. Within a day or two after my return home, when my mind was easier than it has been since, in passing through the churchyard I stopped at the grave of the poor Sufferers and immediately afterwards composed the following stanzas; *composed* I have said, I ought rather to have said *effused*, for it is the mere pouring out of my own feeling; but if you can turn these verses to any profit for the poor Orphans in any way, either by reciting, circulating in manuscript, or publishing them, either with or without the name of the Author, pray do so.

Elegiac Stanzas composed in the Churchyard of Grasmere, Westmorland, a few days after the Interment there of a Man and his Wife, Inhabitants of the Vale, who were lost upon the neighbouring Mountains, on the night of the nineteenth of March last.¹

Who weeps for Strangers?—Many wept
For George and Sarah Green;
Wept for that Pair's unhappy end,
Whose grave may here be seen.

By night upon these stormy Heights
Did Wife and Husband roam;
Six little-ones the Pair had left
And could not find their Home.

For any Dwelling-place of men
As vainly did they seek.—
He perish'd; and a voice was heard
The Widow's lonely shriek.

¹ The Verses are copied into the letter by D. W. W. never printed them: they were first published in De Quincey's *Recollections of Grasmere* which appeared in *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, Sept. 1839. It will be noticed that the first version, here given, varies considerably from the later, as given in De Q. and in the Oxf. W.

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Down the dark precipice he fell,
And she was left alone,
Not long to think of Children dear,
Not long to pray or groan!

A few wild steps—she too was left
A Body without life!
The chain of but a few wild steps
To the Husband bound the Wife.

Now lodge they in one Grave, this Grave
A House with two-fold Roof,
Two Hillocks but one Grave, their own,
A covert tempest-proof

And from all agony of mind
It keeps them safe and far;
From fear, and from all need of hope,
From sun, or guiding Star.

Our peace is of the immortal Soul,
Our anguish is of clay;
Such bounty is in Heaven, so pass
The bitterest pangs away.

Three days did teach the Mother's Babe
Forgetfully to rest
In reconciliation how serene!
Upon another's breast

The trouble of the elder Brood
I know not that it stay'd
So long—they seiz'd their joy, and they
Have sung, and danc'd, and play'd.

Now do those sternly-featur'd Hills
Look gently on this Grave,
And quiet now is the depth of air
As a sea without a wave.

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But deeper lies the heart of peace
In shelter more profound ;
The heart of quietness is here,
Within this Church-yard ground.

O Darkness of the Grave! how calm
After that living night,
That last and dreary living one
Of sorrow and affright!

O sacred Marriage-bed of Death
That holds them side by side,
In bond of love, in bond of God,
Which may not be untied!

A Gentleman, merely after seeing in a Newspaper a bald account of this disaster, sent from Southampton 2 guineas to our Rector, to be applied to the benefit of the orphans if in need, and if not, to be distributed among the Poor of the Parish.¹ This contribution coming in this way has suggested to us that some benefit might arise from inserting, in the Courier, a more detailed and moving account of the tragedy, either in the way of advertisement or otherwise, and adding that if any persons are disposed to befriend the Orphans, that sums however small transmitted to such place as you might fix upon would be forwarded forthwith to the Committee at Ambleside, who has engaged to superintend the Children, and to apply to their use such sums as in addition to the parish-allowance have already been raised. Do consult Stuart about the propriety of this! I come now to the Lambs and the White Doe. In compliance with frequent entreaties I took the MSS to Lamb's to read it, or part of it, one evening. There unluckily I found Hazlitt and his Beloved; of course, though I had the Poem in my hand I declined, nay absolutely refused, to read it. But as they were very earnest in entreating me, I at last consented to read one Book, and when it was done I simply said that there was a passage which probably must have struck Hazlitt as a *Painter* 'Now doth a delicate shadow fall'

¹ His letter is still extant, and is preserved, among the 'Green' papers, in the Dove Cottage Museum.

etc, and mentioned that Sir G. Beaumont had been greatly pleased with it. We then had a short talk about that part and nothing more took place. As to the reception which the Doe has met with in Mitre Court I am much more sorry on Lamb's account than on my own. I had no wish that they should see the Poem by an act of private courtesy on my part, because as I knew it could not please them, I did not think that I had the right to subject them to the disagreeable feeling of owing to my kindness this sight of a Work which they could not approve of. I also told Lamb that I did not think the Poem could ever be popular first because there was nothing in it to excite curiosity, and next, because the main catastrophe was not a material but an intellectual one; I said to him further that it could not be popular because some of the principal objects and agents, such as the Banner and the Doe, produced their influences and effects not by powers naturally inherent in them, but such as they were endued with by the Imagination of the human minds on whom they operated: further, that the principle of action in all the characters, as in the Old Man, and his Sons, and Francis, when he has the prophetic vision of the overthrow of his family, and the fate of his sister, and takes leave of her as he does, was throughout imaginative; and that all action (save the main traditionary tragedy), i.e. all the action proceeding from the will of the chief agents, was fine-spun and inobtrusive, consonant in this to the principle from which it flowed, and in harmony with the shadowy influence of the Doe, by whom the poem is introduced, and in whom it ends. It suffices that everything tends to account for the weekly pilgrimage of the Doe, which is made interesting by its connection with a human being, a Woman, who is intended to be honoured and loved for what she *endures*, and the manner in which she endures it; accomplishing a conquest over her own sorrows (which is the true subject of the Poem) by means, partly, of the native strength of her character, and partly by the persons and things with whom and which she is connected; and finally, after having exhibited the 'fortitude of patience and heroic martyrdom', ascending to pure ethereal spirituality, and forwarded in that ascent of love by communion with a creature not of her own species, but spotless, beautiful,

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innocent and loving, in that temper of earthly love to which alone she can conform, without violation to the majesty of her losses, or degradation from those heights of heavenly serenity to which she has been raised.

Let Lamb learn to be ashamed of himself in not taking some pleasure in the contemplation of this picture, which supposing it to be even but a sketch, is yet sufficiently made out for any man of true power to finish it for himself—As to the principal characters doing nothing it is false and too ridiculous to be dwelt on for a moment. When it is considered what has already been executed in Poetry, strange that a man cannot perceive, particularly when the present tendencies of society, good and bad, are observed, that this is the time when a man of genius may honourably take a station upon different ground. If he is to be a Dramatist, let him crowd his scene with gross and visible action ; but if a narrative Poet, if the Poet is to be predominant over the Dramatist,—then let him see if there are no victories in the world of spirit, no changes, no commotions, no revolutions there, no fluxes and refluxes of the thoughts which may be made interesting by modest combination with the stiller actions of the bodily frame, or with the gentler movements and milder appearances of society and social intercourse, or the still more mild and gentle solicitations of irrational and inanimate nature. But too much of this—of one thing be assured, that Lamb has not a reasoning mind, therefore cannot have a comprehensive mind, and, least of all, has he an imaginative one. Farewell,

most tenderly yours,
W. Wordsworth.

Mrs Hill's friend Dubois so famous in the Republic of Letters would have been a name as unknown to me as to yourself if Southey had not happened to mention that he believed it was he who had abused my last Poems, and this, too, in a most disingenuous manner!

I cannot be altogether easy that your thoughts should be taken from the Lectures for my Poem, and for a task so irksome as it must be.—again farewell

[Mary W. adds a p.s. to the Letter saying that W. proposes to

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prefix as a motto to *White Doe* lines from Daniel's *Musophilus* (567-78) 'And for my part . . . this part I must fulfill'.¹

P.S. added Tuesday morning. The Leeches were applied yesterday evening. Sarah was entirely relieved last night, but on stirring this morning complains of a little pain—we could not get so much blood as last time, and it was blacker, i.e. thicker than before.

Address: S. T. Coleridge Esq^{re}, Courier Office, Strand, London.

C(—) K(—) 329. D. W. to Lady Beaumont

My dear Friend,

Grasmere, April 20th, 1808.

We received your letter this morning, enclosing the half of a five-pound note. I am happy to inform you that the orphans have been fixed under the care of very respectable people. The baby is with its sister, she who filled the mother's place in the house during their two days of fearless solitude. It has clung to her ever since, and she has been its sole nurse. I went with two ladies of the *Committee* (in my sister's place, who was then confined to poor John's bedside) to conduct the family to their separate homes. The two girls were together, as I have said, two boys at another house, and the third boy by himself at the house of an elderly man, who had a particular friendship for their father. The kind reception that the children met with was very affecting . . . I am going to transcribe a poem composed by my brother a few days after his return. It was begun in the churchyard, when he was looking at the grave of the husband and wife, and is, in fact, supposed to be entirely composed there.

'Who weeps for strangers?'²

The poem is to be published. Longman has consented, in spite of the odium under which my brother labours as a poet, to give him one hundred guineas per thousand copies, according to the demand. . . . (Of Coleridge.) He is a wonderful creature, pouring out such treasures of thought and knowledge almost, we may say, without premeditation, and in language so eloquent.

¹ But when the poem was published in 1815 the motto was not prefixed, but in its place the Sonnet 'Weak is the will of man'. In 1837 a passage from *The Borderers* (1539-44) was substituted, with 7 additional lines.

² v. last letter.

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MS. 330. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

My dear Friend,

[p.m. 21st April 1808]

Sara's letter, I hope, would in some measure relieve your anxiety—at the time I wrote to you she was perfectly well and we hoped that tho' the necessity for extreme care still continued, and was likely to continue, we should have no further cause for alarm. Afterwards the pain in her chest returned, and occasionally she had a pain in her left side. William found her under the care of your old Friends the Leech Doctors, and two days after his return we applied the Blister. She has had less pain since, and is often without pain, but it does occasionally return, and since we have applied these remedies she has *looked* much worse. We hope, however, that they will prove remedies, and that her worse looks are solely to be attributed to exhaustion in consequence of loss of blood. At present though she is languid and has something of the pain to-day she is better than, all things considered, we could have expected; for we have been (happily the cause is now removed) in a state of great affliction and fear. On the evening of William's return our darling John was seized with a violent headache, followed by sickness. He continued very feverish all that night, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday. No medicine would stay on his stomach and nothing passed through him. On Saturday evening we gave him calomel, which produced an evacuation, and his fever seemed to disappear, and he was chearful and playful betimes, though he complained of his head. On Wednesday the Apothecary, Mr. Scambler of Amble-side, prescribed another dose of calomel (he had only had one Stool, and that from the calomel which I have before mentioned, during the whole week) we gave it him, and without effect. On Thursday Southey came by in his way to Keswick; he was exceedingly alarmed as all John's symptoms were such [as] attend the first stages of that dreadful malady, the Water in the Brain. Towards night John grew worse and his costiveness continued. William went to Mr. Scambler who prescribed more calomel, but when Wm came back we were more alarmed. William returned to Mr. S. and we sent a messenger at 11 o'clock at night to Keswick for Mr. Edmondson. Mr. S. was very thoughtful after his

arrival, could not say that it was not the beginning of the disease, and we were sure that it was. We resigned ourselves to our loss, and contemplated the poor Innocent's sufferings with awful dread. Mr. S. bled him in the jugular vein. A few hours before we had applied a blister to his neck. Mr. S. met Mr. E. in the morning. At first Mr. E. was in the same doubt as Mr. S., but before they left us both were convinced that the disease was not what we had dreaded, but another which has been going about in the country, though with different symptoms in the different patients. The little darling is now sleeping quietly, beautiful as an angel though different from himself, his features enlarged, for he is grown so thin, but his countenance quite divine: he more resembles his father than ever. Nothing of the disease seems now to remain but the weakness, and we hope *that* will quickly pass away—but we are very anxious to be in the new house both on his account and on dearest Sara's. We hope to remove in three weeks or a month. My dear Friend, having told you all that I have to say about ourselves I turn to your own Family afflictions. We deeply feel for your poor Brother and Sister. What a Blank, two taken as by one blow out of a little cluster that have grown together. I feel as you do. I think after the first sorrow I should have had a dreary comfort in the thought that if two *were* to go the Twins had not been divided, but were companions in the Grave as they had been from the first opening of their existence. And the one living twin child must oftener be, I should think, an object of melancholy and painful thoughts than any other of the Family, as if it had almost lost one half of its being. Sara, when she wrote to you was hurried in the conclusion of her letter by Southey's stopping at the door. She gave him the letter before she had half done, and just when she was going to turn to this sad event. Pray write and tell us how the Father and Mother and all the children are. William is perfectly satisfied with Dr. Babbington's advice: it corresponds exactly with what you say would be Dr. Beddoes's and also with Mr. Edmondson's and Mr. Scambler's. Depend upon it, you shall hear if any change much for the better, or at all for the worse takes place—indeed at any rate you shall hear soon. We have, I trust, little reason to fear that she will not do very well. The

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alarm about John has done her far less harm than one could have expected, and this is a good sign. When I say *much for the better* do not suppose that I have been deceiving you, and that she is very ill. No such thing. If it were not for the breaking of the Blood-vessel which argues a disposition to such a terrible malady we should have thought she ailed little. Be assured that we are perfectly aware of the danger of neglect in any the slightest particular, and have faith with us that all will be well.

God bless you. I have daily comfort in thinking how much worse you have been for months together even when in your better way; but now you have a comfortable and happy existence. My dear [?] Friend.

Dearly do I love you.

D. Wordsworth.

Address: Mrs Clarkson, Bury St Edmund's, Suffolk.

MS. 331. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson
K(—)

April 22 [1808]¹

My dear Friend,

Your letter found me in bed at 12 o'clock this morning—it is now four, and I am just risen a little languid, but in other respects pretty well. I have had a violent inflammation in my Bowels which I hope has carried off a cold that was coming on last night. This severe weather has almost universally affected the health of our neighbours and our family in one way or other. Mary has got a cold but I hope it will not be much, and I think I have come cheaply off. Our dearest John has been well ever since I wrote to you but, poor fellow! it will be long before he regains his own peculiar looks—he is pale and thin, and you can have no idea how the cast of his countenance is changed. His appetite is very good; but he cannot yet bear the smell of fried meat or any thing of that kind. Thomas is very well; and Dorothy has been at Brathay since the third day after her Father's arrival. We are afraid that she disgraces herself by her waywardness, though Mrs Lloyd will hear nothing of it. She is in high spirits, enchanted with all the novelties that are about

¹ K. dates that part of his letter which he prints 1814, despite the fact that Thomas died in 1812, and the Green tragedy occurred in 1808.

her and declares that she will never come home again, yet she takes no delight in any company but that of the Gardener and our old Servant Mary Dawson who is Mrs Lloyd's Cook—She calls her *my* Mary Dawson and to her and the Gardener she clings from morning to night—The Gardener tells her that *this* tree will bear plumbs, *that* gooseberries, the next apples, and she wanders about with him, no doubt in perfect faith, that she shall see all those nice things appear. She goes to Mrs Lloyd to say her lesson with the rest of the Children; but she is quite shy with her, and only occasionally plays with the Children out of doors; but leaves them for the Gardener or Mary Dawson. I believe that nothing would tempt John to stay from home or to go without some one of us; but she was gadding with rapture when Mrs Lloyd came with the car to fetch her; and would not leave the door a moment till Mrs Lloyd was ready to go, and hardly could find time to give us a parting kiss. Thomas is healthy, and tolerably strong; he is very lively and a great talker—his head is shaped like Johnny's about the temples, his hair and eyes are the same colour, his eyes more lively; but with John's sweetness—his nose shorter and round at the end—his cheeks florid. In short he is a coral¹ lad with a happy countenance, very sweet, but not of so singular a character of expression as the other two, who I think bespeak themselves the children of not ordinary persons at the very first glance. You are no doubt anxious to be at the end of this wandering prattle; but you will have concluded that I have nothing very bad to tell you of dearest Sara—So it is—but I cannot say that she is well. I wish I could, yet I hope, nay I trust that all tendency to Inflammation of the Lungs will be checked as we have lost no time in attending to the very first threatenings of the Disease—we cannot be sufficiently thankful that she was not at Penrith when the accident happened—Dr Harrison would have been called in—he would have treated it as a trifle—for the quantity of blood was very small) and no more notice would have been taken of it—till the cough, spitting, night sweats, and all the train of sorrows had come on—then it would have been too late, and we should inevitably have lost her. She has made up her mind to live with us—therefore you

¹ So MS.

may be sure she will be tenderly watched and treated as an Invalid till she is perfectly strong—and perhaps alas! that may not be for years. Tom is going to his Stewardship at May-day—and till he has a house Joanna will stay with us and the rest of her Friends, and afterwards she will go and live with Tom. She will never be happy till that time, for Tom is her Darling; and I believe she will even be happier with him without Sara, having so much delight in housekeeping, and having things under her own management. We expect Tom in the course of a few Days, when we shall represent the whole of Sara's case to him and I think he will join with us in seeing the propriety of her staying quietly here for many months to come; and no doubt Joanna will be of the same opinion, and we know that Tom wishes exceedingly to have a house, being quite tired of his present unsettled life. I am sorry for your poor Sister's sake that you do not go to Purfleet; but very glad that you did not venture thither without advice—What an affecting speech that of the Dear little Girl!—We are much concerned with your account of Charles Wordsworth—I am afraid he has, indeed, some extraordinary complaint; but Hydrocepholis (I do not know that I spell the word right) or water in the Brain of which we have lately read so much comes on mostly much more rapidly. I wish I could see my Brother Christopher and his [? family]. William was very much pleased with them all. Charles was lively at the time he was there, but he did not think him healthy—The poem is to be published. We Females have been very anxious that it should, and for the reason you mention; besides that we think it will sell, first, because we think that the Story will bear it up in spite of that spirit that is above the common level of the present state of public knowledge and taste, and secondly because the buzz of the lectures will help it—Poor Coleridge! he has indeed fought a good Fight, and I hope he will not yield; but come to us having accomplished a perfect victory—To return to Sara—She had leeches applied a second time the night before last—She is not free from pain: but it is not constant; and it shifts—it is more in the side than at first, when it was wholly in the chest—She has no cough, no shortness of breath, no sweats, and I think her appetite is rather better than it was. On the other hand her

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pulse is not what it ought to be. Both Mr Edmondson and Mr Scambler recommended the 2nd application of the leeches, and that she should take a preparation of Foxglove—and both insisting upon a rigorous adherence to the Regimen prescribed.—Mary¹ looks poorly to-day she is grown much thinner since John's illness—My head is muddy, or I would have taken a larger sheet of paper—and it now admonishes me to conclude for it is worse—I expect that a Dish of Tea will set me quite right—Your Quaker Friend is a most curious and interesting Character—Old Molly lingers on and may yet linger many months—Do write and may God bless you, my dear and tenderly beloved Friend!—yours ever more D. Wordsworth.

Sara desires that I will tell you she has taken to a Shawl, but I assure you she does not look so much like a badly person as you—we think of you [when]ever we see the Leech Bottle. My poor muddy head has forgotten the poor orphans—we are very thankful for your subscription—I am going to write a narrative of all the circumstances that have come within our knowledge, both of the Characters of the Individuals and the melancholy Catastrophe—I wish I could now relate some particulars which are very moving. We hope that the Subscription is already sufficient for the purpose of putting the Children forward. The Rest will be laid up for them: but we have a great desire to place a tombstone—rather a headstone at the Grave with a short Inscription, and if you have no objection, we will employ a part of your money for that purpose—William calls out—‘I am sure she will never be able to read that letter.’ I reply ‘Oh yes—she is a very good one at making out my writing’ but I will conclude. God bless you, My dear Friend.

Address: Mrs Clarkson, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk.

MS.

332. *W. W. to Richard Sharp*

K(—)

My dear Sir,

Grasmere, Monday, April 25th 1808.

Accept my warmest thanks for your generous donation to our poor Orphans; be so good also as warmly to thank Mr. Boddington

¹ *Here W. has inserted, upside down, in the MS. Wm Wordsworth in his own handwriting, sends his best love to Catherine Clarkson.*

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and Mr. Philips for their kindness. I have the satisfaction to say that a copy of the Paper I sent you has been circulated in this neighbourhood with very good success; the neighbouring Gentry having taken up the business with zeal. The Bishop of Llandaff and Lord Muncaster have each subscribed 10 Guineas, Sir Daniel and Lady Fleming and Lady Diana each 5, and other persons in the neighbourhood have subscribed 5. Lady Beaumont upon our representation subscribed 5 guineas, and Mr. Wilson, a Friend of ours who is building a House near Orest Head, has also subscribed 5, and we have sums coming in from other quarters; so that the children will be well housed, well fed, well clad, taught to read and write, and the girls to sew; and we hope there will be a little overplus to set them forward in life. They are already all placed in respectable Houses in Grasmere; and Mrs. W., who is one of the managing Committee, being upon the spot, will be able to see that justice is in all respects done to them.

If you and I ever meet in this country again, I should have great pleasure in shewing you, I hope, the fresh cheeks of some of these orphans, and visiting with you the lonely and now deserted house which was occupied by them and their unfortunate Parents. The House, in its appearance and situation, strikingly accords with the melancholy catastrophe; a brawling Brook close by, with huge stones and scattered rocks on every side. The house itself is of grey mountain stone, as if it had grown out of the mountain, an indigenous Dwelling, for indigenous Inhabitants.

As to the money, I shall immediately place your name on the list of subscribers, and the best way will be to send it at your leisure to me; and Mrs W. will deliver it into the hands of the Committee immediately.

May I beg of you to transfer the Statement to Mr. Rogers, to whom I should have written some time since, but I have been prevented by a dangerous illness of my eldest Son, who is now, thank God, completely recovered.

I am, my dear Sharp, most truly yours,
W. Wordsworth.

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All here wish their best remembrances.

I have only heard once from Coleridge, a week ago. He seemed then something better, but much occupied. On second thoughts I find this to be an error, we had a short Letter on Wednesday last, in which he said he was doing well.

Address: Richard Sharp Esq^{re} M.P., Mark Lane, London.

MS. 333. *D. W. to S. T. Coleridge*¹

May 1. 1808.

We are very anxious that 'the White Doe' should be published *as soon as possible*—if you would simply mention the passages, to which you object, without attempting to alter them, it would be better. . . . Our main reason (I speak in the name of the Females) for wishing that the Poem may be *speedily* published, is that William may get it out of his head; but further we think that it is of the *utmost importance*, that it should come out before the Buz of your Lectures is settled. The alterations, we trust, will not be of a difficult or troublesome kind.

MS. 334. *D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

May 10th [1808]

My dear Friend,

I write to you now with entire satisfaction being able to assure you that our dearest Sara is very much better. The pain in her side has been much less frequent for a long time; but till within the last ten days she was much weaker and complained of a most oppressive languor. With the warm weather and gentle exercise out of doors she has gained strength, and no longer complains of that excessive languor. Her looks also are very much improved and much more *steady* than they were. You will rejoice to hear that the poor Sailor² has been with us. He arrived last Tuesday and stayed till Friday, and we hope to

¹ An extract from a letter of D. W. to S. T. C. which S. T. C. quotes in his letter to W. W. about *The White Doe* (v. Letter 328).

² Henry Hutchinson. For a further account of his adventures at sea v. *Memorials of Coleorton*, ii. 45-7.

see him again, after he has paid his visit to his Friends at Penrith and before he goes to Stockton and London, in quest of better fortune. He looks remarkably well and is as happy in the thought of having obtained his liberty, as a Schoolboy on the first day of his midsummer holidays. He is a fine fellow—has much of Mary's overflowing kindness of nature; with an abhorrence of cruelty and oppression in any shape, which I believe is the secret of most of his ill luck. If he could have been promoted immediately to a Lieutenancy nothing could have prevailed upon him (short of bodily incapacity to move) to stay in the service—Poor Fellow! he has many an interesting story to tell of the bad and good of human Nature. Like Ledyard he found the most kindness in the *women* when he was in distress. You have probably heard that the Betsy in which he was captured was a *Slave Ship*? He says that all the Slaves on board almost adored him,—he could make anything of them, even when they were in their most refractory moods. He says that their Captain was reckoned a very humane one, but that bad is the best if that be true; however, he had seen one Slave Merchant of the name of Davies nail two poor Boys by the ears upon the table where he was eating his dinner, which he continued to eat with the Boys thus imprisoned. Their offence had been some trifle—bringing him a dirty plate or the like. Harry would never sit at table with him afterwards, nor Harry's Captain; which was certainly to his credit and they afterwards dined upon Deck. We hope to remove now in about a fortnight, but I have talked about it so long that you will hardly believe me, and indeed I hardly believe it myself—we wish very much that Harry may be with us at that time for he is the handiest creature in the world—can sew, cook, wash dishes—put up beds—any thing that you can name, Poor Fellow! I love him better because once or twice he reminded me of my dear Brother John—it was a something in his *manner* but for a single moment, and he is like him in taking interest in all little domestic goings-on. We are all well except Sara and she at present is to all appearance perfectly so—We shall be careful that she does not do anything but take her own ease and pleasure. I am afraid I shall have more trouble in keeping Mary from doing herself harm; for where there is a bustle

there she must be with the busiest. We hope to get *William out of the way*—he has a visit to pay to our good Friend Robert Forster and we think that will be the best time. As to his *company* we could have no enjoyment of it, and he would not by his help pay for the trouble of cooking, which we women can do very well without. We smiled at the notion of your being so great a Workwoman—and a Member of a committee too! You married ladies come to high honours. By the Bye, those lying-in Charities are a very good help to poor people in Towns, but it is a woful thing that such helps should be necessary—a Mrs. North a Liverpool Lady has *imported* the fashion into this neighbourhood where, God be thanked, such a thing was never before heard, being not needed. I know one woman who, to be sure, was very glad of the gift of a set of pretty linen—but only accepted the *loan* because Mrs. North would have been hurt if she had not. You will be glad to hear that the Subscription for our orphan Family is longer than we had ventured to hope—It amounts now to 300£, and more is not necessary. There is enough, with the allowance of the Parish to give the Children good educations and clothe them—to apprentice the Boys; and put the Girls out for service—and we hope that a considerable sum will remain to be divided amongst them according to their supposed merits, to set them forward in Life, which perhaps may hereafter enable some of them to procure for themselves that sort of humble independence which their ancestors enjoyed, and which their Parents so dearly prized. All the eight are in their Native Vale except one Boy, who is at Ambleside with his Brother, a very respectable man who sends him to school and will maintain him and instruct him in his own Trade—two Girls are at [?], two Boys at another, and the fifth, a Boy, is with an old Man who, I am sure, is preparing himself to dote upon him as if he were his Grandfather. The eldest Girl is in Service at the publick house; but we hope to get her placed next year with Miss Weir who keeps a boarding school at Appleby. We propose to clothe her out of the Funds—She is to wait upon the Children and to be taught reading and sewing. Our own Sally is the least clever of all the Family—but she is the sweetest tempered and most innocent creature that ever I knew and though her features are

plain, has sometimes such sweet looks, that she then appears almost beautiful. The Children in their boarding houses are already beloved by each family in a remarkable degree, they are so very well-behaved, toward and quiet, and affectionate. From what I have said you will perceive that there is no need that you should exert yourself further in this cause, therefore be so good as to send the money you have collected as soon as possible that it may be put into the Kendal Bank with the common Stock. We have subscribed nothing ourselves, the providing for Sally being as much as we can afford; but our Friends have contributed so largely that William's name cuts a great figure in the List of subscribers—Lady Beaumont 5£—Mr. Sharpe 10 guineas, Mr. Boddington 5—Mr. Philips 5£—Mrs. Marshall of New Grange 5—Mrs. Jones, her sister 5—These are all put *through* Mr. Wordsworth with their respective names, to which we shall add yours, when it comes, in the same manner. It is of great use that we have done so much as Mary is of the Committee and Mrs. North, the Lady whom I have mentioned before, is also of the committee, and is a busy meddling Woman who takes much upon her and would fain have everything of her own management—I was deputed to attend in Mary's place when the Children were carried to their homes and she was very rude and impertinent to me, and in my person to all the Committee.—It is a long story which will make you laugh when we get you to Grasmere, but not worth writing of by letter—Oh my dear Friend when are we to see you? Not till the Lease of your house is expired. When will that be? We long to see you more than I can tell you—I am sure we may all be as quiet and independent as we like in the great house. God bless you for ever! Dearly do we all love you oh my dear Friend! I love and prize you daily more and more. We shall be very poor when we get to the new house—our expences will be at least 100 a year more—a modest wish—I wish we were all as rich as we seem *to ourselves* to *deserve* to be—and I trust that our self-esteem would not leave us, which I now believe mine would—if I wished for anything more than the liberty of traveling a little and seeing our Friends without caring for the Cost.

Henry's Shipmates called him Mr. Wilberforce—and said he

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was a spy and that they must take care what they did and said before him. William desires me to tell you not to be in such a bustle of expectation about the poem, he is sure it will not sell, nor be admired more than the [?] he has already published. He says I was not justified in saying that we would apply any part of the money subscribed for the children to the use I mentioned, that is, must collect the sum for a [?] Shillings and Sixpences and half crowns among friends. Your letter to Sara is just arrived. I am glad you approve of my plan of the tombstone. You talk of your Husband's being appointed to overlook the Press as if it were no trouble. I fear we are already too late for this Session—all the world will have left London.

William laughs at what I say of the Women and Henry Hutchinson, he says that we are very conceited about it—that if a Woman were in distress she would find the *Men* the kindest. I believe that may be true.

Address: Mrs Clarkson, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.

MS.

335. *D. W. to Jane Marshall*

K(—)

May 11th, 1808.

My dear Friend,

We return you and your Sister most hearty thanks for your liberal donation to our poor Orphans. It is far more than I expected, or dared to wish for, but I hope that you will hereafter have satisfaction in the remembrance of this your kindness to them; for there never was a more promising Family. They are pure, innocent, and affectionate in a remarkable degree; and they are all placed, though in three different Families, with persons who I am sure will take care of them through love, and we shall be on the spot to see that they advance properly in their school-learning. The sum already raised amounts to 300£ which, with what we have reason further to expect, will be amply sufficient for the purpose mentioned in the statement which I sent to you, and we hope that there will be something considerable remaining to be hereafter divided amongst them according to their several deserts, to help to set them forward in life; by means of which some of them may be enabled to provide for

themselves that sort of humble independance which their ancestors possessed, and their Parents so dearly prized. Our little Sally is a very good girl, affectionate and sweet-tempered, but of slow faculties, the only one of the family who appears to be so. You will perceive from what I said that it is not necessary that you should exert yourself further in this cause, especially as there are so many calls of distress in your own neighbourhood. We have subscribed nothing ourselves, thinking that we cannot afford more than what we shall have to expend for Sally, who will not be fit to take care of herself for at least two years, and we intend to clothe her and fit her out completely when she leaves us. Our applications to our Friends have been very successful, which above all we rejoice at for the Children's sake; and also we hope that so much money coming through our hands will be an additional advantage to them, my Sister being one of the committee of Ladies who are to have the management of the Funds and to overlook the Children. This is a great advantage as giving us authority; for there is one Lady who is very self-conceited and very meddling and would fain have every thing of her own doing. She is the only person who has behaved ill on this occasion. Sometimes I may make you laugh when I give you an account of her insolence and rudeness to me when I attended in Mary's place, when the children were conducted to their homes. I gained however a complete victory, and the Lady disgraced herself in the eyes of all her associates, and even of the whole Parish of Grasmere. The Sum already subscribed amounts to 200£ of which above sixty have passed through our hands. It has been very pleasing to observe how much all the inhabitants of Grasmere have been interested for the Orphans. Many affecting circumstances have been witnessed by us, of which and the whole event I have drawn up a minute narrative—to be preserved in our Family. You shall see it when we meet again—I am sure it will interest you. My Brother was very much pleased with your frankness in telling us that you did not perfectly like his Poem. He wishes to know, what your feelings were—whether the *tale* itself did not interest you—or whether you could not enter into the conception of Emily's Character, or take delight in that visionary communion which is supposed to have existed

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between her and the Doe. Do not fear to give him pain. He is far too much accustomed to be abused to receive pain from it (at least as far as he himself is concerned)—My reason for asking you these questions is, that some of our friends who are equal admirers of the 'White Doe' and of my Brother's published poems, think that *this* Poem will sell, on account of the story; that is, that the story will bear up those parts which are above the level of the publick taste; whereas in¹ the two last volumes, which except by a few solitary individuals, who are passionately devoted to my Brother's works, are abused by wholesale. Now as his sole object for publishing this poem at present would be for the sake of the money, he would not publish it if he did not think from the several judgments of his Friends that it would be likely to have a Sale. He has no pleasure in publishing—he even detests it—and if it were not that he is *not* over wealthy, he would leave all his works to be published after his Death. William himself is sure that the *White Doe* will not sell or be admired except by a very few at first; therefore though he once was inclined to publish it, he is very averse to it now and only yields to Mary's entreaties and mine. We are determined, however, if we are deceived this time to let him have his own way in future. God bless you. I rejoice that your 8th child is a *Boy*. If it please God that they all live, what a fine family they will be. Kind love to all Friends at North Hall—and to your Husband.

Would you believe it? we too had dreams about Loch Ketterine when we saw the advertisements—not quite so substantial as your dreams. (Unsigned).

Address: Mrs Marshall, New Grange, near Leeds.

K(—)

336. W. W. to Walter Scott

Grasmere, May 14, 1808.

[For this letter v. p. 458e]

¹ MS. *sic*.

MAY OR JUNE 1808

MS.¹

337. W. W. to S. T. Coleridge

My dearest Coleridge,

[late May or early June, 1808]

My sister shall now take the pen for a while, as I have much to say and I shall be so completely tired that my writing will, I fear (whatever it may be in the beginning) become illegible. Since we wrote to you our dear Sara has been, I might say, to all appearance perfectly well, till yesterday when she had a slight return of the pain; to-day her pulse is irregular; in the morning it was very quick, and now (8 o'clock in the afternoon) it is slow, but upon the whole her health is very much better: the warm weather seems to suit her. My reasons in the affair of the Orphans were as follows; first a sum considerably exceeding what is already raised, would have excited much envy and unkindly feeling among the poor families of this neighbourhood, many of which may deem themselves equally needy and deserving, 2dly much irregular and romantic expectation in distressed persons, an evil which cannot altogether be prevented at present, though the subscription has a specific object, viz to preserve the children from being *let out* to board, and from being next made Parish apprentices of, and to give them good food and clothing and to teach them to read and write and should any surplus remain to set them forward according to their supposed deserts: 3dly that a large sum would have tended to rob them of the personal exertions in their favour of many Friends in this neighbourhood and would make too many of those who have already subscribed regret the money which they had given, seeing it no longer necessary for the purpose they had in view, a bad sort of repentance this as you will clearly see! 4thly a sum much exceeding what was wanted for the specific object mentioned above, would have left the Committee at a loss what to do with it, and imposed upon them a weight of responsibility beyond what they contracted for, and under which they would have been uneasy; at least, with the slender understanding which some of them possess, under which wise Men would have been uneasy for them. 5thly whenever any other conspicuous distress should happen in future, and any

¹ This letter exists in two drafts; the copy sent to Coleridge is lost.

similar exertions should be made, and meet with perhaps little success, the failure would have been attributed to the overdoing of the thing in the affair of the Greens; and lastly the transition in the state of one part of George Green's family would have been very abrupt; the elder children by his first wife might have envied the condition of their Brothers and Sisters by the second, and their present kindness to them which has been exemplary would not in their own feelings have told so much (why rob them of this satisfaction?) and the younger ones taken out of their present state in society in this extraordinary manner to be placed one would be at a loss to know where, might have been puffed up with vanity and pride, and insensibly led to associate unworthy feelings of complacency with the melancholy end of their parents.—I could say much more, but this may serve. I now take the pen myself. You will have perceived that I have read your last letter, and when I tell you that it is not more than an hour and a half ago, during which time I have dined, you may conclude from the leisurely enumeration of the above reasons that my mind is tranquil. There is more than one sentence in your letter which I blushed to read, and which you yourself would have been unable to write, could never have thought of writing, nay, the matter of which could never even have passed through your mind, had you not acquired a habit, which I think a very pernicious one, of giving by voice and pen to your most lawless thoughts, and to your wildest fancies, an external existence; thus furnishing the bad Soul as well as the Good with an ever ready Companion and Encourager; and finding by insensible reconciliation fair and attractive bosom-inmates in productions from which you ought to have recoiled as monsters. Hence there is more than one sentence in your last Letter (I cannot sully this paper by transcribing them) which would abundantly have justified me in passing over all the accusations it contains as utterly unworthy of notice, coming as they needs must have done from a man in a lamentably insane state of mind. I am not speaking harshly; your Letter is before me and at your desire shall be restored to you, and even to yourself in some better mood would make good what I have said. But out of the mouths of Babes and Sucklings is God glorified, and as

there is sometimes truth in the phrenzy of wine, so we will also admit the possibility of some matter of truth being uttered in those transports of passion of which your letter from first to last is the deplorable expression and outcry. I shall therefore reply to so much of your Letter as I deem proper to notice, saying so much and no more than in wisdom (you would term it *prudence*) I ought to say.—And first let me sweep away some of the rubbish of which I hoped to have never heard more. You tell me that Stoddart conceives from my Letter that I approved his conduct and you add (from which I gather that you must have seen the Letter), how could he do otherwise? And you then ask immediately if it is honourable to me that your character should be indifferent in my eyes. I hope you have already repented of this question if you remember it. This question put to me because I did not stoop to put your character into one scale and Stoddart's in another and proceed to weigh them, save me from such profanation! I answered to him coolly and dispassionately, I did not give way to indignation and scorn, for I felt neither the one nor the other. His letter demanded a specific answer to a specific question and I gave that answer, to that I confined myself, and it was the answer I will be bold to say of a thoughtful (if not of a wise) and good man. It is not in my nature to feel indignation in such cases, you stood in my esteem at such an immeasurable distance from Stoddart, that I could no more think of anything he could say or do as reflection on your reputation than I should dream that the sun would be darkened to the Island of Great Britain by a braken fire on one of our mountains. You take praise to yourself for the reproof which you could have poured out against him, if I had stood in your place, and you in mine; I should draw from this not as you do that [you] are more solicitous about my reputation, but that you rested with less complacency upon its own native and absolute dignity, and that you more easily conceive it to be subordinated in any of the regions of power to such a mind as Stoddart's. By no violence done to my nature can I think of Stoddart and you in this connection. I passed over Stoddart in this as below my notice, but if it were necessary I could bring a world of evidence to prove that upon all rational occasions I have defended you

with delicacy and zeal, not merely when accusations were openly made against you, but in the more necessary cases when I knew that they were secretly harboured, and in breasts where I knew that it was of *real importance* to you that they should not exist. But passing over this I may tell you that when I first went to London three years ago I was taught by experience from the duties which I simply imagined were imposed on me not the inutility merely of being standing Advocate for the reputation either literary or moral of a man of great powers, but the injury done by it to the very person whom you meant to serve. Facts which will always invoke retorts of scorn [?] to you in value¹ I would deny if false, motives I would say, if bad, were utterly inconsistent with what I knew of my Friend's character, but to break out into Philippics of scorn and contempt only renders the persons intended to be punished or amended more virulent enemies of all that is good. I will venture to say further, with respect to yourself, that it would be an unpardonable waste of time to notice an hundredth part of the accusations brought against you, a man's life might be spent in that and nothing else. I said nothing upon your statement of the whole of Stoddart's conduct. True, because when the subject was not hateful it was despicable. I deemed it wise to consign it to silence, as being the shortest and best road to oblivion—You kindly wrote a Letter to me pointing out the curse of Wallace's chaplain as a good subject for a poem, I made no reply to this; but it did not follow that I had not thought about it; as much occupied as my mind was then what could be expected?² in fact during my residence with you in Town I had only one object which *interested* me viz., the state of your health and what could be done to save you. When I think of the sacredness of my feelings in connection with this object it is a strange thing indeed to be summoned now to Mrs Hazlitt and her sapient conclusions in order to assert (for of proof the thing is incapable if what must be in your own head does not prove it) that in the affair of Shakespeare's sonnets I did *not* take part with her Brother against you. The question was asked in her presence, I said I knew nothing

¹ MS. *sic*.

² MS. As much as occupied my mind was then could be expected.

about it; Miss Lamb said you had quoted a Friend; and then she added that her reason for asking was because Stoddart had positively asserted that you had not. O, replied I scoffingly, depend upon it the father may be trusted in the case of his own Child. The fact was I had associated so much slight and contempt with the whole conceit, and was so disgusted with the petty jealousy and watchfulness of a Stoddart over such a wretched Bantling, that I could not abstain from a sneer, a thing which I am not very prone to. Perhaps that sort of language is so little natural to me that even the simple Miss Stoddart may be excusable for not understanding it; but that you should require this explanation—alas! what is friendship, what is genius, what is true, and what is truth herself, if this be necessary! I mentioned to you what I had said, and on sober reviewing the reviewing, I deemed it more probable that S. should be right than Miss L. You observed NO, for it was her positive against his negative. But, replied I, remember, how in such a case *he* would prick his ears—you did not think this outweighed the other, and therein we differed. But the words which I spoke were¹ spoken in Miss S's hearing in no other spirit than what I have said; how could I consider your honour or integrity in any way involved in the question? Either the remark was good or not, if good when I consider how many whales Stoddart has drawn out of your Ocean, where then would have been the mighty sin if on such an occasion you had not felt yourself bound to say that you had [? taken] no minnow from his fishpond—if the conjecture was worthless, as I deemed it, you saved him from the disgrace of it. Far too much of so mean a subject.

I come now to Lloyd—years have often passed without my seeing him—I am now at his house perhaps four times a year and always for a particular purpose.—the female part of my family have more connection with them on Mrs. Lloyd's account, who is now living and has long been living in hourly apprehension that he will be obliged to be confined in a Mad House or he will destroy himself. He requested me some time ago to have a person set to watch him; at present he is not so sane, as to do that—and I should not be in the least surprized to hear that he

¹ MS. where.

had put himself away, at any hour. Do not let this be mentioned. The Women of my family have in compassion given to Mrs Lloyd something of their company ; she has no sympathy or advice from any other quarter, and I deemed that they are to be commended for what they have done.—Whenever I have been constrained to think of Lloyd for a moment as a moral and accountable Being, it is true I have spoken of him as you say ; but that has only been for a moment, for the habit of my mind is and always has been to think of him as a Madman. And for his family's sake alone have I had the little intercourse which I have had with him. On this I could say more, but it is unnecessary. You were *convulsed*, you say, when you heard that Sara had been at his house, yet it may be proper to remind you that you yourself five or six years ago when surely you had not reason to think very highly of Mr Lloyd, volunteered a visit to his House and stayed with him all night. I remind you of this not to reproach you, but to preserve you from such agitations in future. You say that all the follies and vices and crimes of Lloyd never called from me a word of blame reproach or indignation, and nothing of the kind was heard till I was told that he had said that you were, in his opinion, a greater Poet than I. In the former part of this assertion you are grievously mistaken, and I wonder how you could make it ; in the latter I would rather trust to your memory than my own ; if it be true that I was unworthily moved on hearing this opinion, thank God ! I am wonderfully improved since that day, for such a sentence from the mouths of a jury the choice of all the poets from Homer and Isaiah to Cowper and Burns, confirmed by my own understanding, would have given me the highest pleasure. Passing by many most reprehensible and ungrateful accusations against those I best love, I now come to one sentence in which you speak of Sara's Letters being written under Mary's eye and mine ; these words I deem both unmanly and ungentlemanly, and were almost the only words in your letter which roused me. Sara's letters, either those she writes or receives do not any of them pass under my eye, and I am surprized you should so far forget yourself as to use such an expression. She is 34 years of age and what have I to do with overlooking her letters ! [It is indeed my business to prevent

poison entering into her mind and body from any quarter, but it would indeed be an extreme case in which I should solicit permission to explore her letters to know whether such poison were contained in them.]¹ With respect to Mary (on her part I was not moved) but I know that both Sara and Dorothy have received many letters from you since I came last to Grasmere that Mary has not seen, and for those letters which Sara writes to you, Mary never read one of them nor a *line* of one of them in her life, nor did she ever hear a word of them read by Sara or any other person, except the Letter in which she stated her case for Dr B. I have asked Dorothy if she ever saw Sara's Letters to you, to which she replies that she never saw Sara's Letters to you, except one sentence (she looking for one thing, viz. the state of S.'s case) and unfortunately glancing her eye upon another; the sentence she asked Sara to explain. This *cruel sentence* as you call it is that which you assert has occasioned you so much misery and which Dorothy tells me you have misinterpreted. D. neither saw any other word of that or any other Letter ever written by Sara to you. I come now to the keystone of our offences viz. our cruelty, a hope in infusing into Sara's mind the notion that your attachment to her has been the curse of all your happiness. So far from our having done this the very reverse is the truth. They did not pretend to deny (for my part I have meddled little with the affair) that your passion was a source to you of much misery; but they always told her that it was a gross error to appropriate this to herself; they laboured to convincing her of this; telling her that your mind must [?] have had such a determination to some object or other, that she was not therefore the cause, but merely to use your own distinction the innocent occasion of this unhappiness, that in fact as far as *you* were concerned she might congratulate herself; had this passion fixed upon a []² of a different kind what might you not have suffered? you precipitate yourself into friendships (amities if you think the word too strong) . . . and trust to providence for pulling you out of them. I was not your [?] of such affection for Stoddart nor that you [?] a score of persons to whom you have tied yourself since I knew you; bear with me

¹ This sentence is deleted.² Space left blank.

then if I am also slower to share your hatreds and resentments. Each of our dispositions has in this its habits and character. I am not fond of making myself hastily beloved and admired, you take more delight in it than a wise man ought. I am naturally slow to love and to cease loving, you promptitude. But here lies the inconsistency. You called not upon me to participate with you in hasty []¹ sympathy or friendships with a score of persons to whom you have tied yourself since I first knew you, bear with me then if I appear remiss in sharing your feelings when those friendships are [?] or are [?] into dislikes or hatreds. After words for these general [?] I return to particulars. you called not upon me to keep side by side with you in the long tour of sympathies which has often [?] cheered] you forward with persons whose faces you hardly know, bear with me then. It often surprized me to see you fallen at once into a long trot of sympathy with persons whose faces you hardly knew; you perhaps are equally surprized at my [*cetera desunt*]

MS. 338. W. W. to Francis Wrangham
M. G. K.

Grasmere, June 5th, 1808.

My dear Wrangham,

I have this moment received your Letter. Montagu is a most provoking Fellow; very kind, very humane, very generous, very ready to serve, with a thousand other good qualities; but in the practical business of life the arrantest Mar-plan that ever lived. When I first wrote to you, I wrote also to him, sending the statement which I sent to you, and begging his exertions *among his friends*. By and by comes back my statement having undergone a rifaciamento from his hands, and printed; with an accompanying Letter saying that if some of the principal people in this neighbourhood who had already subscribed, would put their names to this Paper testifying that this was a proper case for charitable interference; or that the *Persons mentioned were proper objects of Charity*, that he would have the printed Paper inserted in the public Newspapers, etc. etc. Upon which my Sister wrote to him that in consequence of what had been already subscribed,

¹ Space left blank.

and what we had reason to expect from those Friends who were privately stirring in the business, among whom we chiefly alluded to you, in our own minds, as one on whom we had most dependence, that there would be no necessity for *public advertisements*; but that if amongst his private Friends he could raise any thing for us, we should be *very glad* to receive it. And upon this does he write to you in this (what shall I call it, for I am really vexed) blundering manner!!! I will not call upon you to undertake the awkward task of rebuilding that part of the Edifice which Montagu has destroyed, but let what remains be preserved, and if a little could be added there would be no harm. I must request you to transmit the money to me with the names of the Persons to whom we are obliged, in order that they may be inserted in the Book which is lodged with the Treasurer.

With regard to the latter, and more important part of your letter, I am under many difficulties. I am writing from a window which gives me a view of a little Boat gliding quietly about upon the surface of our Bason of a lake. I should like to be in it, but what could I do with such a Vessel in the heart of the Atlantic Ocean? As this Boat would be to that Navigation, so is a letter to the subject upon which you would set me afloat. Let me however say that I have read your sermon¹ (which I lately received from Longman) with much pleasure. I only gave it a cursory perusal, for since it arrived our family has been in great confusion, we having removed to another House, in which we are not yet half settled. The Appendix I had received before in a frank, and of that I feel myself more entitled to speak, because I had read it more at leisure.

I am entirely of accord with you, in chiefly recommending religious Books for the Poor, but of many of those which you recommend I can neither speak in praise nor blame, as I have never read them. Yet, as far as my own observation goes, which has been mostly employed upon agricultural Persons in thinly-peopled districts, I cannot find that there is much disposition to read among the labouring Classes, or much occasion for it. Among Manufacturers and Persons engaged in sedentary employments it is, I know, very different. The labouring man in

¹ *The Gospel best promulgated by National Schools.*

agriculture generally carries on his work either in solitude, or with his own Family, persons whose minds he is thoroughly acquainted with, and with whom he is under no temptation to enter into discussion, or to compare opinions. He goes home from the field, or the Barn, and within and about his own house he finds a hundred little jobs which furnish him with a change of employment, which is grateful and profitable ; then comes supper, and to bed. This for week-days : for Sabbaths he goes to Church, with us mostly twice a day ; on coming home some one turns to the Bible, finds the Text and probably reads the chapter whence it is taken, or perhaps some other ; and in the afternoon the master or mistress frequently reads the Bible, if alone ; and on this day the mistress of the house *almost always* teaches the children to read, or as they express it, hears them a Lesson ; or, if not thus employed, they visit their neighbours or receive them in their own houses as they drop in, and keep up by the hour a slow and familiar chat. This kind of life of which I have seen much, and which I know will be looked upon with little complacency by many religious persons, from its bearing no impression of their particular modes of faith and from its want of fervent piety and habitual godliness, is peaceable ; and as innocent as (the frame of society and the practices of government being what they are) we have a right to expect ; besides, it is much more intellectual than a careless observer would suppose.

One of our Neighbours, who lives as I have described, was yesterday walking with me, and as we were pacing on, talking about indifferent matters, by the side of a Brook, he suddenly said to me, with great spirit and a lively smile : ‘ I like to walk where I can hear the sound of a Beck ’ (the word as you know in our dialect for a brook). I cannot but think that this Man, without being conscious of it, has had many devout feelings connected with the appearances which have presented themselves to him in his employment as a Shepherd, and the pleasure of his heart at that moment was an acceptable offering to the divine Being. But to return to the subject of Books ; I find, among the people I am speaking of, half-penny Ballads, and penny and two-penny histories, in great abundance ; these are often bought as charitable tributes to the poor Persons who hawk them about

(and it is the best way of procuring them); they are frequently stitched together in tolerably thick volumes, and such I have read; some of the contents, though not often religious, very good; others objectionable, either for the superstition in them (such as prophecies, fortune-telling, etc.) or more frequently for indelicacy. I have so much felt the influence of these straggling papers, that I have many a time wished that I had talents to produce songs, poems, and little histories, that might circulate among other good things in this way, supplanting partly the bad; flowers and useful herbs to take [the] place of weeds. Indeed some of the Poems which I have published were composed, not without a hope that at some time or other they might answer this purpose.

The kind of Library which you recommend would not, I think, from the reasons given above, be of much direct use in any of the agricultural or pastoral districts of Cumberland or Westmorland with which I am acquainted, though almost every person can read: I mean of *general* use as to morals or behaviour; it might however with individuals do much in awakening enterprize, calling forth ingenuity, and fostering genius. I have known several Persons who would eagerly have sought, not after these Books merely, but *any* Books, and would have been most happy in having such a collection to repair to. The knowledge thus acquired would also have spread, by being dealt about in conversation among their Neighbours, at the door, or by the fire-side—so that it is not easy to foresee how far the good might extend; and harm I can see none, which would not be greatly overbalanced by the advantage.

The situation of Manufacturers is deplorably different. The monotony of their employments renders some sort of stimulus, intellectual or bodily, absolutely necessary for them. Their work is carried on in clusters, Men from different parts of the world, and perpetually changing; so that every individual is constantly in the way of being brought into contact with new notions and feelings, and of being unsettled in his own accordingly. A select Library therefore, in such situations, may be of the same use as a public Dial, keeping every Body's clock in some kind of order. Besides, contrasting the Manufacturer with the Agriculturalist,

it may be observed that he has much more leisure, and in his over-hours (not having other pleasant employment to turn to) he is more likely to find reading a relief. What then are the Books which should be put in his way? Without being myself a clergyman, I have no hesitation in saying, chiefly religious ones; though I should not go so far as you seemed inclined to do, excluding others because they are not according to the letter, or in the spirit of your profession. I, with you, feel little disposed to admire several of those mentioned by Gilbert Burns, much less others which you name as having been recommended. In G. Burns' collection there may be too little religion, and I should fear that you, like all other Clergymen, may confine yourself too exclusively to that concern which you justly deem the most important, but which by being exclusively considered can never be thoroughly understood. I will allow with you that Religion is the eye of the Soul, but if we would have successful Soul-oculists, not merely that organ, but the general anatomy and constitution of the intellectual frame must be studied: farther, the powers of that eye are affected by the general state of the system. My meaning is, that piety and religion will be best understood by him who takes the most *comprehensive* view of the human mind, and that for the most part, they will strengthen with the general strength of the mind; and that this is best promoted by a due mixture of direct and indirect nourishment and discipline. For example, *Paradise Lost* and *Robinson Crusoe* might be as serviceable as *Law's Serious Call*,¹ or *Melmoth's Great Importance of a Religious Life*;² at least, if the books be all good, they would mutually assist each other.

In what I have said, though following my own thoughts merely as called forth by your Appendix, is *implied* an answer to your request that I would give you 'half an idea upon education as a national object'. I have only kept upon the surface of the question; but you must have deduced, that I deem any plan of national education in a country like ours most difficult to apply to practice. In Switzerland, or Sweden, or Norway, or France, or Spain, or anywhere but Great Britain, it would be

¹ *A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life* (1728).

² William Melmoth, barrister and religious writer (1666–1743).

comparatively easy. Heaven and Hell are scarcely more different from each other than Sheffield and Manchester, etc. differ from the plains and vallies of Surrey, Essex, Cumberland, or Westmorland. We have mighty Cities and Towns of all sizes, with Villages and Cottages scattered everywhere. We are Mariners, Miners, Manufacturers in tens of thousands: Traders, Husbandmen, everything. What form of discipline, what Books or doctrines, I will not say would equally suit all these; but which, if happily fitted for one, would not perhaps be an absolute nuisance in another?

You will also have deduced that nothing romantic can be said with truth of the influence of education upon the district in which I live. We have, thank heaven, free schools, or schools with some endowment, almost everywhere, and almost every one can read; but not because we have free or endowed schools, but because our land is, far more than elsewhere, tilled by men who are the Owners of it; and as the population is not over-crowded, and the vices which are quickened and cherished in a crowded population do not therefore prevail, Parents have more ability and inclination to send their Children to School; much more than in manufacturing districts, and also, though in a less degree, more than in agricultural ones, where the Tillers are not proprietors.

If in Scotland the Children are sent to School, where the Parents have not the advantage I have been speaking of, it is chiefly because their labour can be turned to no account at home. Send among them Manufacturers, or Farmers on a large scale, and, you may indeed substitute Sunday-schools, or other modes of instructing them, but the ordinary parish Schools will be neglected. The influence of our schools in this neighbourhood can never be understood if this their connection with the state of landed property be overlooked. In fact that influence is not striking. The people are not habitually religious in the common sense of the word, much less godly. The effect of their schooling is chiefly seen in the activity with which the young Persons emigrate, and the success attending it; and at home, by a general orderliness and gravity, with habits of independence and self-respect; nothing obsequious or fawning is ever to be seen amongst them.

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It may be added that this ability (from the two causes, Land and Schools) of giving their children instruction contributes to spread a respect for Scholarship through the Country. If in any Family one of the Children should be quicker at his Book, or fonder of it than others, he is often marked out in consequence for the profession of a Clergyman; this (before these mercantile or manufacturing employments held out such flattering hopes) very generally happened; so that the schools of the North were the great nurseries of Curates, several of whom got forward in their profession; some with, and others without, the help of a University education; and, in all instances, such connection of families (all the members of which lived in the humblest and plainest manner, working with their own hands as labourers) with a learned and dignified profession assisted (and still does, though in a less degree) not a little to elevate their feelings, and conferred importance on them in their own eyes.

But I must stop. My dear Wrangham, begin your education at the top of society; let the head go in the right course and the tail will follow. But what can you expect of national education conducted by a government which for twenty years resisted the abolition of the Slave Trade; and annually debauches the morals of the people by every possible device? holding out the temptation with one hand, and scourging with the other. The distilleries and Lotteries are standing records that the Government cares nothing for the morals of the People, and that all they want is their money.—But Wisdom and Justice are the only true sources of the revenue of a people—preach this, and may you not preach in vain! Wishing you success in every good work I remain your affectionate friend

Wm. Wordsworth.

Thanks for your enquiries about our little boy. He is well, though not yet quite strong.

This is a Copy¹ of my Letter which was so ill penned that you could not have read it.

Address: The Rev^d Fr. Wrangham, Hunmanby, near Bridlington, Yorkshire.

¹ The original letter is in existence, no worse written than most of W.'s correspondence.

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MS.

339. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

K(—)

Sunday June 5th [1808].¹

We live at Allan Bank but I shall always date

Grasmere.

My dear Friend,

A short letter will be worth the postage as it will tell you good news of dearest Sara, which, if bad has reached you, will set you at ease. The fact is, that in the beginning of last week she was worse than usual, but she is now greatly better ; to-day perfectly well, and I hope that the increased pain might be attributed solely to the uncertain weather, and to the bustle of removing. She did not take part in the bustle, but it was impossible that she should have perfect quiet. We are now, however, tolerably settled ; though there is much to do for Henry and me, who are the only able-bodied people in the house except the servant and *William*, who you know is not expected to do anything. Henry is the most useful creature in the world, and, being very poor, we are determined to make the Carpets and do everything ourselves, for he is as good as a tailor, and at the same time a very pleasant companion, and fellow-labourer. Judge how busy I must have been for this fortnight past—papers, linen, books, everything to look over in the old house and put by in the new—besides curtains to make etc. etc. etc.—In another fortnight all will be over we hope ; for Henry and I work body and soul, and with less we should never be done. Sara sews a little, but we suffer nothing that can fatigue her, and Dearest Mary sprained her right arm three weeks ago and cannot yet use it even to write a letter. We are very thankful it is no worse ; she fell over some planks and her whole Frame might have been terribly shaken. Her health is on the whole as good as could be expected in her present situation, yet she does not look as well as she has done, and is not so fat, or more properly speaking is *thinner*. We have been miserably anxious about dearest Coleridge, having had bad accounts of him from two quarters, but a letter from Lady Beaumont to-day tells us he is better. We expect one from himself to-night. Sara and I have a delicious view from our several

¹ June: D. W. has written April.

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room windows—both look to the East—the mighty mountains of Fairfield and Seat Sandal, now green to their very summits. Oh! that you could see that mass of clouds now resting on the Pass which we used to traverse in our visits to you, that Pass where William and I were near being lost for ever. Oh, that you could see the bonny cottages and their tufts of trees and the sweet green fields! It is a soothing scene, and I trust you will one day behold it, and sit with me in this my little Castle, where I now write. We already feel the comfort of having each a room of our own, and begin to love them—but the dear cottage! I will not talk of it. To-day the loveliness of the outside, the laburnums being in the freshness of their beauty, made me quite sad—and all within, how desolate! The poem¹ is not to be published till next winter. To-day has been a day of letter writing with me. I shall have no more time till next Sunday. Do write to us, and a long letter. Why did we not get Mr. Clarkson's book² by the same conveyance which brought it to Luff? We long to see it. God bless you for ever my beloved Friend, believe me always your faithful and affectionate

Dorothy Wordsworth.

What a great fellow Tom must be!

Do not fail [to send] the first volume of the Portraiture with the other *if possible*. Mr. Clarkson's letter was forwarded [to] Mr T. Hutchinson.

Address: Mrs Clarkson, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.

MS. 340. *W. W. to Lady Holland*

Grasmere, June 20th [1808]

My dear Madam,

I have just received your obliging Letter informing me of the Collection which by your means has been made for our Grasmere Orphans.³ I thank you sincerely for your kind and successful

¹ *The White Doe of Rylstone.*

² *The History of the Rise, Progress, and Accomplishment of the Abolition of the African Slave-Trade*, 2 vols., 1808. W. had seen it in MS. v. p. 140.

³ The Subscription Book, still extant, shows that Lady Holland's Collection amounted to £33 12s. Among her friends who subscribed were Lords Kinnaird, Spenser, and Bessborough, and the Dukes of Devonshire and

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exertions in their behalf, and also for your own subscription. Will your Ladyship be so good as to order the money to be paid to Masterman, Peters, Walker &c Bankers, No 2 White Hart Court, Grace-church street, to be transmitted by them to the Kendal Bank, for the use of the Orphans, Green, at Grasmere.

It will be a satisfaction to you to hear, that we have raised as much money as we think we shall have occasion for, and that there is every prospect that it will be of substantial service to the Children. Lord Holland will accept of my best thanks for his subscription.

My Sister joins with me in respectful remembrances to yourself and his Lordship.

I have the honour to be Madam,
Your Ladyships obliged and humble Serv^{nt}
W. Wordsworth.

MS. 341. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

Grasmere Sunday July 3rd or 4th (I believe) [1808]

My dear Friend,

I believe it is a fortnight, or perhaps more since I promised (through Sara) to write to Coleridge in the course of a few days. Such was my intention when Sara wrote but day after day I waited in the hope of hearing from Coleridge himself; and truly at last I had not the heart to write, we having written so many times to him urgently entreating him to write, yet having received no answer. I resolved to wait for another letter from you, which arrived the day before yesterday. Thank God! it brings us a good account of his health upon the whole, and I am tolerably easy on that score. We had had, *indirectly*, such bad accounts of his health that we had much uneasiness. This letter *to you* will answer the same purpose as if it were to him, and a better should he, by any chance, have left Bury; for it would be grievous to

Bedford. W. had met Lady Holland when she was staying at Lowood in August 1807. In her diary she notes that she found him 'much superior to his writings, and his conversation is even beyond his abilities. I should almost fear that he is disposed to apply his talents more towards making himself a *vigorous conversationist*, in the style of our friend Sharp, than to improve his style of composition'.

you to forward a Grasmere letter out of your house without knowing its Contents, and if he be gone you can write to him, and this, my dear Friend, I beg that you will do. I wish I could say that Sara is actually much better but this I cannot do, though, *at present*, she is better, but we do not know how long it may last; for since she wrote to you the pain in her side has been worse than it had ever been before—She applied Leeches and was relieved, but the pain has since returned, though in a less degree. I hope there is not much reason for alarm, but I should have been more easy if there were any thing in the weather, or any other external circumstances to account for her having been worse. Today she seems to be almost without pain; and was tolerably well yesterday, and the day before perfectly so, till she walked to Mrs King's, and the exercise of walking brought on the pain very bad. I would not alarm you, yet I should wish you to know exactly how she is, and it is very difficult nay impossible to tell all; and as I do tell the very worst, I cannot but fear that you should be alarmed more than is necessary; for it is impossible for me to give you an exact notion of all the *good* that is about her, and at a distance we magnify evils. Her looks are no worse, I think better than they were some time ago; her pulse, it is true, has been at times too quick, yet upon the whole it is pretty good. She has no cough, but sometimes, though rarely, a disposition to *hem*. Her Face flushes a little occasionally, but I think not more perhaps than it may have done when she was in perfect health; but now we notice every thing—certainly at another time, the *hem* would have passed unnoticed. There is certainly nothing like a gradual worsening, nothing like a fixed disease; yet I must say that the pain in her side latterly has been with fewer interruptions than before. She has no sweatings, no difficulty in breathing, no swelling of the legs!—yet there must be something far amiss, or why this pain in the side? I have, however, heard of several persons who have broken blood-vessels, discharged great quantities of blood afterwards (which she has not done) and been in a state of great weakness (which she is not) besides having had pains in the *chest* and *side* yet have wholly recovered their health and strength. She takes Rhubarb regularly which she finds of the greatest use, and, instead of a blister,

she has rubbed her side with Emetic Tartar Ointment to cause an inflammation. Joanna and Miss Monkhouse are with us, they are both Invalids. Miss Monkhouse's complain[t], William thinks, is upon the Liver. Joanna's is entirely nervous. I believe that if she were put into a situation wholly to her mind she would immediately recover. She frets for the want of a home, and it does not seem likely that Tom will have one to offer her in the course of this year. I do not very well like his account of Sir Francis Blake, though he is liberal enough in his conduct to Tom, and I dare say to every-body else. I believe that Tom will have a troublesome place, Sir Francis having looked so little after his own concerns that the people about him are grown lazy or insolent, and probably many of them dishonest. We have had, and still have the most delightful weather, which would have been enough one would have supposed to have entirely cheated away dear Sara's pain. The hay-making has [bee]n begun more than a week. Our little-ones are impatient for the time when *we* are to begin. They are very happy in the Liberty and freedom of this place. John's greatest delight is in building houses of stones, slates, and sticks, and I assure you he is no bad architect! Dorothy is his humble helper; and Thomas is contented with admiring and destroying. John is pale and thin, and I think has not grown much of late; but he is well. Dorothy is the quickest creature, in motions, glances, words and conceptions that ever I beheld. They are gone together to the Town End, to pay their Granny an afternoon visit. They are very fond of going thither on any errand by themselves and would fain lead Thomas too, who *can* walk as far. Thomas is very much improved since we came to our new house. He is a very sweet-tempered, affectionate Child. He grows more and more like John in the face. Poor old Molly Fisher is at rest in the quiet grave. She had long and earnestly prayed for Death, therefore we were pleased and thankful when she died—but many a pensive thought have I in my walks to and from Town-end, of her and her chearful happy ways. The house where she lived is almost as desolate as our own, for her Brother, 'John Fisher', lives there alone. It goes through my heart to see her empty chair, and a hundred little things that she prized, remaining just

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as she left them, only dull and dusty.—Give my fondest love to dear Coleridge—Tell him that we have anxiously expected to hear from him, and were very uneasy till we heard from you that his health was tolerable. Whether he be with you or not, pray tell him all that I have told you respecting Sara—My dear Friend, I need not tell you how much we were distressed that you have been worse, and your poor Sister Clarkson!—God bless you for ever! do write soon, persuade Coleridge to write if you can, but at all events, write yourself—

God bless you, my dear Friend

Yours ever D. Wordsworth—

Mr Scambler, the Ambleside Apothecary, has just called—He says that Sara must eat no more animal food at present; that her pulse is *harder* and stronger than he has ever felt it, and if this symptom does not go off, after a few days' abstinence from animal food she must be bled with a lancet in the arm.

Address: Mrs Clarkson, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk.

MS.
J. K.

342. D. W. to Thomas De Quincey

Grasmere Sunday night July 7th [1808]

My dear Sir,

I hope I am not too late in replying to your kind proposal of looking out for us in the collection of old Books. I should have written immediately, but I was in hopes that my brother would make out a sort of Catalogue of his wants or wishes; but the former include so much that the task seems to be altogether unnecessary. His library is in fact little more than a chance collection of odd books (setting aside the poets, and a few other Books that are to be found everywhere). Therefore in general I may say that he wants all that is valuable and can be procured *very cheaply*. (Alas! if this last consideration could have been dispensed with, he would not now have had so small a stock of Books.) Clarendon—Burnet—any of the elder Histories—translations from the Classics chiefly historical—Plutarch's Lives,—Thucydides, Tacitus (I think he said), (by the bye, he *has* a translation of Herodotus), Lord Bacon's Works—Milton's Prose

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Works—in short, any of the good elder writers—but (after having looked over your friend's books with this key) if you will send a list of such as you think may suit my Brother, with the probable prices, he will make his choice among them. I write in great haste, not to lose the post, and my Brother is not here to help my memory; but I hope I have said enough to give you a general notion of what we wish for or want. In our walk last night we numbered over many books that we should like to have, but I took down no notes, and at this moment I cannot recall them.

I will not speak of our sorrow for your illness. You are recovered now, and we rejoice in thankfulness. At any time, and as soon as ever it suits you, we shall be most glad to see you. We are *settled* in our new house, where we have plenty of room and quietness for you. You may always have a sitting-room below stairs, and a bedroom above to yourself. All are well—the children delighted with the liberty and freedom of wandering up and down the green fields without fear of carriages or horses. With kind love from my brother and sister, I am, dear sir, your affectionate Friend,

Dorothy Wordsworth.

Do excuse this Scrawl.

My brother wishes very much to have Josephus's writings. How grievous if I am too late with this Letter—pray write and tell us when to expect you.

Address: Thomas de Quincey Esq^r., No 5 Northumberland St.,
Mary le bone, London.

MS. 343. *D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*
K(—)

Eusemere, Wednesday, August 3rd [1808]

A breezy day, Hallin before me clear with the lower mountains, Helvellyn shrouded in clouds. I write in the dining-room, i.e. your new room, not that room where you first received me. God bless you, my beloved friend, I have been led to this long preface by thoughts of you. I seemed to see with your eyes. I have been here since Monday night, and Sara is with me. I will tell you now, but first I must tell you that Sara is much better and looks

well ; she does not appear to be languid and yesterday she had no pain in her side, but this morning she had a little, which proves that the cause of our alarm is not passed away. There is, however, the greatest comfort, she is no worse, is stronger, has the pain less frequently and in less degree, therefore she must be better, and further her looks are steady. On Friday Fortnight John Monkhouse and Mary went to Grasmere in a gig, and on the Monday Sara left us with J. M. She was obliged to walk up the last steep on Kirkstone and down the first, yet when she arrived at Eusemere she was quite free from fatigue, and two days afterwards she wrote to us that she had not felt herself for many months so entirely free from languor and all uncomfortable bodily sensation as when she was in the gig ; but at the time she wrote she was not quite well and it was plain her spirits were not good. This alarmed us, perhaps the more from her having borne the journey so unusually well, for it happens often that consumptive people seem to ail nothing while they are moving about in carriages. It was so with poor Peggy Hutchinson. On the Sunday after she walked two miles up the Lake, was perhaps overfatigued, and her side has never been so bad as for two days, however she had at the same time a looseness which seemed to be of great service to her ; she applied the Leeches and a blister to her side and has ever since been much better. I can't tell you her looks are greatly mended, being steady, and though she eats no animal food she is even strong. I think, my dear Friend, you will be comforted with this account of her, and, like me, will hope almost confidently that she may have many years of Life. I do not exactly recollect when I wrote to you. Since that time I have lived in a sort of bustle, yet with great enjoyment at times. I wished Mary Monkhouse to see a little of our neighbourhood and the people, so one day we dined with the Lloyds, drank tea with Mrs. Green of Ambleside and varied our homeward walks. Mary is a sweet girl, affectionate and animated, enjoying highly all quiet and all social pleasures, and though [? brought] up at Penrith under her fretful Aunt and among many vulgar people is as calm as Mary Wordsworth, with a great deal of that freshness of mind which makes things delightful to young persons.

I think I mentioned to you once a young man of the name of

John Wilson,¹ who is building a house near Windermere. He is a man of Fortune, of good understanding, most affectionate heart, and very pleasing manners. The origin of our first acquaintance was his enthusiastic admiration of my Brother's poems, and he is now scarcely less enthusiastic in his admiration of my Brother. It seems as if he, and his whole family, thought they could hardly do enough to express their liking to us all,—no doubt in consequence of their reverence for him. His mother and sister are now at his cottage, which is close to his unfinished new house, and is the most enchanting spot in the world, under the shade of a large sycamore tree, looking down upon the lake and all its lovely islands, and upwards to Langdale Pikes and the sublime company of mountains. Well, at this place, about a month ago, we all spent a very pleasant day. Last Friday morning Mary Monkhouse and I rose at six o'clock, and breakfasted at Ambleside with Mrs Green. Mr Wilson's boat met us at the head of the water, and we stayed at his house till Sunday, when Miss Wilson brought us home in her mother's carriage.

The worst part of the stay I have however yet to tell. The walk through the heat on Friday proved too much for me. I had a bad headach till tea-time, when a violent sickness seized me. I continued vomiting and reaching till 12 o'clock at night, and a thousand times I wished myself at home, though I could not at home have been more kindly treated or have felt that I was less troublesome. The next day I was quite well, but very languid, and this languor was favourable to enjoyment for I had before my eyes a continually changing exhibition of loveliness and grandeur. It was a gleaming day with showers, and in the evening we sailed upon the water with three sail boats in company all decked in streamers. We had a splendid sunset and afterwards glorious clouds before us; behind was the moon and the Lake calm. Poor Mary Monkhouse was bewitched, and I was very happy. On Sunday afternoon we prepared to come hither, and in the morning I set off on a pony, William and Mary Monkhouse on foot and one of our Maids. We borrowed another horse at Rydale on which Mary mounted, and William took my place on the side saddle. I know not how it was, but my Bowels grew

¹ John Wilson; *v. E.L.*, p. 292.

bad. I stopped at Ambleside, was very poorly—William went to the Inn where he found Mr. Wilson, then both came to me at the house where I had called; William was alarmed to see me look so ill—Mr. Wilson distressed, and insisted that I should have a chaise for it had begun to rain. I could not consent, but the chaise was brought and we rode to Patterdale. I was indeed very thankful for the rest which I found in the chaise (for I must have walked from the top of Kirkstone) but I was thoroughly vexed with myself for having left home, and indeed I was poorly when I reached Patterdale. We dined at the Luffs, and they seemed to think me unfit to come forward, but from the moment I got into the Boat my headach began to go away, I grew stronger, and have been well ever since. William went home in the chaise and now here I am by the *fireside* (for the day is not warm), at Eusemere—but not by your fireside: I cannot express the sadness I felt at the first coming from the moment that the house appeared, and when we came in that first night was present in my mind, little Tom first put into Trousers, your dear husband Mr Clarkson, even Mrs Lewis whom I had seen before the door. I sleep in my old room, Sara sleeps in your room, Miss Green upstairs. The trees near the house are very much grown and those upon the Bank where they are sheltered by the willows which have grown very tall. The alders too have done well, but it is a pity that willows and alders were not planted all the way, for where the trees are unsheltered they have not grown at all. Your Sweet Briar and moss are still alive, but that is all I can say, the moss rose has had some more flowers but it is very low and has not thriven and worst of all the house—Barn—everything is washed bright yellow to Miss Green's great mortification, and to the annoyance of all beholders. This through a mistake of Lord Lonsdale's orders who has been very [?] and is making all alterations that Miss Green desires—one great improvement, the kitchen door is removed, a covered way is made from that corner beside the fire to the kitchen and back kitchen.—This makes the house very much warmer and prevents it from smoking. The inside of the house is going to be new painted. Miss Green is an exceedingly good and kind woman, and we are very quiet and comfortable. But it seems as if the

house wanted its masters, as if we were all lodgers. Henry H. is at Penrith; he has been to see George, who is very happy and much beloved by his Mother and Family. Henry is not yet determined what to do, for he has not yet heard of a Berth. I am sure he would be most happy to see you, but even if he were near you I know not whether he would have the courage, being so very shy. Sara does not fret herself about Tom—make yourself easy on that score. Joanna is going to sink her property and there is a little estate with a cottage at Grasmere, which is to be sold next week and if it goes cheap Wm buys it for Sara, and they will alter it and live together. Sara does not care about it for she is perfectly happy in our house, but Joanna wants to be *at home*—and will never be well till she has a house to bustle in. At all events, Sara will not leave Grasmere. One thing I must tell you. The Luffs' place is a paradise, but Mrs. L wants to be doing and is all agog to go to Holm Ground, for which desirable change a few hundred pounds are wanting. There is no one convenience, nay, luxury wanting at Patterdale, we cannot help wondering how so many things have been collected together—glasses, glass jugs all in style, Mahogany tables, dumb waiter and all kitchen conveniences complete. The garden and outside of the house called for unmingled approbation, for that is all done by attention and labour. The vegetables are the best in the country, the shrubs thriving, the walks neat and the house almost covered with trailing plants. I said to her what a delightful place—'a little pottering spot!' was her reply. Poor Luff has been very ill, but is better, and they go to Grasmere tomorrow. Mr. Askew has built *such* a house. It is exactly the shape of a glass to cover a melon or any single plant. I left our dear Mary very well—next month we expect the fourth Bairn; God grant it may be like the rest, Oh! they are sweet creatures. Dorothy at this time is quite a Beauty, and the most entertaining creature in the World; Thomas all love and sweetness; John a noble active fellow, but Alas! he does not take to his Book; Architecture is his favourite study. William was overwrought with the heat and the hay, and has been poorly.

What do you think of a PICNIC upon Grasmere Island? Nineteen of us were to have dined there, and were all caught in

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a thunder shower, and all wet to the skin on our way to the lake side. The feast was Mr Crump's, our Landlord. The Wilsons were of the party. Mr Wilson said to me, 'I would not for the world that shower had not come. For the world I would not have had nineteen Liverpool [persons ?] racketing, and walking about the whole day upon that island disturbing those poor sheep.' We dined at the Inn. Your letter dated the 15th did not reach me till Monday morning. We have heard nothing of Cole-ridge; I hope he will reach Grasmere this week. By the bye, what is the origin of the word pic-nic? Our Windermere gentlemen have a picnic almost every day. They call them always by that name.¹

Mr C's letter to Sara is [?]. I am reading his Book: most, most interesting.

Sara says that a fac simile of this letter may be published after my death, among the *Eloquent Epistles*. God love you.

Address: Mrs Clarkson, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk.

MS. 344. *W. W. to Walter Scott*
Lockhart(—) *K*(—)

Grasmere, August 4 [1808]

My dear Scott,

I wrote to you long ago; and to my great mortification have accidentally found my letter, dated June 20th, lying upon my study table, this day. We are here at a distance from the Post and send our letters off by Parcels, and the unfortunate one which I imagined had made one of a Parcel sent off at the time, must have been mislaid. I acknowledged in this Letter the receipt of two Scotch Notes of one Pound each for our Orphans; I have long since paid the money into the hands of the Treasurer and sincerely thank you and Mrs Scott for your kindness, the more so because the donation came unasked. I did not apply to you or any Friends in Scotland because I know that disasters of this kind often happen in your wild and mountainous Country; and that therefore the claim would be less felt; and could with

¹ picnic: the first use in English, found in Chesterfield's *Letters to his Son*, 1748, refers to a 'picnic' in *Germany*: not an *English* institution before 1800. *O.E.D.*

less propriety be urged. You will be happy to hear that we have raised a sum, that with the liberal help of the Parish will enable us to give the Children a good education, and put them in the way of earning a comfortable livelihood. Thank you for *Marmion*,¹ which I have read with lively pleasure. I think your end has been attained. That it is not in every respect the end which I should wish you to propose to yourself, you will be well aware, from what you know of my notions of composition, both as to matter and manner. How Mr Jeff[rey] has dealt with you I have not seen; nor of course the stupid nonsense which I am told he has written of me. With respect to your Poem I can say that in all the circle of my acquaintance, it seems as well liked as the *Lay*, though I have heard that in the world it is not so. Had the poem been better than the *Lay* it could scarcely have satisfied the public, which, at best, has too much of the monster, the moral monster, in its composition. In the notes you have quoted two lines of mine from memory, and your memory, admirable as it is, has here failed you. The passage stands with you

The swans on sweet St Mary's lake

The proper reading is

The *swan* on still St Mary's lake

I mention this that the erratum may be corrected in a future edition. Your Letter gave us the hope that we might see you here this Summer: it would afford us all great pleasure; we are now in a large house where you might be comfortably accommodated.

I had a peep at your edition of Dryden. I had not time to read the notes, which would have interested me much, namely the historical and illustrative ones; but some of the critical introductions I read, and am not surprized at the criticisms they contain, but rather surprized at them coming from you, who in your infancy and childhood must have had so many of the strains of native Poetry resounding in your ears. One passage in one of your notes I was grieved to see; not the language of praise applied to things which, according to my feelings, do not deserve it, but hard censure unjustly passed upon a great man,

¹ Both *Marmion* and Scott's ed. of Dryden were published in 1808.

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I mean Heywood, the dramatist. Only read (not to speak of any of his other things) his *Woman Killed with Kindness*. There is an exquisite strain of pathos in many parts of that play, which Dryden not only was utterly incapable of producing, but of feeling when produced. The praise which has been given to Otway, Heywood is far better entitled to. He does not indeed write like a poet, but his scenes are, many of them, as *pathetic* as any that have been produced since the days of Euripides. My wife and Sister join in best remembrances to yourself and Mrs Scott and believe me

My dear Scott, most truly yours

W. Wordsworth.

Let me repeat how happy we shall be to see you here—excuse this uncorrected scrawl written in a great hurry.

Address: Walter Scott Esq., Ashy-Steele, Near Selkirk, Scotland.

MS.

345. W. W. to Richard Sharp

K(—)

Grasmere, September 27th [1808]

My dear Sharp,

I am much obliged to you for taking the trouble to send me Mackintosh's¹ opinion of my Poems; if you think it worth while, tell him I was happy to have given a man like him so much pleasure, especially at such a distance from his own Country, and in these distressful times. The sonnet beginning 'Two voices are there,' you will remember is the one which I mentioned to you as being the best I had written. It gave me real pleasure to hear that your health had been so much benefited, and I should have been glad if you had added that you were resolved to be upon your guard against late hours, crowded rooms, etc. during the ensuing winter.

Two subjects are likely to be discussed in Parliament in which I feel interested; the one, Lotteries, in which I know you will bear a part, and which is surely of infinite importance, and the other, Copyright of Authors. I am told that it is proposed to

¹ Sir James Mackintosh (1765–1832), author of *Vindiciae Gallicae* (1791), and a prominent whig, the friend of Lord Holland, Brougham, Rogers, and Sharp. From 1803 to 1810 he held appointments in India. In 1813 he entered Parliament, in 1819 moved for a committee to consider capital punishment. His *Papers of Ethical Philosophy* were published in 1830.

extend the right from 14 years, as it now stands, after the decease of authors, till 28. This I think far too short a period ; at least I am sure that it requires much more than that length of time to establish the reputation of original productions, both in Philosophy and Poetry, and to bring them consequently into such circulation that the authors, in the Persons of their Heirs or posterity, can in any degree be benefited, I mean in a pecuniary point of view, for the trouble they must have taken to produce the works. The law, as it now stands, merely consults the interest of the useful drudges in Literature, or of flimsy and shallow writers, whose works are upon a level with the taste and knowledge of the age ; while men of real power, who go before their age, are deprived of all hope of their families being benefited by their exertions. Take, for instance, in Philosophy, Hartley's book upon Man,¹ how many years did it sleep in almost entire oblivion ! What sale had Collins' Poems during his lifetime, or during the fourteen years after his death, and how great has been the sale since ? The product of it, if secured to his family, would have been an independence to them.

Take a still stronger instance, but this you may say proves too much, I mean Milton's minor Poems. It is nearly 200 years since they were published, yet they were utterly neglected till within these last 30 years ; notwithstanding they had, since the beginning of the past century, the reputation of the *Paradise Lost* to draw attention towards them. Suppose that Burns or Cowper had left at their deaths each a child a few months old, a daughter for example, is it reasonable that those children, at the age of 28, should cease to derive benefit from their Father's works, when every Bookseller in the Country is profiting by them ? I merely remind you of these things, which cannot but have passed through your active mind ; if you can be of any service to Literature in this case, I know you will not let slip the opportunity. I was much pleased with your speech upon the Copenhagen business,² and think that the language of the declaration of Ministers was horrible ; at the same time I must say that I deem

¹ *Observations on Man; his Frame, his Duty, and his Expectations*, 1749.

² On Sept. 7, 1807, the British fleet had bombarded Copenhagen and captured the Danish fleet, to prevent its seizure by France. This attack upon a neutral with whom our relations had before been friendly caused

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it too probable that the Danes would have joined with our enemies; and the conduct of the Danish government since towards the disarmed part of the Spanish troops, while it strengthens this belief, very much diminishes any regret which I felt for our treatment of Copenhagen. Surely the Danish Government has behaved infamously towards these brave and much injured men, and towards their more fortunate fellow-soldiers who have escaped from Gallic Thralldom, under [the] conduct of the Marquess of Romagna.

Rogers has sent me £31. 8, including 5 guineas from himself—it is very handsome.

I remain, dear Sharp, yours very sincerely,
W. Wordsworth.

We are all here cut to the heart by the conduct of Sir Hew and his Brother Knight in Portugal.¹ For myself, I have not suffered so much upon any public occasion these many years.

Pray send the enclosed for Rogers to the twopenny Post.

Address: Richard Sharp Esq^{re} M.P., Mark Lane, London.

MS. 346. *W. W. to Samuel Rogers*

R. K(—)

My dear Sir,

Grasmere, Sept^{br} 29, 1808.

I am greatly obliged to you for your kind exertions in favour of our Grasmere Orphans, and for your own contribution. It will give you pleasure to hear that there is the best prospect of the children being greatly benefited in every respect by the sum which has been received, amounting to nearly 500£. They are placed in three different Houses in the Vale of Grasmere, and are treated with great tenderness; they will be carefully taught to read and write, and when they are of a proper age care will be taken to put them forward in life in the most adviseable manner.

much indignation in the country. The matter was raised in the H. of C. on Feb. 8, 1808, and on March 23 Sharp made his one famous speech in which he denounced the action of the government as due to a base fear of Napoleon, and urged that by our action we had *not* got the Danish fleet but only the hulks; the sailors, before our warm friends, we had lost.

¹ Sir Hew Dalrymple (1750–1830) and Sir Henry Burrard. The conduct referred to was the signing of the Convention of Cintra on which *v. W's* pamphlet, and his letters *infra*.

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The bill you sent me, £31:8—I have already paid into the hands of the secretary.

I was glad to hear that our Friend Sharp was so much benefited in health by his late visit to our beautiful Country. We passed one pleasant day together, but we were unlucky upon the whole in not seeing much of each other; as a more than usual part of his time was spent about Keswick and Ulswater. I am happy to find that we coincide in opinion about Crabbe's *verses*; for *poetry* in no sense can they be called. Sharp is also of the same opinion. I remember that I mentioned in my last that there was nothing in the last publication so good as the description of the Parish workhouse, Apothecary, etc. This is true—and it is no less true that the passage which I commended is of no great merit, because the description, at the best of no high order, is in the instance of the apothecary, inconsistent, that is, false. It, no doubt, sometimes happens, but, as far as my experience goes, very rarely, that Country Practitioners neglect, and brutally treat, their Patients; but what kind of men are they who do so?—not Apothecaries like Crabbe's Professional, pragmatical Coxcombs, 'generally neat, all pride, and business, bustle, and conceit,' no, but drunken reprobates, frequenters of boxing-matches, cock-fightings, and horse-races—these are the men who are hard-hearted with their Patients, but any man who attaches so much importance to his profession as to have strongly caught, in his dress and manner, the outward formalities of it, may easily indeed be much occupied with himself, but he will not behave towards his 'Victims,' as Mr. Crabbe calls them, in the manner he has chosen to describe. After all, if the Picture were true to nature, what claim would it have to be called Poetry? At the best, it is the meanest kind of satire, except the merely personal. The sum of all is, that nineteen out of 20 of Crabbe's Pictures are mere matters of fact; with which the Muses have just about as much to do as they have with a Collection of medical reports, or of Law cases.

How comes it that you never favour these mountains with a visit? You ask how I have been employed; you do me too much honour, and I wish I could reply to the question with any satisfaction. I have written since I saw you about 500 lines of my

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long Poem, which is all I have done. What are you doing? My Wife and Sister desire to be remembered by you, and believe me,
my dear Sir,

with great truth, yours,
Wm. Wordsworth.

We are here all in a rage about the Convention in Portugal; if Sir Hew were to shew his face among us, or that other doughty Knight, Sir Arthur, the very Boys would hiss them out of the Vale.
Address: Samuel Rogers Esq^{re} St James' Place, St James' Street.

MS. 347. *W. W. to Thomas de Quincey*

Monday Morn. [Sept–Oct. 1808]

My dear Friend,

Your Letter has lain a week at the post office—we having been too busy to send over. I write merely to say, we shall be very happy to see you; though unfortunately our house is so full we cannot accomodate you with a bed. Coleridge is with us.

very affectionately
yours

W. Wordsworth.

MS. 348. *W. W. to Francis Wrangham*
K(—)

Grasmere October 2nd 1808

My dear Wrangham,

Some time ago I received a Letter from you enclosing a note for £6—which I immediately paid into the hands of the Treasurer; and the receipt of which I should also have immediately acknowledged to yourself had you not flattered me with hopes that I should hear from you again shortly.

You will be glad to hear that our subscription has sped well, amounting now to no less a sum than £500 which will be amply sufficient for all purposes. Rogers the Poet to whom I had applied was so kind as to procure for us among his friends, £31. 8s—including his own contribution. There is every prospect that the Children will profit greatly by the exertions which have been made in their favour.

Since I wrote to you I have read Dr Bell's Book upon educa-

tion which no doubt you must have seen, it is a most interesting work and entitles him to the fervent gratitude of all good men: but I cannot say [? it has made] any material change in my views of [.] [I] would however strenuously recommend [? the system] wherever it can be adopted.

Coleridge is now here in tolerable health and better spirits than I have known him to possess for some time.

Montagu was married¹ long ago—I hope he will be happy in his connection; she is a very clever woman.

In what are you employed? I mean by way of amusement and relaxation from your professional duties. Is there any topographical History of your neighbourhood? would it not be worth your while to give some of your leisure hours to a work of this kind? I remember reading White's *Natural History and Antiquities of Selborn*[e] with great pleasure when a Boy at school, and I have lately read Dr. Whitaker's history of Craven and Whalley² both with profit and pleasure. Making these partly your models, and adding thereto from the originality of your own mind [] with your activity you might [? produce] some thing of this kind of general interest, taking for your limits any division in your neighbourhood, natural, ecclesiastical, or Civil. Suppose for example the coast from the borders of Cleveland, or from Scarborough, to Spurnhead; and inward into the Country, to any boundary that you might approve of. Pray think of this—I am induced to mention it from belief that you are admirably qualified for such a work; that it would pleasantly employ your leisure hours; and from a regret in seeing works of this kind which might be made so very interesting, utterly marred by falling into the hands of wretched Bunglers, e.g. the *History of Cleveland*³ which I have just read, by a Clergyman of Yarm of the name of Grave, the most heavy performance I ever encountered, and what an interesting district!—Pray let me hear from you soon,

Affectionately and sincerely yours
W. Wordsworth.

¹ To his third wife, the widow of Thomas Skepper of York.

² v. Letter 309.

³ *History and Antiquities of Cleveland, in the North Riding of Yorkshire*, 1808.

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MS.

349. D. W. to R. W.

15th November [1808]

My dear Brother,

We have long hoped for the pleasure of seeing you at Grasmere, and I have been much disappointed that you have not come before this time, but very glad that the state of your health was not the cause of your long delay ; for everybody tells us how much better you look, and that you are greatly strengthened. I hope that you will not go away this time without coming over to see us. We are all well but have been sadly annoyed with smoke in our new house ; we hope however that it may be cured at last.

I have long talked of writing to you to urge your coming to Grasmere ; but that is not the principal object which I have in view at this moment in taking up the pen, for nobody knows that I am writing. It is long since I have asked a favour of you and therefore, (recollecting also that whatever I have asked has never been refused me) I venture now to make a request. I have always intended since we came to the new house to ask you for some article of furniture for it, for my own private accommodation chiefly ; as when I have in joke said to Mary, I shall ask my Brother Richard if he will buy us this or that thing, she has insisted that I should not be so *impudent*. In this present case I am resolved to ask, and have consulted no one. You must know we have a long *passage* with cross passages to the different parlours, and the floor of it is of white stone, which dirties with everyfoot that is set upon it. This same passage annoys me very much. I must either see it dirty or the servants have far more work in it than I think fit. In fact the former is the case—it is always dirty, and yet it is at the same time very troublesome to the servants. I wish therefore to have an oil-cloth for it, but William cannot afford to buy one, and I cannot afford it therefore I apply to you. Though I ask it of you entirely out of my own head and for my own pleasure, I am sure it will be an additional motive to you that all [the] Family will continually feel the comfort of it, that it will spare labour in a house where, from the size of the Family there is already too much to do, and that it will last long. I should wish it to be, *stamped* oil-cloth,

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(not, I mean of the *plain* kind) and it is wise to chuse one that is not very rough in the painting, because the top of the figure is apt to wear off, when it is so. The passages will take sixteen yards. Be so good as to send it by the Keswick carrier directed for me at Grasmere. We lately got a small piece of oil-cloth for another purpose at Penrith therefore I know that it may be bought there. I wish very much to see you, and to know what are your plans. I hear that you have bought a good deal of John Monkhouse's furniture, therefore I suppose you are going to furnish a part of the house at Sockbridge. We should be very glad to have you for a neighbour. I drew upon you for 50£ on the 7th of Nov^r in favour of Mr. Wilcock. I have not written to apprize Mr. Strickland, therefore if it be necessary, do *you* be so good as to inform him. I write from Brathay. Mrs. Lloyd begs to be kindly remembered to you, adieu,

Believe me your affectionate sister

D. Wordsworth

Address: Mr Richard Wordsworth at Mr Hutton's, Attorney,
Penrith.

K. 350. *W. W. to Robert Grahame*

My dear Sir,

Grasmere, Nov. 26, [1808.]

My friend Mr. Coleridge, whose genius talents and comprehensive knowledge are well known to you, is about to enter upon the publication of a weekly Essay, the object of which is explained clearly and at length in a prospectus of it which by this time I hope you have received, as orders have been sent to the printer to forward to you a certain number; trusting that from the nature of the prospectus, and what you know of the author, you would be inclined to distribute them among such persons in your neighbourhood, or elsewhere, as you deem likely to take interest in such a book and to become subscribers to it. The mode of the circulation and delivery of *The Friend* to the separate subscribers will be either by post, or by coach; but by which of these we cannot determine till the number of the subscribers, and the nature of their residence have been ascertained. If there should be a considerable proportion dwelling in the lesser

towns and villages and single houses, that is, if the number of the places should compensate for the fewness of the subscribers living in each, the papers will then be stamped and sent by the post: in which case the Essay must be printed on one sheet, though by printing 40 lines on each page instead of 35, the number originally proposed, and by adopting a larger sized paper, the same quantity of matter will be given and even the market value remain the same. But if the scattered subscribers should be so few that the diminution of the cost of each paper by the additional number printed should bear no proportion to the increase of the cost by the stamp—in short, if almost the whole of the subscribers should be furnished by the great towns and cities—a packet will then be sent off by each Saturday's mail to some friend or bookseller in each place, to be delivered at the subscribers' houses, if desired, as soon as possible after the arrival of the mail. In order to determine the mode of circulation we are therefore anxious to know what number of subscribers we are likely to have in the large towns; and I beg you to be so kind as to take the trouble of transmitting to us the number and names of those who you may have an opportunity of hearing intend to be subscribers. Knowing how much you are engaged in business I should not have troubled you upon this occasion had we been acquainted with any gentleman in Glasgow who could have served as well, and whose time was less occupied.

A packet of prospectuses has also been ordered to be sent to your brother in Edinburgh, to whom I beg you would be so kind as to transmit this letter; for I have several to write, with not much time. Pray give my compliments in which I am joined by my wife and sister to Mrs. Grahame and Miss Grahame.

I am, dear sir, very sincerely yours,
W. Wordsworth.

K. 351. *W. W. to Francis Wrangham*

Grasmere, Dec. 3^d, [1808.]

My dear Wrangham,

On the other side you have the prospectus of a weekly Essay, intended to be published by our friend Coleridge. He has given

orders that a certain number of them should be sent to you from London, which I hope by this time you have received, and do not doubt that you will be happy to circulate them among those of your friends who are likely to take interest in such a work. Coleridge, who is desirous to have contributions from all his enlightened friends, requests me to say that—champion of religion as you are—he will make you re-polish your classical sword.

Your sermon did not reach me till the night before last.¹ I believe we have all read it, and are much pleased with it. Upon the whole I like it better than the last; it must have been heard with great interest. I differ however from you in a few particulars; first, the Spaniards ‘devoting themselves for an imprisoned Bourbon or the crumbling relics of the inquisition.’ This is very fair for pointing a sentence, but it is not the truth. They have told us over and over again that they are fighting against a foreign tyrant who has dealt with them most perfidiously, and inhumanly, who must hate them for their worth, and on account of the injuries they have received from him, and whom they must hate accordingly; against a ruler over whom they could have no control, and for one whom they have told us they will establish as the sovereign of a *free* people, and who therefore must himself be a limited monarch. You will permit me to make to you this representation, for its own truth’s sake, and because it gives me an opportunity of letting out a secret; viz. that I myself am very deep in this subject, and about to publish upon it; first, I believe in a newspaper for the sake of immediate and wide circulation; and next, the same matter in a separate pamphlet. Under the title of *The Convention of Cintra brought to the Test of Principles; and the People of Great Britain vindicated from the Charge of having prejudged it*. You will wonder to hear me talk of principles when I have told you that I also do not go along with you in your sentiments respecting the Catholic question. I confess I am not prepared to see the Catholic religion as the Established Church of Ireland; and how that can be consistently refused to them, if other things are granted on the plea of their being the majority, I do not see.

¹ *Earnest Contention for True Faith*. York, 1808.

Certainly this demand would follow, and how would it be answered?

There is yet another circumstance in which I differ from you. If Dr. Bell's¹ plan of education be of that importance which it appears to be of, it cannot be a matter of indifference whether he, or Lancaster,¹ have a rightful claim to the invention. For Heaven's sake let all benefactors of their species have the honour due to them. Virgil gives a high place in Elysium to the *improvers* of life, and it is neither the least philosophical or least poetical passage of the *Æneid*.² These points of difference being stated, I may say that in other things I greatly approve both of the matter and manner of your sermon.

Do not fail to return my best thanks to the lady, to whom I am obliged for the elegant and accurate drawing of Brompton Church. I should have written to thank her, and you, for it immediately; but I foresaw that I should have occasion to write to you on this or other business.

All here desire their best remembrances, and believe me, in great haste, for I have several other letters to write, on the same subject,

Affectionately yours,
W. Wordsworth.

MS. 352. D. W. to Jane Marshall
K(—)

December 4th 1808.

My dear Friend,

Your last affecting letter produced many pleasing though melancholy reflections in my mind. You have, indeed, cause to

¹ Dr. Andrew Bell (1753–1832) published in 1797 *An Experiment in Education made at the Asylum of Madras*, in which he advocated the use of pupil teachers. Joseph Lancaster (1775–1838), a Quaker, started a school for free education in 1800, and unable to pay teachers, developed Bell's plan. His *Improvements in Education* (1803) acknowledged his debt to Bell, described his own monitorial system, and pressed for a widely spread free education on 'general Christian principles'. His undenominationalism roused the fears of the Tory and Church party, whilst Whigs and Dissenters saw in it a guarantee of religious liberty.

² *Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artis,
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo;
Omnibus his nivea cinguntur tempora vitta.*

Æneid, VI, 663–5.

be thankful that the life of your good Mother was spared so long, furnishing, as it did, an ever memorable example to her children and Grandchildren of piety, meekness, cheerfulness, and the right use of an excellent understanding. I, for my part, who have, comparatively, seen little of her, shall always revere her memory, and especially I recollect with delight her manners and appearance the last time I saw her. I then thought that she might yet have enjoyed many years of comfort in this life; for she seemed to be exempt from grievous bodily suffering, and her mind was unimpaired. How attentive she then was to all general conversation, if the subject were at all interesting! how alive to all passing pleasures! I cannot forget her glistening eyes when she looked upon her little Grandchildren!

I hope I shall soon hear from you again, and that you will give me a particular account of the goings-on of all your Family. The Holidays will soon arrive and your happy Boys will I hope return to you with the same proportion of improvement which they have, hitherto, brought at their half-yearly visits. God bless them! may they long preserve that modesty and simplicity which was so pleasing in their characters when I saw them! Pray tell me how your Sisters are in health and spirits, and give my kind love to them.

As to ourselves, I tell you the best news first—we are all well, and in good spirits; but (alas!) we have had, and still have grievous troubles to struggle with in a smoky house—wet cellars—and workmen by [the] half dozen, making attempts, hitherto unsuccessful, to r[eme]dy these evils. We are making one effort more, and i[f] that end as heretofore, we shall be reduced to the misera[ble] necessity of quitting Grasmere; for this house is, at present, literally not habitable, and there is no other in the Vale. You can have no idea of the inconvenience we have suffered,

There was one stormy day in which we could have no fire but in my Brother's Study and that chimney smoked so much that we were obliged to go to bed with the Baby in the middle of the day to keep it warm, and I, with a candle in my hand, stumbled over a chair, unable to see it. We cooked in the study, and even heated water there to wash dishes, for the Boiler in the Back-

DECEMBER 1808

kitchen could not be heated, much less the kitchen fire endured ; and in fact partly on account of smoke in windy weather, and partly because of the Workmen we have been for more than a week together at different times without a kitchen fire. The Servants, you may be sure, have been miserable, and we have had far too much labour, and too little quiet ; but, thank God ! my health has stood it very well, and my Sister has not looked so healthy for these two years or been so strong. At the time of the great storm Mrs. Coleridge and her little Girl were here, and Mr. Coleridge is with us constantly, so you will make out that we were a pretty large Family to provide for in such a manner. Mr. Coleridge and his wife are separated, and I hope they will both be the happier for it. They are upon friendly terms, and occasionally see each other. In fact Mrs. C. was more than a week at Grasmere under the same roof with him. Coleridge intends to spend the Winter with us. On the other side of the paper you will find the Prospectus of a work which he is going to undertake ; and I have little doubt but that it will be well executed if his health does not fail him ; but on that score (though he is well at present) I have many fears. If Mr. Marshall has any Friends who are likely to be interested in the work, I beg he will be so good as to shew this Prospectus to them. Tell him that my brother is deeply engaged in writing a pamphlet upon the Convention of Cintra, an event which has interested him more than words can express. His first and his last thoughts are of Spain and Portugal. William intends to send Dr. Whitaker's Book by the first person who goes to Kendal on whom he can depend for forwarding it properly from thence.

Give my kind love to Mr. Marshall. Tell Mary Anne that I hope I am not forgotten by her. God bless you, my dear Friend—believe me ever yours

D. Wordsworth.

It is very long since I heard from Halifax. My Brother and Sister [wish] to be kindly remembered to you and Mr. M. Miss Hutchinson is with us—she has been dangerously ill—confined to her bed—but is now recovered.

Address: Mrs. Marshall, New Grange, near Leeds.

DECEMBER 1808

MS. 353. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson
K(—)

Thursday Evening December 8th [1808]

My dear Friend,

Month after month has gone by and no word has passed between us two. Strange it may seem, but we love each other too well, to have *therefore* slackened in our thoughts. God bless you my dear and good Friend, I think of you daily, and with increasing desire to see you. But alas! troublesome things have happened which have robbed me of the confidence of hope. Sara will have explained to you some of these, in which in the main are involved the reasons of my long silence, but for a while after Coleridge came to us I did not write because he was writing so often and I was loth to put you to the expense of double postage.

I will not attempt to detail the height and depth and number of our sorrows in connection with the smoky chimneys. They are in short so very bad that if they cannot be mended we must leave the house, beautiful as everything will soon be out of doors, dear as is the vale where we have so long lived. The labour of the house is literally doubled. Dishes are washed, and no sooner set into the pantry than they are covered with smoke. Chairs, carpets, the painted ledges of the rooms, all are ready for the reception of soot and smoke, requiring endless cleaning, and are never clean. This is certainly the worst part of the business, but the smarting of the eyes etc. etc. you may guess at, and I speak of these other discomforts as more immediately connected with myself. In fact we have seldom an hour's leisure (either Mary or I) till after 7 o'clock (when the children go to bed), for all the time that we have for sitting still in the course of the day we are obliged to employ in scouring (and many of our evenings also). We are regularly thirteen in family, and on Saturdays and Sundays 15 (for when Saturday morning is not very stormy Hartley and Derwent come). I include the servants in the number, but as you may judge, in the most convenient house there would be work enough for two maids and a little girl. In ours there is far too much. We keep a cow—the stable is two short field lengths from the house, and the cook has both to fodder and clean after the cow. We have also two pigs, bake all

our bread at home and though we do not *wash* all our clothes, yet we wash a part every week, and mangle or iron the whole. This is a tedious tale and I should not have troubled you with it but to let you see plainly that idleness has nothing to do with my putting off to write to you. Besides all this we were nearly a week without any servants at all (at Martinmas). You will be glad to hear that we have got one very good servant, the *Cook*; (as I have rather aristocratically called her) the other is but middling, yet I hope, as she is strong enough, and good natured, we shall not change till Whitsuntide. Enough of these matters. Dear Coleridge is well and in good spirits, writing letters to all his Friends and acquaintances, dispatching prospectuses, and fully prepared to begin his work. Nobody, surely, but himself would have ventured to send forth this prospectus with no one essay written, no beginning made! but yet I believe it was the only way for him. I believe he could not have made the beginning unprompted by a necessity which is now created by the promises therein made. I cannot, however, be without hauntings of fear, seeing him so often obliged to lie in bed more than half of the day—often so very poorly as to be utterly unable to do anything whatever. To-day, though he came down to dinner at three perfectly well, he did not rise till near two o'clock. I am afraid this account of him may give you some alarm. I assure you, however, that there is no need to be alarmed; his health is much, *very* much better, and his looks are almost what you would wish them to be; and however ill he may have been in the mornings he seldom fails to be cheerful and comfortable at night. Sara and he are sitting together in his parlour, William and Mary (alas! all involved in smoke) in William's study, where she is writing for him (he dictating). He is engaged in a work which occupies all his thoughts. It will be a pamphlet of considerable length, entitled *The Convention of Cintra brought to the Test of Principles and the People of England justified from the Charge of Prejudging, or something to that effect*. I believe it will first appear in the *Courier* in different sections. Mr. De Quincey, whom you would love dearly, as I am sure I do, is beside me, quietly turning over the leaves of a Greek book—and God be praised we are breathing a clear air, for the night is calm, and

this room (the Dining-room) only smokes very much in a high wind. Mr. De Q. will stay with us, we hope, at least till the Spring. We feel often as if he were one of the family—he is loving, gentle, and happy—a very good scholar, and an acute logician—so much for his mind and manners. His person is *unfortunately* diminutive, but there is a sweetness in his looks, especially about the eyes, which soon overcomes the oddness of your first feeling at the sight of so very little a man. John sleeps with him and is passionately fond of him. Oh! my dear friend! Johnny is a sweet creature; so noble, bold, gentle, and beautiful—yes! he is a beautiful boy. D. is very pretty, very kittenish, very quick, very clever, but not given to *thought*. Coleridge often repeats to her (altering a line of William's poem of *Ruth*) 'the wild cat of the wilderness was not so fair as she'. To this she replies with a squall, inviting him to some fresh skirmish. C. says that John has all the virtues of a tame dog, she the qualities of the cat. God bless them! They are both sweet in their way; but it must be allowed that John is the finer creature. As to little Thomas he is a Darling—but he having spent much of his early time in the kitchen is never happier than when he is among the pots and pans. Therefore he is called 'Potiphar'. To this name he lustily replies, 'Me no Potiphar, me a good boy.' Happy, however, as he is among his old Friends in the kitchen, he is very proud of a little parlour notice, and we are all (whatever you and his jealous Godmother may think) very proud of him. He is a remarkably affectionate child, has beautiful eyes, and is very pleasant looking. Your God daughter is very stout and healthy, I think she will be like the rest of them, but they were all handsome at her age. I have not yet said a word of dearest Sara. God be praised, her side is better. She has had a Bowel complaint which we hope has been of great use to her. She looks thin and pale, but that is not to be wondered at. Her appetite is better than it has been for some time past. Mary is unusually well and so am I. God bless you dear Friend.

Believe me evermore your affectionate

D. W.

Your account of Tom is very interesting. My love to him and his Father.

DECEMBER 1808

Do write and write immediately. Say not when you see this letter 'It is the face of a stranger'. I am sure you will scan it at the other end of the room.

Address: Mrs Clarkson, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk.

MS. 354. *D. W. to Mrs. S. T. Coleridge*¹

[*Early 1809*]

I have just received your note with the papers—no more prospectuses are printed but we send all there are and C sends the letters. Mr De Quincey sends his kind remembrances to you and the Children. If he is well enough he will accompany Coleridge to Keswick.

Address: Mrs Coleridge, To be left at Miss Crosthwaite's, Keswick.

MS. 355. *W. W. to Daniel Stuart*²

S. K. (—)

Sunday Evening.

[p.m. February 9, 1809.]

My dear Sir,

Finding that I have to recompose the two preceding paragraphs, which have been erased, I shall allot the remainder of this sheet to answering your kind Letter, which I received yesterday. I am greatly pleased that you think so favorably of my labours, both because I value your judgement and because my heart is deeply interested in this affair. Never did any public event cause in my mind so much sorrow as the Convention of Cintra, both on account of the Spaniards and Portuguese, and on our own. Every good and intelligent man of my Friends or Acquaintances has been in his turn agitated and afflicted by it. I do not feel so much inclined to express my thanks for the trouble which you have taken with this Pamphlet, as my pleasure to find that you attach so lively a feeling to it on account of the cause which it is intended to support.

I was much pleased with a very sensible article in the Courier,

¹ Written on a half sheet—probably the P.S. of a letter of which the body has been torn off.

² *v. E.L.*, p. 283.

some time past, on the party feelings connected with the Convention. I supposed it to be written by you. What you say upon Wellesley, as to the French being *entitled* to such terms, is exactly in its spirit, what I had marked down upon the subject. But in fact the incapacity and guilt and folly both of the man at the head of the ministry and the army and the two Houses of Parliament is insupportable and if some remedy be not found will end in the utter ruin of the Country.

Buonaparte may rather be said to *inflict upon* than to *propose* terms to his adversaries.

Of Moore I know nothing further than that his forward movement is unaccountable, and that his retreat appears to have been very disorderly, and that Dalrymple has told us he approved of the Convention. If this be true, he was either a fool or a Rascal, or both. Moore in his person was, I believe, a thoroughly brave man. If the Ministry do mean to give up the Spaniards, which I suspect with you, they ought to be execrated to the latest Posterity. Many thanks for your kind offers. I should like to see all the Documents you mention, particularly the official Report of the Board. If you could add to these a small pamphlet of Letters published under the name of Decius, and Lecky's Pamphlet, I should be obliged to you. I also wish much to see Lord Brooke's Life of Sir Philip Sidney. It is not an uncommon book, and perhaps a bookseller could procure it.

You are quite right about the Franks. Curwen certainly misled me. Coleridge is gone to Kendal to-day, to settle finally about the printing of the Friend. He is tolerably well. I was with him at Kendal two or three days ago upon the same subject. I have many apologies to make in having been so dilatory in sending off Copy; but I shall make all the haste in my power. But I cannot bear much confinement and have many interruptions, and take little pleasure in composing, and *penmanship* is to me unendurable. From all these causes, and from the accidents and misconceptions which you are acquainted with, has proceeded the delay. I shall carefully attend to what you say about a second edition corrected and enlarged.—With many thanks, yours most sincerely,

W. Wordsworth.

FEBRUARY 1809

MS.

356. D. W. to R. W.

Grasmere 10th February 1809

My dear Brother,

William has desired me to inform you that he authorized Mr Thomas Hutchinson to draw upon you for £50, which he did yesterday from Kendal, it being the 9th of February—he drew at one month after date. My dear Richard, I cannot express how much I was grieved that I did not see you during your stay in the North. All the Family, indeed, were exceedingly disappointed. William would have rode over to see you; but we heard that you were coming, and I would, if possible, have accompanied him. I suppose you were hurried away at the last; but pray, the next time you are at Penrith, do not delay coming to see us till there is a chance of your being prevented in this manner. We have had most pleasing accounts of the change in the state of your health, and of your improved looks. We are all well. *My* health is much better than it was two or three years ago. The Children continue to be stout and healthy. I wrote to you a short time before I was informed by Montagu that you were in London. I had expected an answer to my letter; but I conclude, as I did not hear from you, that you never received my letter. Mr T Hutchinson has taken a Farm in Wales—Mr John Monkhouse shares the Concern with him, and they are both going to settle in Wales. Miss Hutchinson will spend the summer with us, and Miss Joanna and Miss Mary Monkhouse are going into Wales.

William and Mary join with me in kind Love to you. I am,
dear Richard

Your ever affectionate Sister

Dorothy Wordsworth

Address: Richard Wordsworth Esq^r, No 11 Staple Inn, London.

MS.

357. D. W. to Thomas De Quincey

J. K.

Tuesday, [Feb. 28, 1809.]¹

My dear Friend,

Yesterday morning my brother and I walked to Rydale; and he, intending to proceed to Brathay, sate upon a stump at the

¹ The sequence of Letters 357–363 is difficult to determine. In the correction of K.'s dating I have been much helped by Professor J. E. Wells's

some time past, on the party feelings connected with the Convention. I supposed it to be written by you. What you say upon Wellesley, as to the French being *entitled* to such terms, is exactly in its spirit, what I had marked down upon the subject. But in fact the incapacity and guilt and folly both of the man at the head of the ministry and the army and the two Houses of Parliament is insupportable and if some remedy be not found will end in the utter ruin of the Country.

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dear Richard

Your ever affectionate Sister

Dorothy Wordsworth

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MS.

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My dear Friend,

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foot of the hill while I went up to Ann Nicholson's, and there I found your letter. I did not break the seal, for it was already broken (you having sealed it so badly I suppose) but I opened the letter in Ann's house, just to see if all were well with you, and I then hastened with my prize to William, and sat down beside him to *read* the letter; and truly a feast it was for us—You were very good in being so particular in your account of your journey and that feeling of your goodness made the entertaining description of your Fellow-travellers far more delightful. We rejoiced for the young American that he had met with so knowing an expounder of the state of Nations, and agreed that in all England he probably could not have met with one so well qualified to instruct him, certainly not one so kindly willing. Two things we grieved for, your miserable cold ride on the outside of the Coach, and that you should not have felt yourself at liberty to stay at Oxford for rest, and for arranging any business that you might have there. After this hurrying it would be very mortifying to you to have to wait day after day for our letters, even a whole week, for our earliest despatches could not reach you till last Saturday—I have explained the cause of this delay—My Brother was indeed very poorly, his head having been continually tormented, and especially upon his pillow at night with those dreadful headaches (which, you know, he in his gloomy way, calls apoplectic.) He is now very well and after he once got forward with his work he went on rapidly, with perpetual animation—Do tell us how you like the conclusion? Mary and I thought the whole was written with great dignity; but we as well as my Brother could not help regretting that he had not more time to reconsider it. You know he never likes to trust anything away fresh from the Brain. He is now engaged in making an addition to one Paragraph, which is to be transcribed on the other side of this sheet—I hope he will have done in time to save this day's Post (Tuesday) otherwise I fear the Types will be arranged by the Printer and you and he will have a great deal of trouble.

The Story of W.'s Cintra (Studies in Phil. 1921). 357 is clearly the first of the Letters, but March 26 is certainly a little late for the snowdrops to be in full blossom (v. postscript to 358).

It was a week yesterday since Coleridge went to Brathay, and we have not seen him since; for in consequence of a letter from his Printer, and the Regulator of the Stamps at Appleby not being able to settle that business without instructions from the Stamp Office in London, he thought it necessary to go to Penrith and Appleby, and accordingly he had set forward yesterday morning from Lloyd's about two hours before William's arrival there, on foot, intending to sleep at Patterdale last night and go to Penrith to-day. On Saturday I had a note from him in which he told me that being deep in the *Tatler*, *Guardian*, *Spectator* etc., he had stayed day after day at Lloyd's and that he had finished his first Essay, all but one passage about Dr. Johnson. This was good news; but Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd told my Brother that he had been very poorly during most of the week and had never risen till near dinner-time. They said, too, that he looked wretchedly yesterday morning. I cannot but fear that the journey and one thing or other (to use one of his own favourite phrases) will knock him up, and that all will at last end in nothing. I wish he had not gone to Penrith, for we think that by letter he could have managed the matter just as well; and at this critical moment it will be for ever to be regretted if any accident of fatigue, bad accommodations etc., etc., should disarrange his body or mind. If he had been able to stay quietly here, the trial would have been a fair one—and should he have failed, in future one could never, in case of any other scheme, be vexed with hopes or fears. Observe—he went from Lloyd's determined that the work should begin on the 1st of April and that he would stay at Penrith till the first Essay should be printed, and that Essay being so nearly finished, this must be a very easy matter—but then there is the affair of the Stamps, and what plague besides I know not, and he is so easily overturned—made ill by the most trifling vexations or fatigue.

I have just been writing to your Landlord to hasten him with his work at the Cottage. We have taken it for six years, for, if you should have no use for it, it would be very easy to let it, being furnished. When your friend Johnny came from school last night, his mother said to him, 'Here is a letter from ——.' 'From,' he replied, 'Mr. De Quincey?' And with his own in-

genuous blush and smile he came forward to the fireside at a quicker pace, and asked me to read the letter; which I did, with a few omissions and levelling the language to his capacity, and you would have thought yourself well repaid for the trouble of writing it if you could only have seen how feelingly he was interested. When all was over he said, 'But when will he come? Maybe he'll tell us in his next letter.' We hope that before you return he will be much improved in his reading, for he seems now to desire to learn and takes a great deal of notice not only of his own lessons but of the lessons of the bigger Boys. I cannot say that he seems much to love learning for its own sake. It is the hope of being a printer that moves him, and he knows that he must first be a Scholar. I think no event has happened in the house of greater consequence since you left us, than that a little Mouse makes its appearance sometimes under the dining-room grate and disappears we know not how, for we can find no hole for its escape. This John desired I would communicate to you—he thinks it is a fairy in the shape of a Mouse, 'For may I tell you what?' (at that time I had not seen the mouse, and he was relating the story to me); 'it comes under the grate, and it does not come over the fender, and there's no hole under the grate for it to go through.' You are therefore called upon to reflect on this prodigy and favour us with your conjectures.

This moment Johnny comes from School: 'So Mr. De Q's letter came that you said would be here to-day?' and then, 'Have you told him about the Mouse?' and he begged me to read to him what I had said—My Brother tells me I must stop, or I shall not leave room for him. Believe me, ever your affectionate Friend,

D. Wordsworth.

My Brother has just come upstairs to tell me that he cannot have transcribed in time for the Keswick post the addition which he has been making; therefore I send this to beg that you will *Stop the Press* at the words 'career in the fulness of [?]'. The addition will be about a folio sheet. He sent off yesterday a letter with two or three corrections—addressed to you at Marybone. The next letter, which will be by to-morrow's Post (from

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Ambleside), we shall direct as this—Adieu. God bless you! I hope your troubles and perplexities in this affair will end with this.

Address: Thomas de Quincey Esq^r N^o 82 Great Titchfield Street, Cavendish Square, London.

MS. 358. *W. W. to Thomas De Quincey*
J. K. (with postscript by D. W.)

My dear Friend, [March 26, 1809]

I guess you would be truly glad when you received the last sheet, as were we when it was sent off yesterday. I do not mean to pester you with more alterations; but two suggested themselves to me this morning which must be adopted. A passage stands thus, 'that the hearts of the many do languish and are not ready to answer to the sudden and continued requisitions of things.' Let it stand thus, 'do languish and therefore are not ready to answer to the requisitions of things,' (and be followed thus). 'Now the evidence of experience rightly understood not only gives no support to this belief, but proves that the truth is in direct opposition to it. The history of all ages—tumults after tumults, wars foreign or civil, etc.'

Again in another place print 'circles narrower and narrower, closer and closer *as they lie* more near to the centre of self' for *even to*, as it now stands.

As to the mode [of] publishing, advertising, etc. do not wait to consult me in anything. Mr. Stuart and you will do everything together. Ask him also whether he approves of printing the Armistice and Convention in the Notes. I think it would be better, if it were no great addition to the expense. Please to send 14 Copies hither.

Affectionately yours,
W. Wordsworth.

Make any verbal alterations according to your better judgment. W. W.

(D. W. writes) Monday morning

It is a heavenly morning. We are all a family party, Thomas, Catharine, and Johnny, whom we shall call on at school going

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to the Town End, where your snow-drops are in full blossom to welcome us. Wm and I proceed to the post at Rydale, where we hope to find a letter from you. I am afraid you would hardly be able to make out what I wrote last night about the Manchester goods. Adieu.

Yours ever,
D. Wordsworth.

MS.
S. K.

359. *W. W. to Daniel Stuart*

[March 26, 1809.]

My dear Sir,

Yesterday I sent off the last sheets of the Pamphlet. I have entitled it 'Concerning the relations of Great Britain, Spain, and Portugal, to each other and to the Common Enemy at this Crisis, and specifically as affected by the Convention of Cintra; the whole brought to the test of those principles, etc.' As I found the public mind so completely engrossed with the Duke of York and his Doxy,¹ I thought it better to avail myself of that opportunity to add general matter to the Pamphlet, concerning the hopes of the Spaniards and principles of the contest; so that, from the proportion of space which it occupied in the work, the Convention of Cintra might fairly appear, what in truth it is in my mind, an action dwelt upon only for the sake of illustrating principles, with a view to promote liberty and good policy; in the manner in which an anatomist illustrates the laws of organic life from a human subject placed before him and his audience.

I confess I have no hopes of the thing making any impression. The style of thinking and feeling is so little in the Spirit of the age. This Country is in fact fallen as low in point of moral philosophy (and of course political) as it is possible for any country to fall. We should have far better *books* circulated among us, if we were as thoroughly enslaved as the Romans under their Emperors. Witness the state of literature in Ger-

¹ Mrs. Clarke, former mistress of the Duke of York, had received bribes for using her influence to procure military appointments. Colonel Wardle accused the Duke of being implicated in her corrupt practices. The Government agreed to an inquiry, which sat from Jan. 26 to March 20, 1809. The Duke protested his innocence and was acquitted by a small majority; thereupon he resigned his post as commander of the forces.

many till within these two or three years, when it has been over-run by the French. The voice of reason and nature was uttered and listened to under the Prussian Despotism, and in the Courts of the Princelings. But books will do nothing of themselves, nor institutions without books. Two things are absolutely wanted in this Country; a thorough reform in Parliament and a new course of education, which must be preceded by some genuine philosophical writings from some quarter or other, to teach the principles upon which that education should be grounded. We have in our language better books than exist in any other, and in our land better institutions, but the one nobody reads, and the others are fallen into disorder and decay. What can be expected from a Parliament consisting of such pitiful drivellers as the Members of our two Houses are with scarcely an exception? And as to the Heads of the Army—there's Fergusson who has behaved like a man of sense and honour; but heaven preserve us from the rest! I do not doubt that there are excellent men, both for knowledge, understanding, and principles, in the army, but so far are these excellences from being helps to them in getting forward in their profession, that they are the worst obstructions a man can have about him. And in the Fleet! the French might rejoice if they knew, as perhaps they do, the personal characters of Admirals Gambier, Collingwood, Sotheby, Duckworth, etc. etc. There are however to our comfort some men of distinguished talent pretty high in the Navy, who I earnestly wish, were in stations worthy of their talents—Cochrane for example, Commodore Beaver, (now in the West Indies) one of the most enlightened men any Country ever produced. Keith and Hood I believe are both able men; but it is deplorable to think what fools are in the highest stations.

I have been exceedingly pleased with the conduct of *The Courier* upon this business of the Duke of York, and particularly with some observations (written I conjecture by you) upon the Army, at the close of the review of the different cases. They are inestimable. And indeed there has appeared so much practical good sense in *The Courier*, that I cannot but regret that you do not take the trouble of putting together some of the most generally and permanently interesting of these observations, in

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a separate shape which might ensure their duration. Do think about this!

As to the pamphlet, you will send it to whomsoever you think proper. As I have defended the City, perhaps a few copies might with advantage be sent to the leading Members there; but all this I leave to your better judgement. Nothing would give me so much pleasure as to have such parts of it translated into the Spanish language as were likely to be of any use. If you have any means of bringing that about, or if the thing be feasible, I know your zeal and kindness will prompt you to do it.—I am with great respect and regard, your sincere friend,

W. Wordsworth.

Pray let us see you down here this summer. I have said nothing of Coleridge, having not seen him this month past. He is now at Keswick; probably you have heard of him. Pray be so kind as to look over the Pamphlet before it is published; so that if there be any error, either as to fact or reasoning, that can be obviated or apologized for, it may be done by preface, note, or erratum.

Address: Daniel Stuart Esq^{re}, 9 Upper Brompton Row, Knightsbridge, London.

MS. 360. *W. W. to Thomas De Quincey*
K(—) (*with postscript by D.W.*)

[March 27, 1809]

My dear Friend,

I have such a world of matter to write to you about of minute particulars that I know not where to begin. But first let me say [a] word upon something important, viz. the disappointment which you must have had in not receiving the Copy sooner, and the trouble and I fear vexation that has accompanied this business. On these accounts you have both my sincere sorrow and my zealous thanks. I have been so long in sending the rest because I thought by straining a point I might be able to say in the present publication all that was necessary. Accordingly I wrote a great deal, but I have been obliged to give up the plan,

and send what you will find, suppressing as much as I have sent. In fact I was exhausted in bodily strength—and as the Duke of York's business was over, there is now a fair opening for a little of the public attention. Besides, I was very uneasy at the thought of detaining you in London.

Now for particulars. All your alterations are amendments. The hiatus about knowledge you supplied as I wrote it ; and how *refined* slipped into the manuscript for *defined* I cannot conceive. The footnote about Saragossa I am sorry you had the trouble of writing, as all the evil (if any) may be obviated by a word or two in the advertisement begging the reader to bear in mind that the work was begun in November or December and carried on since that period, the publication having been delayed partly by accidents and still more from a wish to wait for further evidence of facts. And that it seemed better to leave passages of this kind as they were written than to alter them. Besides, you will see by what is now sent that so far from thinking that Saragossa has broken her bond, in my estimation she has discharged it to the Letter. The last siege appears to have been even still more glorious than the former. It will therefore be necessary to *cancel* the page with the footnote, on account of what you will find I have said in the text. If you deem it advisable to add any remarks in the Appendix upon the iniquitous, the infernal Bulletin of the French, pray take the trouble of doing so. For my part, their own account proves incontestably that the Spaniards have done as much as ever was performed by human beings in like circumstance. Curse on our Ministers for not having raised that siege, which would have been so easy!

I am afraid you will have had endless trouble about the alterations, small and great. You do not say what you did about the petition part, and Charles the Second, as talked about at Ambleside. 'Arm of the Almighty,' I wished rather to stand, 'and gave to them the deep faith which they have expressed that their power was favoured and assisted by the Almighty'. Perhaps you have substituted something better. The great body of additions sent, since the conclusion was sent, will begin in this manner,—after some expression like this which I cannot recollect, 'administered as the old Monarchy of Spain'.

But I began with hope, and hope goes along with me. 'In Madrid, in Ferrol,' etc. I cannot find the passage in my MS., therefore if anything be wanting to smooth the junction, you will be so kind as to add it. I mean to say that the heart of the people is sound; the first direction given for the insertions is therefore set aside; it would indeed there have been quite out of its place, so near the conclusion. Any expressions which lead the reader to expect the conclusion too soon, such as 'parting look', etc., etc., you will of course omit. As to concluding with a quotation, I don't know how to get over that; it could not conclude with the Paragraph before, the simile not being sufficiently upon a level with ordinary imaginations. Does what you will now find added require an alteration in the first words of the last Paragraph? I ask this question because I cannot find the MS. If it does, be so good as make it. I have alluded to the blasphemous address to Buonaparte made by some Italian deputies, which you remember we read at Grasmere some time ago, and his answer; I should like to have referred to the very words in the Appendix, but it is in vain to seek for the Paper. If, without much trouble, you could find it in the file of *Couriers* at the office, I should exceedingly like such parts as you might approve of, both of address and answer, to be inserted in the Appendix. It is of considerable consequence; for, if I am not mistaken, there was there also the avowal which he has so repeatedly made to the Spaniards, that power is, in his estimation, the measure of right; in other words, that he will rule over them, whether they will or no. Many thanks for your trouble about the note on the Board of Inquiry. If any quotations which I have made from the proceedings of that Board should be grossly inaccurate, I don't mean as to words but in spirit, pray correct that by a note in the Appendix, as far as is possible.

The paragraph in the Advertizement must stand thus, to be inserted before the last sentence, not without a hope that you may be able to amend it.

'I must entreat the Reader to bear in mind that I began to write upon this subject in November last, and have continued without bringing my work earlier to a conclusion, partly from accident, and partly from a wish to possess additional docu-

ments and facts. Passing occurrences have made a change in the situation of certain objects spoken of, but I have not thought it necessary to accommodate what I had previously written to these changes: the whole stands without alteration, except where additions have been made, or errors corrected.'

I am obliged to put things down just as they come into my memory; but, as I know your habits of order, I can trust to you for correcting this. There is one passage which would stand better thus (the sentence would be clearer, and its connection with the preceding clearer), 'The tendency of such education to warp, and therefore weaken the intellect,' omitting what is said about 'shutting out from common sympathies and genuine knowledge.' I have said 'deposited in the Escorial'. Was that the Place?

I have said 'Swede or Norwegian,' thinking that Norway has not forfeited its national independence, having, as I believe (and I have *Hartley's*¹ authority to corroborate my opinion), fallen to the Crown of Denmark by marriage. But strange! we have here no book of Geography or History to give us information. If I should prove mistaken, let the word 'Norwegian' be omitted.

I return to your proposed Note upon the French Bulletin on Saragossa. It would certainly be rendering good service if you could concisely expose the contradictions of this heinous document, and point the Indignation of the public against its cowardly and execrable calumnies. I have a further reason for this, because I have done injustice to Gen. Ferguson, by not mentioning in the body of the work his marked disapprobation of the Convention of Cintra, and therefore a note must be added upon this subject. A fair occasion was given, awhile ago, by a passage in the *Moniteur*; and the note, after you had exposed the wickedness of the French Bulletin, might conclude in a manner like this. (I have stopped the pen and hunted in vain all over the house for the *Courier* that contains the passage I wish to advert to. It may be easily found by consulting the File at the office. It is some observations in the *Moniteur*, which appeared within the course of a month past, upon the votes of thanks in the H. of Commons concerning the campaign in

¹ i.e. Hartley Coleridge.

Portugal. I wished to extract about six or seven lines, where the paper says, among other well-founded insults, 'You were unable to drive the French out of Portugal.')

'Official Papers of Governments containing such assertions in the face of such facts can only be injurious to their authors; but it is lamentably different when in an official journal of the French Government we meet with the following passage, supported by the documents of the Armistice and Convention of Cintra. In such combination there is sterling truth enough to give currency to a thousand lies;' (then quote the passage from the *Moniteur*, interposing any other words which you may think proper, such as I cannot accommodate to the passage, not having it before me, and perhaps no words may be necessary.)

pudet haec opprobria nobis
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.¹

How can they be refuted? and what avail our victories with such evidence against us?

—And all the while he read he did extend
His sword high over him, if aught he did offend.²

A picture like this must have presented itself to the imaginations of men in all Europe, wherever those Instruments travelled, and the People of Great Britain feel with heartburning indignation in what hand the sword would appear to be. To the victory of Vimeira these lines have been with propriety applied.

Media fert tristis succos, tardumque saporem
Felicis mali; quo non praesentius ullum,
Pocula si quando saevae infecere novercae,
Miscueruntque herbas et non innoxia verba,
Auxilium venit, ac membris agit atra venena.
Ipsa ingens arbor, faciemque simillima lauro;
Et, si non alium late jactaret odorem,
Laurus erat.³

¹ Ovid, *Metam.* i. 758-9.

² And all the while he read, she did extend
Her sword high over him, if ought he did offend.

Spenser, *F.Q.* III. xii. 36.

³ Virgil, *Georgics*, ii. 126-33.

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I must be allowed upon this occasion to express my satisfaction that one of the Generals who were in Portugal stands clear of the shame of having countenanced the Convention of Cintra. The gallant and patriotic General Ferguson has declared in the House of Commons his decided disapprobation of that measure. N.B.—If Austria should not appear to join in the war, the two last paragraphs will require a slight alteration, an ‘*if*’ or something that you can easily give.

The Title-Page need not state ‘first part’. I do not wish to engage myself so far, having now said so much. For the distribution of the work, I much approve of your sending it with a Latin note to the Spanish and Portuguese Ambassadors, but I cannot reconcile myself to the idea of your sending it with your own name to Sir A. W. Let it not be done on any account. He may learn that you are an intimate friend of mine, and may suspect it to be an act of personal malice on my part. Consult with Mr. Stuart about sending any number to such public characters as you and he may think proper. Send one in my name to Gen. Ferguson, one to Mr. Curwen, and one to Rd. Sharp, Esq., M.P., Mark Lane. Mr. Curwen’s address in London I do not know. I dare say that I have forgotten many particulars, but this Letter is a miserable jumble, and my head a perfect chaos. This will account for the heaviness of the Note which I wish you would contrive to inspirit. With many thanks, and a very strong wish to see you again in Grasmere,

I remain

Very afft^y yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

The Poem you need not call for; it is come. Miss Monkhouse leaves Town on Friday week. If the Pamphlet be out before that time, pray let a copy be sent to her (21 Budge row) for her Brother in Wales. I should like a copy to be sent from me to the author of the *Narrative of the Siege of Saragossa*, except you should happen to know that he is not worthy of such a mark of notice. But as he must have connections in Spain, it might perhaps be a means of causing some part of the work to be translated into that language, which would give me great

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pleasure. Carleton's *Memoirs* we have procured, so you need not purchase them for us; but if the Book falls in your way at a reasonable rate, buy it for yourself, for it is a most interesting work.

(D. W. adds:)

My dear Friend,

Hartley and Derwent wait, therefore I have only one moment. Thomas has had measles, and is quite recovered—happier, lovelier, and handsomer than he has been for many weeks before; but poor Catherine is grievously reduced. She has had every symptom of the measles *except the eruption* and Mr Scambler, for want of that symptom, pronounces it not to be the measles in her, yet she had a few spots. We are doubtful about it. In the small pox you know, there is often no eruption. God bless you, my dear Friend.

Your ever-affectionate
Dorothy Wordsworth.

Sunday afternoon.

Coleridge is not returned. We have heard nothing of him or *The Friend*, except that it is not to appear till the 14th of April. He is at Keswick. Miss H. is pretty well.

Address: Tho^s de Quincey Esq^r., 82 Great Titchfield Street,
Cavendish Square, London.

MS. 361. W. W. to Thomas de Quincey

K(—)

[March 27 and 28, 1809]

My dear Friend,

I have been not a little jeered this morning when it was seen that I meant to trouble you with another letter; but I am haunted with notions, which I cannot get over in cases of this sort, that I leave my meaning undeveloped. Accordingly I must be permitted to submit to your judgment the following two sentences to be added after the words 'But without national independence this is impossible'.

'The difference between inbred oppression and that which is from without is *essential*, inasmuch as the former does not ex-

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clude from the mind of a people the feeling of being self-governed, does not imply (as the latter does when patiently submitted to) an abandonment of the first duty imposed by the faculty of reason. In reality, where this feeling has no place a people are not a society but a herd; man being indeed distinguished among them from the brute but only to his disgrace. I am aware etc.' Please also to put for 'a change in the minds of the native French soldiery', 'a *moral* change'; and just after for 'this influence of moral causes,' put 'this *paramount efficacy* of moral causes,' or any better words that may suggest themselves to you. Influence is too weak a word. It is in the sentence about the British troops. In the same paragraph read, 'who by *submitting* to inglorious treaties, or by other misconduct.'

In your note to Spanish and Portuguese Ambassadors, pray state that one of my principal objects was to refute the calumnies which selfish men had circulated in this country against those two nations.

I am happy to say that Thomas is quite well, and growing very handsome. Mrs. W. has had another desperate cold, but she is getting better. Miss H. is pretty well and begs her best respects—all else well. I am obliged to write in a great hurry to save the post. I sent off four Letters to you by Sunday's post; and should now have written at some length but I cannot save the post unless I conclude immediately.

Do mend that stupid part of the Note, which I sent you; in fact my brains were utterly dried up when I wrote it. The passage in the *Moniteur*, alluded to, is in some one of the *Couriers*, written a month past or less; and stands, if I am not mistaken, in the first page, something better than one third down the last column of it.

Of course we have not received the announced parcel.

Very affectionately your friend,
W. Wordsworth.

Tuesday Noon.

I am delighted to see reason for believing that Galicia is up again, and that the people have done summary justice upon the traitorous governor of Cadiz. A little more of this, and the cause

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will go swing; these traitors must be purged off. I should not be sorry to see one third at least of the supreme junta carried off in the same manner, or at least in some other equally effectual; that energetic and zealous and honest men might take their place.

Address: Thomas De Quincey, Esq^{re}, 82 Great Titchfield Street, Cavendish Square, London.

MS. 362. *W. W. to Thomas De Quincey*
J. K.

Grasmere, Wed. Evg, 29th March, [1809.]

My dear Friend,

I, William Wordsworth, employ Miss Hutchinson as my amanuensis, to spare you the trouble of puzzling out my bad penmanship, a labour which after all might be fruitless.

I received your letter, addressed to my Sister, yesterday. I am truly sorry for the trouble you are put to, and beg that you would not be so anxious, particularly as to a misspelt word or so. I repeat to prevent mistake, that the long addition 'in Ferrol in Corunna' is to follow after the paragraph about the conduct of the supreme Junta, ending with a sentence about 'the old monarchy of Spain administered'; and that the words 'In Madrid, etc.' are to be preceded by a couple of sentences which I have already sent, and which will be found in the last of the four letters sent off together. I repeat this, fearful that my bad penmanship may have rendered the direction unintelligible. By a letter from Stuart to Coleridge I learn that, in his opinion, the Armistice and Convention might as well be printed. I confess I am of the same mind, but do as you think best. Upon maturer thoughts, I withdraw the exhortation, contained in my last, that you would expose the contradictions in the French bulletins concerning the defence of Saragossa.

We stand upon too high ground there not to suffer by such a step. A few words said upon the base and cowardly charges of the French against the Saragossians, and particularly against their Leader, might be well—but nothing more.—it would also furnish a fair opportunity of showing the different appearance

which the French Liars and Defamers make when confronted by the heroic achievements of the People of Saragossa, and when backed by the cowardice and stupidity which our Generals showed in the Convention of Cintra. But do this, or let it alone, just as you like. Insert also that part of my note, or not, as you deem advisable, or feel an inclination; only let what is said about General Ferguson be inserted, both in justice to him, to me, and to the subject—about all this I am comparatively indifferent; but there is one point which I have much at heart—I will explain. Mr. Crump, my Landlord, called here this morning; he did not stay much above two hours, and as soon as he had heard the dismal tale of the chimneys and the cellars, he began to crow; and over what, think you? The inert, the lazy, the helpless, the worthless Spaniards, clapping his wings at the same time in honour of Bonaparte. This was the truth, though he perhaps was not aware how his wings were employed. Mr. Crump introduced the subject, and his words were, ‘Well, Mr. W., is there no good to come of this? What do you say to rooting out the Friars, abolishing the Inquisition, sweeping away the feudal tenures?’ in short, though he did not mean to defend Buonaparte, ‘Oh no, on no account! yet certainly he would be a great benefactor to the Spaniards: they were such vile slaves.’ In short, I found this good and excellent man (I do believe as kind hearted an attorney as breathes) completely saturated with Roscoism.¹ I squeezed a little of it out of him, as much as the time would allow, but the sponge will be filled again the first dining party he is present at upon his return. In Mrs. Clarke’s phrase, there are black sheep at Liverpool. This I had first heard from you; and it was confirmed by Mr. Wilson—and you may be sure I was not a little pleased with the remembrance of what I had added to the pamphlet upon this subject, and upon that of national independence in general. But to come to the point. He quoted, as proofs of the miserable state of public spirit upon the Peninsula, the Letters of Sir J. Moore recently published by Government; and I found that these had made a great impres-

¹ William Roscoe, M.P. for Liverpool, was a strong Whig; in the previous year he had attacked the Government for their expedition against Copenhagen. He is remembered to-day as the author of the *Life of Leo X.*

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sion, to the prejudice of the Spaniards, both upon his mind and upon the minds of those with whom he associates. Now what I wish is, that you would give a review of these Letters, not speaking with any asperity of Sir J. M., though the Letters would thoroughly justify it; but this the People of England would not bear, he being a Commander-in-Chief, shot and, of course in their tender estimations, *cannonized*. I have only seen such of those Letters as appeared in the Courier of Friday last (March 24). They are in number four, and at the end it is said they are to be continued. From these my opinion of Sir J. M. is completely made up, that he was a sober, steady-minded man, but without any comprehensiveness or originality of mind, and totally unfit for so arduous a situation. I know that you have accurately in memory all the events of the campaign, and would find no difficulty in making such comments upon these Letters as would tend very much to obviate the unfavourable impression which, if left to themselves, I am sure they will make. I will just set down at random two or three thoughts such as struck me as a skeleton for the materials of such a note. First to remind the reader of the situation in which Sir J. Moore stood, and of the purpose for which these Letters were written—namely, under a conviction that his army could accomplish nothing; and to save himself and it from reproach in that quarter by which he had been sent—the Ministry.

Now it was clear that the best way to succeed in this, was not to charge those who had sent him with blame, but to fling the whole upon the Spaniards. Accordingly he enters into a dolorous account of the dispersion and defeat of Blake's army, flying in every direction, the Estremadura Army routed and Castanos totally defeated. But nowhere do we hear a word of the gallant and desperate resistance which Blake made for so many days—of the courage and even temerity of the Estremadurans—and the fate¹ of Castanos is totally misrepresented—inasmuch as his centre only was defeated, his two wings being untouched, part of which retired south and part threw themselves into Saragossa, where they made, as we know, a most valiant resistance. In fact, Sir John Moore nowhere speaks like a soldier—for he seems to be

¹ *Written fact.*

surprised that these raw levies could not stand their ground, upon all occasions, against the practised troops of Bonaparte, and seems surprised at the composition of the Spanish armies. The regular Troops of Spain had, for the most part, been kidnapped by Buonaparte, and he ought to have known beforehand that the armies could be no other than what he found them, except as to numbers. But we are interested in the question, not as a military one, but as the facts affect the dispositions of the Spanish People. Now, there can be no doubt, from the condition in which Sir J. M. found the armies and the spirit of the people in many parts of Spain, that the Supreme Junta had strangely neglected its duty—and it scarcely seems possible that any of its members can be men of talents;—but this subject (I mean of their talents) must in the Note be touched gently. Sir J. M. seems to have thought literally, with the Lawyers, *'de non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio'*; that is, because the people were not huzzaing and shouting like a mob at an election or a rout [of] drunkards reeling from a fair, that therefore they had no sense of their injuries. I know not that such was his sentiment, but assuredly many people in England will draw conclusion to the same purpose from his statement. All this apparent listlessness and languor is to be attributed solely to the Government not having taken proper means to circulate instructing and animating writings among the people; and to organize them in such a manner that an electric shock might pass from mind to mind, from one town to another—from one village to another, through all the land. He states that small parties of the French scoured the country of Leon without meeting any resistance from the inhabitants—This fact I cannot believe upon the evidence of any General,—because my knowledge of human nature teaches me beforehand that it is impossible. That the resistance might fall far below what a superficial thinker would expect I can easily believe; things of this sort, where regular arrangements have not been made to preclude such inactivity, and to give men a hope of embodying their passions in action by furnishing them with the means of so doing, depend upon accident. A single enterprising man, of a character like one of the old Buccaneers, would have drawn after him hundreds of the

peasants of Leon for any service, however desperate. But to keep to my text—I mean the unfairness of any conclusions drawn from Sir J. M.'s account to the prejudice of the elements or materials out of which Spanish regeneration was to arise. Take one instance, namely that of Salamanca.—It certainly was not his business, writing with such views as he had, when he represents the indifference and tranquillity which were then prevalent, to state to the Ministry that the flower of the students of Salamanca had formed themselves into a Battalion, which had fought as volunteers in Blake's army, and with such conduct and valour, that their General had held them up to the especial admiration and gratitude of their countrymen. And who knows how many of the most active spirits among the Townsmen of the same place had perished in that army? It was not his business to state this, but it becomes those who are in such a hurry to entertain unfavourable opinions of the Spanish nation to recollect it. In fact, with respect to the Spaniards, two conclusions may be fairly drawn from Moore's Letters, neither of which any sensible man ever doubted of before—first, that the Supreme Junta has been miserably remiss—and secondly, that the Spanish levies—*armies*, as they were foolishly called—could not stand against the French, except where situation greatly favoured them—A third conclusion may be drawn from the charge which, though he has pushed so hard upon the Spaniard, Sir J. M. makes, in his own despite, upon the Ministry—that he was sent with a pitiful force, and that force was never an efficient army. My wish, then, is fourfold; that you should clearly state what there is in these Letters that fairly tells against the Spanish people; what fairly against the armies, as made up of the People; what against the Spanish Government; and finally should accumulate upon that the achievements of the south and south-east of Spain. As to the Note, let it be candid and quite respectful to Sir J. M. and his army, I mean candid even to *tenderness*. British People are wretchedly cowardly in these feelings, and upon some future occasion it may be proper to tell them so. I do think, however, in justice to the subject, that some surprise at Sir J. M.'s apparent disappointment at the defeat of the Spanish armies should be expressed. The concluding paragraph

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need not be altered on account of Palafox's reported death. In the page which you will have been obliged to cancel with the footnote, you may, if you think proper, add a footnote of two words to 'Saragossa,' namely 'written in January.'

P.S.—If you shrink from the responsibility of any of the opinions which you might like to express in this note, say that it is written by a friend of the author upon his suggestion, after having seen four of these Letters, he himself having not been able to complete the note owing to his distance from the press, without great delay, if he had waited till the whole of the Letters had reached him.

Address: Tho^s de Quincey Esq^re, 82 Great Titchfield Street, Cavendish Square, London.

MS. 363. *W. W. to Thomas Poole*

Grasmere near Kendal March 30 [1809]

Dear Poole,

Finding (what indeed I might without proof have been sure of) from a Letter of yours to Coleridge that the Convention of Cintra has excited in your mind the same sensations as in my own, I write this to let you know that I have just sent off to the press the last sheets of a Tract 'Concerning the relations of Great Britain Spain and Portugal towards each other and to the common Enemy at the crisis, and specifically as affected by the Convention of Cintra; the whole brought to the test of those principles by which alone the independence and freedom of natives can be preserved or recovered.' Longman is the publisher, and I have given my name—you will get it as cheap as I could have sent it down to you. If, when you have read, you should think the circulation of the Tract would be of service, I know you will promote it; I speak this not from any paltry consideration of gain, for I do not expect a farthing from it, nor even wish for the least emolument of that kind, but for Truth's sake and Liberty's. I should be happy to receive any observations or elucidations which it may suggest to you. I suppose it will be out in less than a fortnight.

Coleridge has not been here this month, he is now at Keswick,

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having had a great deal of trouble about arranging the publication of his 'Friend'—How comes it that we never see you down here? it is not far for a wealthy Batchelor to travel. Let next summer bring you down.—I cannot say that Coleridge has been managing himself well; and therefore I would not have you disappointed if the 'Friend' should not last long; but do not hint a word of this to any body, as any thing of that kind should it come to his ears would completely dash him.—But I must say to you to prevent mortification on your part that I have not much hope.

I should be most happy to see Alfoxden, Stowey, and the Quantock Hills and Combes once more before I close my eyes. But Poetry you know well and Patriotism are not mines very affluent in gold ore—at least I do not find them so. Riches it has often been said have wings, of that I seldom think, but sometimes I do think and feel that they *give* wings, and that the gift has not found its way to me; else assuredly you would have seen me under your roof before this time. I mention this partly as matter of regret and partly as good-natured reproach to you whose shoulders are well fledged and furbished for having never thought it worth while to fly so far as these mountains.

But I am scribbling so wretchedly that you will be unable to read—therefore to save you any further vexation I conclude

Your affectionate Friend

Wm Wordsworth

If you were a married Man I should tell you that I have an excellent wife, and four fine children; but you are above these *Luxuries*, as a friend of mine once called them in my hearing, saying that he could not afford to give in to such things; and the Rogue meanwhile had pictures and Prints in his house to the amount of ten thousand pound.

My sister is well and begs to be most kindly remembered to you. Do not forget to mention my name to Ward as one who often has the image of what he was eleven years ago before his eyes. God bless you!

Address: Tho^s Poole Esq., Nether Stowey, n^r Bridgewater,
Somersetshire.

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MS. 364. D. W. to Thomas De Quincey
J. K.

My dear Friend,

Wednesday, 5th April [1809]

Since I wrote to you we have received three letters from you, i.e., one dated 28th March, one enclosed with the pamphlets, and one yesterday dated April 1st. I merely write to set your mind at ease respecting the time when you will receive a full answer from my Brother to your last letter, and to inform you that we received the pamphlets duly on Saturday night; and next morning there was perfect joy in the house over your sweet letter to Johnny. But here I must tell you that in reading the letter to him we omit that part after the description of the carriage where you say you will buy one for him and Sissy. My dear Friend, I believe that you are serious, because you have said so to Johnny; but I earnestly hope that you will be prevailed upon not to buy it. We should grieve most seriously that so much money should be expended for a carriage for them, when they are completely happy and satisfied with their own, which answers every important purpose of the other. What matter if it is a little '*harder*' to pull? (Johnny often says it is very hard uphill.) It is the better exercise for them! I have not time to say one half of what I wish, or to notice the particulars of your different letters. We are very much grieved that you have had so much perplexity and vexation about the Note on Saragossa, and we (that is, we women) are exceedingly sorry that the sheet has been cancelled, for though we do not think that the note was *necessary* in that place, it does not seem to us that it could have done any harm, except what is always done by *any* note which stops the course of your reading at an animated or eloquent passage. I know not what my Brother said to you; but sure I am that he did not in words utter any sentiment, any conjecture respecting your conceptions or intentions, which could have given you the slightest pain; therefore I conclude that he has expressed himself negligently in his hurry, and that you have misunderstood his meaning. I do not know what plan my Brother fixed upon for explaining that passage; but certainly it is necessary that it should be known how long the pamphlet has been in being finished, for the sake of *perspicuity*, if there

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were no other reason. It is very strange about that imperfect sentence. We have hunted out the MS. from which your copy was taken, and it is exactly as you say, leaving off at the word 'force'. It is astonishing that this could have escaped any of us, much more my Brother, who read it so often over. I have copied all the important parts of your letters relative to the pamphlet, and send them by this post to Kendal, and of course he will answer them, and you will receive his letter on Monday, for he will certainly come home by Kendal. We learn from Mrs C. that Coleridge and Southey met Wm at Appleby on Saturday. C. is returned to Keswick, and goes with Southey to-morrow to Workington Hall. I know nothing more either of him, or his *Friend*.

Mrs. Kelsall¹ has written her 'long story' to me, and I hope I have so explained matters to her, that neither she nor I need give you any more trouble about that business. I am quite vexed with her for plaguing you, and at a time too when *we* are giving you such never-ending plague of another kind. Oh, how I shall rejoice for your sake, and for the sake of your poor head and eyes, when the pamphlet is fairly *published*! Till then I cannot be easy, for I shall never feel sure that William will not have some changes to make. But for Mrs. K. I believe she suspects that we had some design to manufacture for ourselves quilts, curtains, or other things out of the spoils of your house. At least, she did not give us credit for knowing anything about *economy*. I have, however, set myself off in that line as well as she can do and I think she will be satisfied, at all events I trust she will not trouble *you* any more. We are in great spirits about the news from Spain. All well. Catherine is as lively as a bird, and looks better and better every day. If you thought Totty handsome before, you would say he is *beautiful* now. Mrs. C. tells us that Wm was at Penrith, and they all saw Dorothy. She cried to go with her father to Appleby. I long to see her again, and to hear her dear lively voice in the house. John's pictures are put up in his own bedroom, and he is very proud of them. We gave Thomas the Parson and the two Ladies, and it has taken its place in the nursery below your works, the Giant's Castle and the Magician's Temple; Magician or Genius, I believe

¹ A Manchester friend of De Q.'s.

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it is. The pamphlets came on Saturday night. Decius¹ looks so very dry that I have not heart to attack him. I have read Cevallos;² also I have read Miss Smith's Translation of Klopstock's and Mrs. K's letters.³ I wish she had never translated them; for they disturb that beautiful image which you conceive of Mrs. K's character from the few letters to Richardson; being full of indefinite breathings of godliness, exclamations without end, and 'God' in every fourth line of a page.

Klopstock's letters to her are of the same kind, but being a man's letters, and the letters of a man who has had such a high reputation, one cannot read them with the same indulgence. I never in my life read a book in which there was so little sense or thought—there is none, except in some of Mrs. K's letters, which have far more good in them than her Husband's.

Hartley and D. are impatient to be gone with this letter. I write as fast as pen can go, but you are a 'good scholar', and I hope can make it out. God bless you! We all beg our kindest love.

Your ever-aff^{cte}

D. W.

We have engaged an excellent servant for you, to come at Martinmas, Mr. Lloyd's cook, formerly our servant; but we must hire another to serve you till that time. Might not your Brother have arrived before this time.

Address: Thomas de Quincey Esq^{re}, N^o 82 G^t Titchfield Street,
Cavendish Square, London.

MS.

365. D. W. to R. W.

My dear Brother

April 6th 1809

I write again to inform you that Wm drew upon you for 50£ (four or five days ago), in favour of Mr Isaac Braithwaite—at

¹ Probably the *Letters of Decius*, London, 1806 (K.).

² Cevallos: *An Exposure of the Arts and Machinations which led to the Usurpation of the Crown of Spain*: translated from the Spanish by J. J. Stockdale, 1808. The book was reviewed by Jeffrey in the *Ed. Rev.* for Oct. 1808.

³ v. *E.L.*, p. 432: the book here referred to is *Memoir of Frederick and Margaret Klopstock*, trs. from the German by Miss S——, the author of *Fragments in Prose and Verse*, 1808.

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one month after Date. I think we shall at last provoke you to send in our account, for expences have been terribly heavy of late and we have much overdrawn our means. In fact we have had great and serious expences in furnishing this house, having had a great deal of new furniture to buy.

William was at Penrith in the beginning of this week, and had the pleasure of sleeping in your Bed at Sockbridge. William says he hopes you will not stand in need of Sticks when you come down—he found two of yours standing in a corner of the house and brought one of them away with him. He brought us the good news from Penrith that your health was very much improved when you had last been heard of

We are all well—God bless you! believe me your affect^d Sister
D. Wordsworth

Address: Richard Wordsworth Esq^{re}, No 11 Staple Inn, London.

MS. 366. *W. W. to Thomas De Quincey*
K.

Grasmere, Friday [p.m. April 10, 1809]

My dear Friend,

I returned home last Wednesday after a very agreeable excursion of five days, and had the satisfaction of finding everybody well, though Catherine still looks very puny. I saw little Dorothy at Penrith for about an hour; she is very well; and was as glad to see me as sorry to part from me, crying bitterly and clinging round me.

It gives me great concern to find that after all your fatigue, confinement, and vexation, you should have suffered such mortification as you express from such a quarter. As I have always found that explanations by letter in cases of this kind only aggravate the evil, by furnishing new matter for misconception on both sides, I shall not say much upon this subject, after having expressed the deep sorrow which I feel upon the occasion. Concerning your feelings I may be mistaken; concerning my own I cannot; I shall therefore confine myself to this subject, well aware however that, though I can be under no mistake myself here, it is not improbable that I may so imperfectly express myself as to occasion mistake on your part.

My reasons for suppressing the note were fourfold. First, that any note, especially in an animated part of a composition, checks the current of thought or feeling, and therefore is in its nature objectionable; 2ndly, all that was *necessary* in this case might be provided for as well in the general advertizement; 3rdly, and far above all, because it seemed to me that a note to the effect of yours would completely anticipate and therefore render intolerably heavy what had been said by me in the additions to the text where Saragossa is again mentioned, and it seemed desirable to say what I had said in the text; at all events it was easier to strike out a note than a passage from the text which might render necessary other omissions; and 4thly, I thought that it was injurious to the cause and to the people of Saragossa to admit for a moment that any one could imagine that this prophecy had not been fulfilled. These were the considerations which inclined me to request that leaf should be cancelled. Nor, though at the time I most exceedingly regretted the trouble you had been at, did I doubt that, after you had seen the additions I had sent, you would feel as strongly as myself the necessity that either the note should be suppressed, or those additions; and that, as the latter was not likely to be done without consulting me, the former would of course be deemed necessary as the lesser of the two evils.

I never did suppose that you drew conclusions unfavourable to Saragossa from the French bulletins. On the contrary, I was sure that your opinions and my own would be coincident. But I must quit the subject. My penmanship is very bad, and my head aches miserably. I am also in other respects not well.

I have seen a hint in one of the Papers about some letters of David Baird to the same tune as Moore's. The letters themselves I have not seen; and am very sorry that, not having the whole of this correspondence, I cannot write the note on Moore's representation myself, to rid you of a responsibility which must be unpleasing to you. You will therefore act exactly as you think proper; either make a comment on these papers, or not. They are certainly a libel on the Spanish nation, and ought by some body or other to be exposed as such. Foolish fellow! with a Frenchified mind! to quote that miserable Frenchman's

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account of the state of public spirit in Spain with approbation. 'Toujours la même incredulité sur nos avantages!' What symptom could be more favorable! does not it necessarily imply that the Spaniards had such confidence in their strength, and the justice of their cause, that their serenity could not be disturbed!

I am well satisfied with the manner in which you have filled up the imperfect sentence. How it happened to be left so I know not.

Pray let a copy be sent to Sir George Beaumont, Grosvenor Square.

The copy for Curwen may be sent down hither, as I learn he is at Workington Hall.

A body of the English were turned and broken, and therefore technically vanquished at the battle in Egypt, which decided the fate of the campaign; that in which Abercrombie was killed. And General Reynier in his account makes it a matter of reproach to them that they did not surrender, this being the case; as I believe any other troops would have done. My argument is not affected by any subsequent formation of themselves, which these men might make, as it was to their individual courage that they were indebted for the power of making this formation, if it was made. As to the affair of Corunna the whole Battle, from Hope's own account, appears to have been out of the rules of the Art of War from the beginning to end, and is I believe the strongest case in point that could be given; but on this I do not insist. Therefore, the word 'Corunna' may be omitted.

I cannot *pen* better, and therefore must conclude,

Very affectionately yours
W. Wordsworth.

Address: Thomas de Quincey Esq^{re}, 82 Great Titchfield Street,
Cavendish Square, London.

MS. 367. D. W. to Thomas De Quincey
J. K.

Sunday Afternoon [p.m. April 18, 1809]

My dear Friend,

Having an opportunity of sending a letter to Ambleside by Hartley and Derwent, I think it best to write a few lines for

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your satisfaction, though whether the Pamphlet be published or not, there is no *necessity* for writing, as I do not think it likely that you would have 'Author of the L. B. etc.' printed in the title-page, which must by no means be done. My Brother approves of your manner of disposing of Gen^l. Ferguson. Let 'Corunna' be omitted. I fear your labours will not be over to-morrow ; But soon you must have rest, and we shall all be thankful. You have indeed been a Treasure to us while you have been in London, having spared my Brother so much anxiety and care. We are very grateful for your kindness. We received your paper—not the *Times*, but the *Globe*. We very much enjoyed the hissings of the people in the presence of their slavish Chief Magistrate and his Crew ; but it is a pity they cannot conduct themselves with more temperance, in their common Hall meetings. If the opposite Party had been suffered to speak, the cause of the People would have gained rather than lost.

John is very proud of the pictures you have already sent. They are arranged with great taste in his bedroom. William and Mary were at Lloyd's on Friday, and stayed for the post ; but we were not *much* disappointed at not hearing from you, supposing that you had not leisure, and that we should have a letter through Miss Crosthwaite yesterday Evening. Accordingly my Brother went down to the Carrier's at nine o'clock, and brought home your letter. Thank you again and again for writing such 'nice letters'. You can hardly guess what pleasure we have in receiving them. Coleridge is still at Keswick. He goes to Workington Hall on Monday, was to have gone on Friday (with Southey) ; but, as usual, he caused the delay. You will have seen him advertised. Poor Soul ! he writes in bad spirits, and I have no hope. Adieu, my dear Friend. Believe me ever affectionately yours,

D. Wordsworth.

Hartley and Derwent are impatient to be gone. It grieves me to send off a letter so little worth the postage. Friday was the sweetest day we have had all this year. John was much delighted with your account of the art of printing. You do not mention your Brother.

Address: Thomas de Quincey Esq^{re}, N^o 82 Great Titchfield Street, Cavendish Square, London.

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MS.
S. K.

368. W. W. to Daniel Stuart

My dear Sir,

Grasmere, Wednesday, April 26 [1809]

I received your kind letter yesterday, and am obliged to answer it in a hurry, in order to request that you would call at the printing office and use your exertions to procure the immediate finishing of the work, which has been most shamefully and injuriously delayed by a drunken compositor whom Mr. De Quincey cannot get changed.

Before I quit the subject, do let me intreat of you to omit no opportunity, in *The Courier* or otherwise, to exhort this country to be true to the Spaniards in their struggles, as they have been, and will be found true to themselves. Bonaparte cannot have lost less than 140 or 150 thousand men already in Spain. A man must know little of human nature who despairs of the cause because the Country is overrun, or because the Spaniards cannot beat the French yet in pitched battles. But I have not time to go further into this subject; it is one with many others upon which I wish to converse with you; particularly upon the military defence of our own Country, and to lay before you my reasons for believing that nothing has yet been done towards it (I mean in the arrangements concerning the Volunteers, local militia, etc.), which is not far worse than useless. We are, in fact, in everything but our fleet, leaning upon broken reeds; and there perhaps (as has been apprehended by some wise men) sleeping upon gunpowder. But I hope this is not so.

How strange that I should have so expressed myself as to lead you to believe that I meant to lay it down as a general position, that freedom of discussion could exist under arbitrary governments, or, under any modification of them could exist for any good purpose! In the comparison which I made between our own and other countries, I did not mean to say any more than this, which might both be concluded *a priori*, and has been proved by the fact, viz., that under arbitrary governments which have been *long established in tranquillity*, and *are confident of their own security*, works of bold disquisition, both in Religion, morals, and politics, have been permitted to see the light, and what is of more consequence, have been generally read, though

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not to any good purpose. And the reason is plain, because under such governments *in such circumstances*, opinions excite no alarm, either to the governors, or among any part of the governed; there being no probable connection between opinion and action. Whereas in a country like ours, where we have a considerable portion of practical liberty, not only is the government afraid of opinions differing from those upon which its own strength is founded, but likewise, there takes place another intolerance, still more to be deprecated, in the minds of large bodies of the community, who set their faces against everything that appears, which is not, in matter and manner, perfectly orthodox; from the apprehension that, if such notions gain ground, a course of *action* will follow, and their privileges, or at least their tranquillity, be sacrificed. Hence, for the most part, such books only are written as flatter existing prejudice and ignorance, or if others be produced, they are cried out against at first, and finally neglected. You will remember that I positively said in my Letter, that books avail nothing *without institutions*—that is, of course, institutions of civil liberty. I am sure that on these points not the smallest difference would exist between us, if we had an opportunity of sifting thoroughly each other's thoughts.

But it is time to thank you for the body of pamphlets. The copious account of the Convention would have been of use to me, to have made out a stronger case in some instances, particularly upon the subject of the plunder. I am obliged to conclude.—Most sincerely yours,

W. Wordsworth.

Address: D. Stuart Esq^{re}, 9 Brompton Row, Knightsbridge, London.

MS. 369. W. W. to Francis Wrangham
K.

[April 1809]

My dear Wrangham,

You will think, I am afraid, that I have used you ill in not replying sooner to your last letter; particularly as you were

desirous to be informed in what Newspaper my pamphlet was printing. I should not have failed to give you immediately any information on this subject which could be of use; but in fact, though I began to publish in a newspaper, viz. the *Courier*, an accidental loss of two or three sheets of the Manuscript prevented me from going on in that mode of publication, after two sections had appeared. The Pamphlet will be out in less than a fortnight, entitled at full length, *Concerning the Relations of Great Britain, Spain, and Portugal, to each other and to the common Enemy, at this crisis, and specifically as affected by the Convention of Cintra, the whole brought to the Test of those Principles by which alone the independence and freedom of Nations can be preserved or recovered.* This is less a Title than a Table of Contents, I give it you at full length in order that you may set your fancy at work (if you have no better employment for it) upon what the Pamphlet may contain. I sent off the last sheets only a day or two since, else I should have written to you sooner; it having been my intention to pay my debt to you the moment I had discharged this debt to my Country, and to the virtuous of all Countries. What I have written has been done according to the best light of my Conscience. It is indeed very imperfect, and will, I fear, be little read; but, if it is read, it cannot I hope fail of doing some good, though I am aware it will create me a world of enemies, and call forth the old yell of Jacobinism. I have not sent it to any personal friends as such; therefore I have made no exception in your case. I have ordered it to be sent to two, the Spanish and Portuguese Ambassadors, and to three or four other public men, and Members of Parliament, but to nobody of my friends and relations. It is printed with my name, and I believe will be published by Longman.

Verses have been out of my Head for some time; but in some inspiring moment, should such be vouchsafed, I may not be unmindful of the request which you do me the honour to make. You must permit me to return the same request on my part to you; there may not be much invention in this; the sincerity of it may make amends.

I am very happy that you have not been inattentive to my

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suggestion on the subject of Topography.¹ When I ventured to recommend this pursuit to you, I did not for a moment suppose that it was to interfere with your appropriate duties as a parish priest—far otherwise—but I know you are of an active mind; and I am sure that a portion of your time might be thus employed without any deduction from that which was due to your professional engagements. It would be a recreation to you, and also it appears to me that records of this kind ought to be executed by some body or other, both for the instruction of those now living and for the sake of posterity; and if so, the duty devolves more naturally upon Clergymen than upon other persons; as their opportunities and qualifications are, both, likely to be better than those of other men. If you have not seen White's and Whitaker's books, do procure a sight of them.

I was aware that you would think me fair game upon the Catholic Question, but really I should be greatly obliged to any man who would help me over the difficulty I stated. If the Catholics upon the plea of their being the majority merely (which implies an admission on our part that their profession of faith is in itself as good as ours, as consistent with civil liberty), if they are to have these requests accorded, how can they be refused (consistently) the further prayer, of being constituted upon the same plea, the established Church? I confess I am not prepared for this—with the Methodists on one side, and the Catholics on the other, what is to become of the poor Church and people of England, to both of which I am most tenderly attached; and to the former, not the less on account of the pretty little spire of Brompton Parish Church, under which you and I were made happy men, by the gift from Providence of two excellent wives.

To Mrs Wrangham present my cordial regards, and believe me dear Wrangham

Your very sincere and affectionate Friend,
W. Wordsworth.

Address: Rev^d F. Wrangham, Hunmanby near Bridlington,
Yorks.

¹ In letter of Oct. 2, 1808 (p. 246).

MAY 1809

MS.

370. D. W. to R. W.

[May 1, 1809]

My dear Brother,

William has desired me to write to you to inform you that he has paid off the Mortgage on his Estate at Patterdale. To supply the deficiency of Mary's money he has drawn upon you for 200£.

The Bill on you was drawn today at Grasmere by Mr John Hutchinson at 10 days after date. It is signed by William.

We were much shocked about a fortnight ago to hear of the death of Jane Wordsworth, Mr Richard Wordsworth's youngest Daughter but one. She was a very excellent young Woman. William and Mary saw her last Summer at Catgill.

I have been from home for about a week, at the House of a Mrs Wilson near Windermere—where I spent my time very pleasantly. William and Mary desire their kind love to you. Believe me ever, my dear Richard,

your affectionate Sister

D Wordsworth

Address: Richard Wordsworth Esq^{re}, No 11 Staple Inn, London.

MS.

371. D. W. to Thomas De Quincey

J. K.

Grasmere, Monday, May 1st [1809]

My dear Friend,

I have just dismissed Johnny with his shame-faced smile, telling him that I wanted to be alone to write to Mr. de Quincey. I asked him what I should say for him and he could think of nothing but that I should tell you to come back again, and even of that he was ashamed, and seemed to struggle with other thoughts which he could not utter, while he blushed all over his face. He is a happy creature—more joyous than ever; and yet more thoughtful. I am sure you will say he is much improved, and will perceive his mind opening before you when you renew your long conversations with him. Reading is now no longer a painful exertion to him, though certainly he does not make out his words without great difficulty—but he likes the exercise, not much yet for the sake of the matter contained in his Book, but

as an exercise, and I do not doubt that in a little time he will be able to read without spelling, though he is slow in learning—

I was called downstairs and found Miss Hutchinson reading Coleridge's *Christabel* to Johnny—She was tired, so I read the greatest part of it: he was excessively interested especially with the first part, but he asked 'why she could not say her prayers in her own room', and it was his opinion that she ought to have gone 'directly to her Father's Room to tell him that she had met with the Lady under the old oak tree and all about it.'

My dear Friend, I felt a pang when you complained of not having heard from us for so long a time, though I had written a hurried letter on Friday evening, the day on which we received yours. It appeared to me as if I had been ungrateful and unfeeling in not writing; at least that there might be something like social intercourse between us while your mind was vexed and harassed by the labour which for our sakes you have taken upon you, though I could not have hoped to be very entertaining; for what have I to tell you but of the goings-on of our quiet household?—We are indeed now a quiet family, wanting Sissy and, above all, Coleridge; who though not noisy himself makes a bustle in the house—besides we have been but little plagued with smoke lately which makes us seem to have nothing to do but to sew, read, write, walk about and play with the Children for our pleasure. I often wish that you were here now, that you might know that we are not always oppressed with business and labour—but soon we are to have workmen again at the chimnies and they will revive past miseries; but we hope that they may do something to prevent our suffering next winter as we suffered the last; for we are assured by many persons that Register stoves will entirely cure the evil in the parlours, and we would gladly submit to the inconvenience of having the kitchen chimney pulled down (which we think will be the only effectual remedy)—but, alas! in two years more we fear we shall have to remove from this house, for Mr. Crump has taken a cottage at Ambleside for the next summer, a proof that he wishes at least to spend the summer months among the Lakes, and what is to be gained by letting his own house and renting another? It will be very grievous to be disturbed again, if we *should* get the chimnies

cured, after having had one whole year's trouble and discomfort ; and *you* will be left in the lurch, for if we quit this house there is no prospect but of our quitting *Grasmere*, for there is not another shelter for us here. But this is anticipating evils, and foolishly too, when we have had so many actual evils of the same kind to endure. We are greatly concerned at the delay of the Pamphlet, but much more at your being detained in London so long and your having so much trouble. I will quit this subject with a hope that before the end of this week we may receive the parcel. By the bye, I hope you will have had leisure to think about Johnny's pictures, for he expects them with impatience, and is very proud of those which he already possesses.

My Brother has begun to correct and add to the poem of the White Doe, and has been tolerably successful. He intends to finish it before he begins with any other work, and has made up his mind, if he can satisfy himself in the alterations he intends to make, to publish it next winter, and to follow the publication by that of Peter Bell and the Waggoner. He has also made a resolution to write upon public affairs in the *Courier*, or some other newspaper, for the sake of getting money ; not wholly, however, on that account, for unless he were animated by the importance of his subject and the hope of being of use he could do nothing in that way. Coleridge, however, writes to desire that he will not withdraw himself from poetry, for he is assured that there will be no need of it, as he (Coleridge) can get money enough. I have, indeed, better hopes of him at present than I have had for this long time, laying together his own account of himself and the account which Mrs. C. gives us of him. He intends to go to Penrith on Wednesday to superintend the Press, therefore you may expect a visit from The Friend on Monday morning (I believe that is the day on which it will arrive in London). As to my Brother's writing for a newspaper I do not much like the thought of it ; but unless the pamphlet (the most improbable thing in the world) should make his poems sought after, I know not how we can go on without his employing some portion of his time in that way—but the misfortune is that he cannot lay down one work, and begin with another—It was never intended that he should make a trade out of his faculties. His thoughts

have been much employed lately in the arrangement of his published poems, as he intends to blend the 4 volumes together whenever they are reprinted—or should I say *if* ever? for we hear no more from Longman, and I believe that the two last volumes scarcely sell at all.

This reminds me of the last Edinburgh Review which I saw at Mr. Wilson's. There never was such a compound of despicable falsehood, malevolence, and folly as the concluding part of the review of Burns's Poems (which was, in fact, all I thought it worth while to read being the only part in which my brother's works are alluded to). It would be treating Mr. Jeffrey with too much respect to notice any of his *criticisms*; but when he makes my Brother censure himself, by quoting words as from his poems which are not there, I do think it is proper that he should be contradicted and put to shame. I mentioned this to my Brother, and he agrees with me; not that he would do it himself; but he thinks it would be well for you, or some other Friend of his, to do it for him, but in what way? I think a letter might be addressed to him in the Edinburgh Papers and in one or two of the London papers. A private letter to himself would be of no use, and of course he would not *publish* any condemnation of himself in his own Review, if you were to call upon him to do so. I wish you would think about it. Mr. Wilson came to us on Saturday morning and stayed till Sunday afternoon. William read the White Doe and Coleridge's Christabel to him, with both of which he was much delighted. He has promised to come again on Wednesday and stay all night and my brother in return has promised to read Peter Bell to him. They talked about going thro Wales and thence into Ireland, and I do not think that the scheme will drop, therefore you must hold yourself in readiness to meet them in Wales if you should not be here at the time. Miss Hutchinson has some thoughts of going into Wales in June; in which case William would accompany her; and Mr. Wilson would either go along with them or follow them—but if Miss H. does not go into Wales so soon, they most likely will defer the journey till the Autumn, when you will, I hope, certainly be here.

Do excuse this scrawl. I left the Parlour for the pleasure of being alone; and having no fire upstairs, I sat down in a sunny

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spot in a room without a table, and am writing with the writing desk upon my knee,—a lazy trick I will allow—but it will be to you a sufficient excuse for my bad penmanship. Mrs. Kelsall has sent a very pretty carpet for your new house but we are not at all satisfied with the colour and pattern of the calico for Bed-curtains, etc., and are, upon the whole, sorry that we did not make choice ourselves at Kendal—I am called away—I go unwillingly, for I wanted to fill my Paper. God bless you! believe me ever, my dear Friend, your affectionate

Dorothy Wordsworth.

I dare say my sister will write to you soon, for the pleasure of writing, not to spare me trouble, for I assure you it never can be a trouble to me to write to you. Again God bless you!

Address: Thomas de Quincey Esq^{re}, N^o 82 G^t Titchfield Street, Cavendish Square, London.

MS.
S.

372. *W. W. to Daniel Stuart*

[p.m. May 3 or 4? 1809.]

My dear Sir,

I have just been reading an old Magazine where I find that Benjamin Flower was fined £100 and imprisoned in Newgate four months (as Gilbert Wakefield was in Dorsetshire Gaol four years) for a libel, as it was termed, upon the Bishop of Llandaff;¹ that is, no doubt, for having spoken, of the Right Reverend, Truth with honest intentions. This has made me look to myself, and therefore I beg that if my Pamphlet be not published, you would take the trouble of reading it over, to see whether it may not be made a handle for exercising upon my Person a like act of injustice. If any such passages occur, let the leaf be cancelled—as to the expense, that I disregard in a case like this. To prevent

¹ In 1798 Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, wrote an *Address to the People of Great Britain* in defence of Pitt and the French War. Benjamin Flower (1755–1829), who in the *Cambridge Intelligencer* had denounced the war as absurd and wicked, was in 1799 condemned for alleged libel on Watson to six months in Newgate and a fine of £100; Gilbert Wakefield (1756–1801), the friend of Fox, Lord Holland, and Erskine, and a strong opponent of the war, wrote a violent attack on Watson, and in May 1799 was condemned to two years imprisonment in Dorchester gaol.

an hiatus in the sheet, such words may be substituted, to eke out the matter, as you or Mr. De Quincey may think proper. The passage from which most is to be apprehended, according to the best of my recollection and judgement, is where I say (alluding to Wellesley and Dalrymple) 'what greater punishment could befall men "than to have brought upon themselves the unremovable contempt and hatred of their Countrymen?"' This is no doubt a Truth, at least holds good of all their countrymen who have either sense or patriotism. We see, from the events which have taken place at Oporto and at Lisbon, that victory after victory in the field turns to no account, if the affections of the People are alienated by Tyranny. There would have been little occasion for General Beresford's proclamations, and those of the Portuguese Government complaining of reports to the prejudice of the English, if it had not been for D. and W's cursed Conventions. But since it has pleased his Majesty's Ministers, to their infinite disgrace, to send Wellesley back to Portugal, and since he is now at the head of a British Army, it may be said that the Truth which I have uttered in the above passage had better be suppressed or softened down. I think so myself, but submitting to your greater experience and better judgement. I have not much fear for any other passage, but should thank you to look over the sheets with this view.

I am much obliged to you for your offer about promoting the circulation. I find, from Coleridge, that the Printers accuse Mr. de Quincey and myself of being the cause of the delay of the publication, by the chopping and changing that has taken place. As for myself, the charge gives me no concern; whatever harm has been occasioned by the delay cannot now be remedied. Mr. de Quincey will be happy [to] lay before you his opinion of the causes of the delay.

Lord Bacon, in his Advertizement concerning Church Controversies, writes thus: 'Indeed, bitter and earnest writing must not hastily be condemned; for men cannot contend coldly, and without affection, about things which they hold dear and precious. A politic man may write from his brain, without touch and sense of his heart, as in a speculation that appertaineth not unto him, but a feeling Christian will express in his words a

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character of love or hate.' Substitute the word Patriot for Christian and the position is equally true, and even more so, inasmuch as we are less liable to be misled about moral duties than points of doctrine.—I am, my dear Sir, yours very sincerely,

Wm. Wordsworth

Pray excuse my having employed Miss Hutchinson as my amanuensis, my own penmanship being so wretched.

W. W.

Address: Daniel Stuart Esq^{re}, 36 Brompton Row, Knightsbridge, London.

MS. 373. W. W. and S. H. to Thomas De Quincey
J. K.

Grasmere, 5th May Friday evening [1809]

My dear Friend,

The other day I wrote to Mr. Stuart requesting him to look over the Pamphlet, previous to publication, for the express purpose of ascertaining whether it contained matter which would expose me to a prosecution in any of the courts of law; and I pointed out to him a passage which I deemed the most objectionable of any that occurred to me, recommending, if he agreed with me, that the leaf should be cancelled. The passage is the one where I say, 'What greater punishment could there be than to have brought upon themselves the *unremovable contempt and hatred* of their countrymen?' As Wellesley is now at the head of the army, it will be pleaded that it is very dangerous to circulate such opinions concerning men in such high stations. The blame, morally considered, belongs not to me for speaking thus of such a man, but to those who placed him in such high authority after his having given such flagrant proofs of unworthiness. But this I should derive no benefit from, if prosecuted. Therefore, though I left it to the discretion of Mr. Stuart to soften this passage or not, I am now decidedly of the opinion that it is much safer and more prudent to cancel the leaf, if the work be not already published. Let it stand something like this, just as it happens to suit: 'What punishment could be greater than the unalterable sentence already passed on them by the voice of their countrymen?' or any words to that effect to fill up the space. Pray do

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also, previous to the publication, confer with Mr. Stuart upon this question in general, and beg him to exercise his most deliberate judgment upon it.

I must apologize for making this application so late and unseasonably after all the trouble you have had ; but if 'better late than never' be true in any case, it is in a case like this. I am influenced chiefly by the consideration of Wellesley being now in so high a station, which makes it I think imprudent, and even improper, to be said now, though it might have been very justifiable, if the saying of it would have had any tendency to prevent his having so many precious interests confided to his care. Thus far I, Wm Wordsworth, have employed Miss H. as my amanuensis. She is now going to write a few words in her own person, and I retire from the Field, begging leave only to say that we have not seen the decree of the Junta about Saragossa, and should be glad to see it. Neither have we seen the private accounts about Lord Cockrane, but my first feeling [is] that that noble Hero would be greatly disappointed in the result ; and I strongly suspected that, if the matter were investigated, heavy blame would be attached to Gambier for not having his Ships where they could be brought up in time. Nothing effectual can be done in cases of this sort without considerable risk: excessive caution in such cases is cowardice. Farewell.

Your very affectionate Friend,

W. Wordsworth

P.S.—If the Pamphlet is bound up, the leaf must be cancelled.—
W.W.

(*Sara Hutchinson adds:*)

My dear Sir,

We Females shall be very sorry to find that the pamphlet is not published, for we have not the least fear of Newgate—if there was but a garden to walk in, we think we should do very nicely—and a Gaol in the country would be quite pleasant. But seriously, I hope that the passage may not be deemed objectionable, for another delay will be most provoking, and put Mr. Baldwin out of all patience with you both.

I am glad to tell you that the workmen have begun to-day in

good earnest with your cottage; we have been down this morning superintending, and we expect that in less than a fortnight it will be ready for the painters. Ned Wilson is to make the shelves. The Cabinetmaker said that mahogany would be very expensive, and of no use afterwards; for the *shelves* of bookcases were never made of anything but deal or common wood. We are sure that all will be finished long before you arrive, even if William does not call upon you to attend him into Ireland, of which scheme Miss W. must have told you; namely, that her Brother is to attend me into Wales, and that Mr. Wilson is to follow us, and you join them at our House, and all proceed together.

Mr. Jameson is to be in London in a few days and Miss Wordsworth will write to you by him. We are all very well. Catherine improves, John grows a better Scholar, and Thomas is quite the beauty, and much improved in his behaviour. One thing I forgot to say about your House, that if you leave it before your term, you must *offer it first to me*, in case I should wish to go to house-keeping, for it is going to be made so neat that I shall no longer prefer Mr. Gill's cottage, upon which I had hitherto set my heart. Mr. and Miss W. are just going to set off for Ambleside, where they expect to meet with a letter from you. God bless you!

Very sincerely yours,

S. H.

P.S.—Could you bring those books of Mr. Coleridge's which were detained in London by Mr. Montagu? I ask because I suspect that he may never think about them himself, and I know that he wants Sir T. Browne's works especially. Mary desires her love to you, and advises you to leave this disagreeable office entirely to Mr. S., as you have had enough of the *unpleasant*.
Address: Tho^s de Quincey Esq^r, 82 G^t Titchfield Street, Cavendish Square, London.

MS. 374. D. W. to Thomas De Quincey

J(—) K(—)

My dear Friend,

Grasmere, Saturday, 6th May [1809]

I cannot let Mr Jameson go without a greeting from us to you, though my Brother and Miss Hutchinson wrote yesterday. I

long for the carrier's return to-night, for assuredly we shall, at least, have a *letter* from you. Would that the pamphlets might come too! William still continues to haunt himself with fancies about Newgate and Dorchester or some other gaol, but as his mind clings to the gloomy, Newgate is his favourite theme. *We*, however, have no fears, for, even if the words be actionable (which I cannot but think they are not), in these times they would not dare to inflict such a punishment; above all, the infamy alluded to, proceeding from the *Convention of Cintra*. Though the expense of cancelling the leaf and the consequent delay would be serious evils, what I should most grieve for would be your trouble and vexation. I do not recollect that we want anything in London. Making presents is a very pleasant way of disposing of money; but, alas! that is a commodity in which we do not much abound, and whatever wishes we might have of that sort we are forced to suppress. Another week is gone by, and *The Friend* does not appear. Coleridge at first talked of printing upon *unstamped* paper, in case the stamped should not arrive in time; but in the last letter we had from him he says that is impossible. I suppose he has had some fresh information on the subject since he talked of the unstamped paper. The Paper was sent off from London some weeks ago, and has not yet arrived, and this is certainly an undeniable cause of delay; but I much fear that there is little done on Coleridge's part, and that he himself is not sorry that there should be an excuse in which he has no concern. He has written to London to desire that a sufficient quantity of paper for one Number may be sent by the Coach, and it is his intention to go to Penrith next week to superintend the Press.

Miss Hutchinson has told you that we are busy with the cottage. I hope it will be a very nice place before you come to it, though the poor Laurels in the garden have been so cruelly mauled by Atkinson that I fear they will never look like anything but dismembered creatures. John Fisher is very proud of his Post; he is gardener and steward, that is, overseer of the other workmen.

The weather is now very delightful, and it is quite a pleasure to us to go down to the old spot and linger about as if we were

again at home there. Yesterday I sat half an hour musing by myself in the moss-hut, and for the first time this season I heard the cuckow there. The little Birds too, our old companions, I could have half fancied were glad that we were come back again, for it seemed I had never before seen them so joyous on the branches of the naked apple trees. Pleasant indeed it is to think of that little orchard which for one seven years at least will be a secure covert for the Birds, and undisturbed by the woodman's ax. There is no other spot which we may have prized year after year that we can ever look upon without apprehension that next year, next month, or even to-morrow it may be deformed and ravaged. You have walked to Rydale under Nab Scar? Surely you have? If not, it will be forever to be regretted, as there is not anywhere in this country such a scene of ancient trees and Rocks as you might have there beheld—trees of centuries growth inrooted among and overhanging the mighty crags. These trees you would have thought could have had no enemy to contend with but the mountain winds, for they seemed to set all human avarice at defiance; and indeed if the owners had had no other passion but avarice they might have remained till the last stump was mouldered away, but *malice* has done the work, and the trees are levelled.

A hundred Labourers—more or less—Men, Women, and Children, have been employed for more than a week in hewing, peeling Bark, gathering sticks, etc., etc., etc., and the mountain echoes with the riotous sound of their voices. You must know that these trees upon Nab Scar grow on unenclosed ground, and Mr. North claims the Right of *topping* and *lopping* them, a Right which Lady Fleming as Lady of the Manor claims also. Now Mr. North allows (with everybody else) that she has a right to fell the trees themselves, and he only claims the Boughs. Accordingly he sent one or two workmen to lop some of the Trees on Nab Scar; Lady F.'s Steward forbade him to go on; and in consequence he offered 5/- per day to any Labourers who would go and work for him. At the same time Lady F.'s Steward procured all the Labourers he could also at great wages, and the opposite parties have had a sort of warfare upon the crags, Mr. North's men seizing the finest trees to lop off the Branches, and

drag them upon Mr. N.'s ground, and Lady Fleming's men being also in an equal hurry to choose the very finest, which *they* felled with the branches on their heads, to prevent Mr. N. from getting them; and, not content with this, they fell those also which Mr. N. has been beforehand with them in lopping, to prevent him from receiving any benefit from them in future. Oh, my dear Friend! is not this an impious strife? Can we call it by a milder name? I cannot express how deeply we have been affected by the loss of the trees (many and many a happy hour have we passed under their shade), but we have been more troubled to think that such wicked passions should have been let loose among them. The profits of the wood will not pay the expenses of the workmen on either side!!!

A law-suit will no doubt be the consequence, and I hope that both parties will have to pay severely for their folly, malice, and other bad feelings. Mr. North is a native of Liverpool. I daresay you may have often heard us mention him as a Man hated by all his Neighbours. Mr. N. has taken an active part in the business. But to turn to pleasanter thoughts. You inquired after dear little Dorothy. She is now at Appleby with Miss Weir who keeps a boarding-school, and I have no doubt is as happy as the day is long. Her uncle Hutchinson, who has been here, saw her at Penrith, and he said she was very merry, very entertaining, very pretty, and the greatest chatterer in the world. She was very proud of the notion of going to Appleby and said she would travel in the Coach by herself, 'nobody should go with her'. Accordingly she was to be entrusted to the Guard, and Miss Weir would meet her at the Inn. Her uncle says she spells very well, and will soon learn to read. She is not to come home till midsummer. I hope when she *does* come that it will be long before we part with her again, though I must say that Tom has almost supplied her place in the way of furnishing Entertainment for the house.

My dear Friend, I am ashamed of this blotted letter. You will say I always write in a hurry, and indeed I plead guilty; but you must take it as a proof of my affection that my penmanship is so bad, for in proportion as my Friends have become more near and dear to me I have always been unable to keep my pen in such order as to make it write decently. When I wrote the first

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page of this letter Tom was plaguing me, and I hardly knew what I was doing. That is the cause of the superabundance of mistakes and blots; and latterly I have been expecting every moment to be called down to tea. After tea I shall walk to Ambleside with my letter. Mr. Jameson goes off to morrow. Wm and I walked to A. last night, and were somewhat disappointed at not receiving a letter from you. Adieu. God bless you!

Believe me, ever your affectionate friend,

Dorothy Wordsworth

We have not seen the Proclamation, or Address, or whatever it is, of the Juntas respecting Saragossa. The Carpet is not yet arrived.

Address: Thomas de Quincey Esq, N° 82 G^t Titchfield Street,
Cavendish Square, London.

MS.

375. W. W. to S. T. Coleridge

K(—)

[Early May 1809]

My dear Coleridge,

I am very sorry to hear of your being taken ill again, were it only on account of the effect these seizures may have upon the work in which you are engaged. They prove that it is *absolutely necessary* that you should always be *beforehand* with your work. On the general question of your health, one thing is obvious, that health of mind, that is, resolution, self-denial, and well-regulated conditions of feeling, are what you must depend upon; that Doctors can do you little or no good, and that Doctors' stuff has been one of your greatest curses; and of course, of ours through you.—I should not speak now upon this subject were it not on account of what you say about Mr. Harrison. You must know better than Mr. Harrison, Mr. King, or any Surgeon what is to do you good; what you are to do, and what to leave undone. Do not look out of yourself for that stay which can only be found within. I have had a strong inclination to walk over to Keswick lately, for many reasons; one of which you will scarcely guess. Turning over an old Magazine three or four days ago I hit upon

a paragraph stating that B. Flower had been fined £100, and committed to Newgate for 4 months, for reflecting on the Union with Ireland, in some comments upon a Speech of the Bishop of Llandaff. This brought Gilbert Wakefield to my mind and his four years' imprisonment in Dorsetshire Gaol; and led me to review in my thoughts what I had written in the Pamphlet, not without a reference to the possibility of my being subject to the like chastisement by an incensed Government, or prosecution of an angry individual. I could not recollect any passage but one from which there seemed much to apprehend. It is as follows. 'I say that we (the people of England) did not look for the punishment of the men who had signed and ratified the convention to gratify any feelings of vindictive justice, for these, if they could have existed in such a case, had been abundantly appeased already, for what punishment could be greater than to have brought upon themselves the *unremovable hatred and contempt* of their countrymen, but etc.' I cannot remember what follows, but it is to this purpose that by judicial punishment of the authors our detestation of the fact might be more emphatically expressed, or made more signally manifest.—The words marked in Italics I fear for; and on this account. It has pleased his Majesty's Ministers to their utter disgrace to send back Wellesley to Portugal, and to make him General in Chief there; when I bear in mind what Sidmouth said in the house of Lords, that the character of Sir Arthur W. and some others were precious deposits in the hands of their Country, I cannot doubt with what dispositions the government would regard expressions of this kind. Mr. De Quincey says in his last letter that he hopes the pamphlet would be out the day before yesterday: it was not till that very day that these thoughts struck me in this light, and I immediately wrote to Stuart to request he would look over the pamphlet to see if there was anything in it for which it was likely I should be prosecuted, and if it should not be published, to cancel *this* leaf if he thought proper and soften the expression. Now the reason which induced me to use this language was not intemperate indignation, but a deep conviction of the importance of keeping—in cases of this kind—as close a connection as possible in the minds of men between disapprobation or hatred

of vice and of the vitious person, of crime and of the criminal. In private life where we may have been personally piqued or injured, it may be well to encourage relenting and forgiving dispositions, for many reasons, and for this not the least that in cases which only concern ourselves we are much more likely to form precipitate and erroneous notions. But in public offences, under settled Governments, there is no feeling more to be dreaded than this disposition to forgive and to relent; it approaches the mind under the mask of charity and humanity and so forth; and in fact is at the bottom nothing but remissness indolence weakness and cowardice; an inability to keep the mind steadfastly fixed on its object; the sensations wound up to their proper tone. Accordingly duties which it would be laborious to discharge, and difficulties which it would be hard to overcome, are all gotten rid of at once with this flattering promise that the future will make amends and set all things right of itself. And so were it merely to avoid the trouble of changing we start afresh with the same crazy or vitious cattle as before.—I have no doubt that one victory gained by Sir A. W. would blot out all remembrance of his former transactions, and yet what would ten victories avail if the moral spirit continues the same?—You would see the proclamation published by the Portuguese Government guarding the nation against insidious persons who were propagating reports to the prejudice of the English in respect to their intentions towards the Portuguese, and denouncing the severest punishment against those who should spread or countenance such calumnies.—Neither the English nor the sound part of the Portuguese Nation need have cared a straw for these reports, had the English behaved with common decency towards the Portuguese, but they are formidable engines indeed when backed by an instrument like the Convention of Cintra. But Politicians (and alas! it is too much the case with the mass of mankind when the matter does not come home to their own concerns) only look at things in the gross; the spirit always escapes their notice. Upon this I have insisted with effect I think in the pamphlet. But to return to the libel, do not be alarmed, for I assure you I am not; I am confident there is no passage more objectionable than this, and this will be corrected probably if my letter has not

arrived too late. 'That they had brought upon themselves hatred and contempt is known to the whole nation ; that it was or *ought* to be *unremovable*, I have proved, because it is a fundamental position that no subsequent judicial investigation could affect anything that was *material* in our notions of the offence.'—Mary tells me that I ought not to have written to you upon this subject, as it will turn your thoughts from the Friend. I should be very sorry to think so humbly of your command over your thoughts upon such an occasion. My reason for writing was merely to know your opinion how far these words were actionable in themselves, and next how far it is likely in the present temper of the times that I should be prosecuted for them. This was all which I proposed to do when I began the subject, and I have dwelt so long upon it merely because my pen chose to move in that track.—

I am half in mind to destroy this scrawl, and half in mind to scribble another sheet upon another subject, viz. my published Poems, and the arrangement which I mean to place them in if they are ever republished during my lifetime. I should begin thus, Poems relating to childhood, and such feelings as rise in the mind in after life in direct contemplation of that state ; to these I should prefix the motto 'the Child is father of the man—etc.' The class would begin with the simplest dawn of the affections or faculties, as the Foresight, or Children gathering flowers, the Pet Lamb, etc. and would ascend in a gradual scale of imagination to Hartley, 'there was a Boy', and it would conclude with the grand ode, 'There was a time', which might perhaps be preceded by We are Seven, if it were not advisable to place that earlier. This class would contain Gathering Flowers, Pet Lamb, Alice Fell, Lucy Gray, We are Seven, Anecdote for Fathers, Rural Architecture, Idle Shepherd Boys, To H. C. Six Years Old, There was a Boy, Ode. There may be others which I forget. (I am doubtful whether I should place the Butterfly and Sparrow's nest here or elsewhere.) The 2nd class would relate to the fraternal affections, to friendship and to love and to all those emotions, which follow after childhood, in youth and early manhood. Here might come the Sparrow's Nest, etc., the Butterflies, those about Lucy, 'She was a phantom', Louisa, 'Dear

child of nature', 'There is a change, and I am poor'. This class to ascend in a scale of imagination or interest through 'T is said that some have died for love' Ellen Irwin—and to conclude with Ruth or The Brothers, printed with a separate Title as an adjunct, or this last might be placed elsewhere.—

The 8d class Poems relating to natural objects and their influence on the mind either as growing or in an advanced state, to begin with the simply human and conclude with the highly imaginative as the Tintern Abbey to be immediately preceded by the Cuckoo Poems, the Nutting, after having passed through all stages from objects as they affect the mere human being from properties with which they are endowed, and as they affect the mind by properties conferred; by the life found in them, or their life given. Here would come (I place them at Random) The daisies, the Celandines, The daffodils, the Nightingale and Stockdove, The green linnet, Waterfall and Eglantine, Oak and Broom, poor Susan perhaps, Poem on Rydale Island, on Grasmere, I heard a thousand blended notes, the whirlblast from behind the hill, The Kitten and the falling leaves, Fidelity, those concerning Tom Hutchinson's dog; but with respect to the two or three last I am not sure that they may not be arranged better elsewhere.—The above class would be numerous, and conclude in the manner mentioned above with Tintern Abbey.

Next might come the Naming of Places, as a Transition to those relating to human life; which might be connected, harmoniously I may say, by Poor Susan mentioned before, and better perhaps placed here, Beggars, Simon Lee, last of Flock, Goody Blake, etc. to ascend through a regular scale of imagination to the Thorn, The Highland Girl, The Leech-gatherer, Hartleap Well. This class of poems I suppose to consist chiefly of objects most interesting to the mind not by its personal feelings or a strong appeal to the instincts or natural affections, but to be interesting to a meditative or imaginative mind either from the moral importance of the pictures or from the employment they give to the understanding affected through the imagination and to the higher faculties. Then might come, perhaps, those relating to the social and civic duties, and chiefly interesting to the imagination through the understanding, and not to the

understanding through the imagination, as the political Sonnets, Character of Happy Warrior, Rob Roy's Grave, Personal talk, Poets' epitaph, Ode to Duty, To Burns' Sons, etc. Then perhaps those relating to Maternal feeling, connubial or parental, the Maternal to ascend from The Sailor's mother through The Emigrant Mother, Affliction of M— of—, to The Mad Mother, to conclude with the Idiot Boy.

Finally, the class of poems on old age—Animal tranquillity and decay, Though narrow be that old man's cares, and near, The Childless Father, The Two Thieves, The Matron of Jedborough, those relating to Mathew, The Cumberland Beggar, to conclude perhaps with Michael, which might conclude the whole. The Blind Highland Boy ought to take its place among the Influences of Natural Objects, (the sense of sight being wanting) to produce an [?] of imagination, and to throw the humblest [person] into sublime situations; feeling consecrating form, and form ennobling feeling.—This may have sufficed to give you a notion of my views. The principle of the arrangement is that there should be a scale in each class and in the whole, and that each poem should be so placed as to direct the Reader's attention by its position to its *primary* interest. I am writing illegibly.

Sara is, I think, fully as well as usual.

Most affectionately your friend,
W. Wordsworth.

MS.
J. K.

376. W. W. to Thomas De Quincey

Wednesday Night [early May 1809]

My dear Friend,

I have been much disappointed in not hearing either from you or Mr. Stuart by this night's Post. I request very much that you would procure an interview with Mr. Stuart immediately, in order that by your joint efforts everything may be done which is necessary. As the Pamphlet has been so long delayed my anxiety to have it out has much abated and therefore, even on this account, I request that Mr. Stuart would carefully cancel every leaf that contains matter which he thinks, or any person, if he cannot rely upon his own judgment to whom he may

submit the work, thinks would render me liable to a prosecution, either from the Government or the Individuals concerned. In fact, as far as relates to this country, as connected with the cause, my zeal is much abated as are my hopes. How can it be otherwise, when I see Lord Hawkesbury, that was, declare in open Parliament that the establishment of a military Government in Portugal was justifiable in principle; and when I see, after such a commander as Moore, a disgraced man like Wellesley (and disgraced too in that manner) placed at the head of the British Army in the Peninsula? I mention this upon the present occasion as a reason for not being willing to incur any risks in directing the indignation of the Public against such men; I therefore beg again, if there be any doubt concerning any passage, that it may be inexorably removed. I remember one which I requested some time ago, I believe when I parted from you at Ambleside, might be altered—where, speaking of the King's reproof to the City of London, I said they had been condemned under a sophism, insidiously or ignorantly applied. Pray, was that altered? If not, surely it ought to be—some way in this manner, 'As might be said if the words were not entitled to deference by having been put into his Majesty's mouth insidiously or ignorantly,' etc. Another strong passage which I recollect is, 'In Sir Hew D. and his Brethren we have Generals who have a power of sight only for the strength of their enemies,' etc. I do not mention this last as particularly insisting upon it; there may be many far worse. But I beg that this Letter may be read to Mr. Stuart, whom I have already requested to exercise his best judgment—only interfering with it in that one instance about '*hatred* and *contempt*'—and this present of his Majesty's speech, if it is not already altered.

My first Letter upon this subject to Mr. Stuart ought to have been recd. by him last Saturday, on which day he wrote a letter to me, manifestly not having at that time recd mine, on which account I have had considerable anxiety.

I cannot conclude, my dear Friend, without expressing my sincere and deep regret and sorrow that you should have had so much trouble and mortification in this business. I hope, however, you will soon be at Grasmere, when you may think of it in

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quiet as a traveller of a disagreeable journey which he has performed and will not have to repeat.

I am, most affectionately yours,
W. Wordsworth.

Address: Tho^s de Quincey Esq^r, 82 Great Titchfield Street,
Cavendish Square, London.

MS. 377. W. W. and S. H. to Thomas De Quincey
J(—) K(—)

Wednesday, 24 May [1809]

My dear Friend,

Last night we received the pamphlet; I have not read the whole, but Miss Hutchinson will transcribe on the opposite leaf, the most material errors which I have noticed; three of them are important, and the first, in the motto from Bacon, exceedingly so, 'zeal' for 'hate'; the next 'abuses' of the world for 'abusers', in the quotation from Sidney; and the next 'calenture' without the words 'of Fancy' following. These are the most important much; and I dare say the fault has been in the MS., either the words omitted, or written illegibly; indeed I am surprised how you have been able to get it done so correctly. I am quite satisfied with your note upon Moore, which is very well done—but had I seen his last Letter before I entreated you to be so gentle with him, I should not have been so earnest upon that point. Could anything be more monstrous than his having made that march, as he tells us, to satisfy the people of England of a truth they were not otherwise to be convinced of, viz. that the Spaniards had neither the ability nor the inclination to do anything for themselves? that is to say, he exposed his army to great certain loss and to the probability of entire destruction, in order to prove thereby a fact to the people of Great Britain which could not be proved in this way at all, could scarcely have by this measure any light thrown upon it; and further, a fact which, if it were so, would soon show itself! But enough of Sir J. Moore. He was one of the approvers of the Cintra Convention, and I think you have great merit in having treated him with such forbearance. It is now time that I should congratulate you

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on your escape from so irksome an employment and give you my sincere thanks for all the trouble you have undergone.

As to the passage about the army, I hope and believe it is no libel, but certainly Mr. Stuart's opinion (he having had so long experience) it would have been safe to abide by, because the passage was of no importance; but I hope he is satisfied. I cannot but think myself that there are several passages for which I may be prosecuted if they chuse, but in this I have no certain guide to direct my judgment, as these things have nothing to do with morality or good sense, but merely depend upon the temper of the times, or of the people in power. I am much pleased with all the passages which you had altered. I am obliged to conclude in a great hurry, but I must beg to hear when you purpose to return to Grasmere. Your house is in great forwardness and very neat. We shall all be most happy to see you; but the beauties of this spring you cannot have, as a few days will carry them all away. John is getting by heart the Ballad of Chevy Chase and promises himself great pleasure in repeating it to you.

Most affectionately your Friend,
W. Wordsworth

[*To this letter Sara Hutchinson, after giving a list of eleven errata, added the following:*]

My dear Mr. De Quincey,

I give you free leave to laugh at my *blundering Errata*, but I hope you will be able to make them out, though I do not suppose they will give you any pleasure, or be of much use, except for your own copy, unless a second Edition should be called for, which is not likely. Wm has been in the house all day, so was in a hurry to get his walk before it was too late, and left me to this business, which I have not executed to my satisfaction. You must be so good as to send a Pamphlet to Lord Lonsdale, Charles Street, Berkeley Square, from the Author—or rather desire Longman to send it—; but no, William bid me request you to correct, with your pen, the errors in it. I have found out that it is my *pen* that will not write, which makes me in a *muddle*, for the hard labour my fingers are put to is quite enough

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to occupy my mind also; and I am in too great a hurry to mend my pen. We are all very well, and wish most heartily that you could see your Orchard just now, for it is the most beautiful spot upon earth, and a week ago it was still more so, for the blossom of the apple trees was in all its glory.

We hear not a word of *The Friend*. Mr. Southey has lost his youngest child but one, a sweet little girl; she died very unexpectedly, though she had been ill for some time. God bless you!

Yours very sincerely,

S. H.

You will understand that the second parcel is not arrived, which ought to have been here, according to your letter, at the time which the first reached us; namely Tuesday night.

Address: Tho^s de Quincey Esq^{re}, 82 Great Titchfield St, Cavendish Square, London.

MS.

378. W. W. to Daniel Stuart

S(—) K(—)

Grasmere. May 25th [1809]

My dear Sir,

I suppose by this time the Pamphlet is published, as I received two days ago some unstitched copies from Mr De Quincey. I have no doubt that Mr De Quincey was *the occasion*, though I am at the same time assured that he neither was, nor could be, the necessary *cause* of the delay. The MSS was transmitted to him, now nearly two months ago, nor has a single syllable of *the body of the work* been altered, either by him or me, since that time—it is now printed exactly as I sent it at that time; therefore, how could any alterations of his in the text have caused this long delay? The fact is that Mr De Quincey must have insisted upon his punctuation being attended to, and the Printer must have been put out of humour by this and therefore refused to go on with the work. But this is a matter of little consequence; the evil is done and cannot be amended. My inducement for placing it in Mr De Quincey's hands was to save time and expense (our situation being so inconvenient for the post) and also to save

you trouble. I shall say no more than that I am very sorry for what has happened and that you should have had vexation about it, thanking you at the same time for the trouble you have taken.

I learned with great concern from Mr De Quincey that a passage you deemed libellous was not cancelled; this was in direct opposition to my earnest request conveyed in a Letter which I desired him to read to you; in which Letter I expressly said that (with the exception of two passages, one of which has been cancelled, and the other I find Mr De Quincey has previously altered in the MS agreeably to my request) I referred to *you entirely* to decide upon what was libellous, and what was not, adding that whenever there was a *doubt*, the passage should be cancelled without remorse. I am therefore very sorry that he should so resolutely have opposed his opinion to yours, but I hope that you were not overborne by his perseverance, or Mr Baldwin's *authority*; but that your *understanding* was *convinced by their arguments*; if not, I should be most grievously vexed upon this occasion.

Of Coleridge or the Friend I can say nothing satisfactory; it is nearly 8 months since he left us, and I have not heard from him lately. He is now (I understand) at Penrith whither he went from Keswick for the purpose of publishing the Friend, against the second Saturday of May: this is all that I know of his late movements.

I cannot say that I have been so well pleased with the course of the Courier lately; neither in the instance of Castlereagh whom it has endeavoured to screen, nor with respect to the extreme bitterness with which it has declared against all those who have countenanced, in connection with Burdett, the attempt at reform. As to Burdett himself I have as little respect for him as for any man, but I do not think the welfare of the country can be promoted by accusations tending to involve all those who might have attended at that meeting in direct and deliberate participation in such bad views as the Courier has attributed to him.

If we, who work for a temperate reform, are utterly to reject all assistance from all those who do not think exactly as we do, how is it to be attained? For my part I see no party with whom

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in regard to this measure I could act with entire approbation of their views, but I should be glad to receive assistance from any. If I have a hill to climb and cannot do it without a walking-stick, better have a dirty one than none at all. I do not think the reform will ever be effected, unless the people take it up; and if the people do stir, it can only be by public meetings, and it is natural that in meetings of this kind the most violent men should be the most applauded, but I do not see that it necessarily follows that their words will be realized in action. The misfortune of this question of reform is that the one party sees nothing in it but dangers, the other nothing but hopes and promises. For my part, I think the dangers and difficulties great, but not insurmountable, whereas, if there be not a reform the destruction of the Liberties of the Country is inevitable. I repeat a question put to you some time ago; are we likely to see you here in the course of the summer; I should be happy to shew you anything that could interest you about us. We have a large house and plenty of room. I am, dear Sir, most sincerely yours

W. Wordsworth.

Address: D. Stuart Esq^{re}, 36 Brompton Road, Knightsbridge, London.

K(—) 379. *W. W. to Lord Lonsdale*

Grasmere, May 25, [1809]

My Lord,

. . . I had also another reason for deferring this acknowledgment to your Lordship, viz., that at the same time I wished to present to you a tract which I have lately written and which I hope you have now received. It was finished, and ought to have appeared, two months ago, but has been delayed by circumstances (connected with my distance from the press) over which I had no control. If this tract should so far interest your Lordship as to induce you to peruse it, I do not doubt that it will be thoughtfully and candidly judged by you; in which case I fear no censure but that which every man is liable to who, with good intentions, may have occasionally fallen into error; while at the

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same time I have an entire confidence that the principles which I have endeavoured to uphold must have the sanction of a mind distinguished, like that of your Lordship, for regard to morality and religion and the true dignity and honour of your country. . . .

I have the honour to be, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient servant,

W. Wordsworth.

MS. 380. W. W. and M. W. to Thomas De Quincey

J(—) K(—)

Friday May 26 [1809]

(W. W. writes:)

My dear Friend,

I was reading yesterday to Mrs. Wordsworth your note on Moore's Letters with great pleasure, and expressing at the same time how well it was done: upon which she observed to me, 'How, then, did not you use stronger language of approbation?' When you wrote to Mr. De Quincey you merely said you were 'satisfied with it.' I replied that this I considered as including everything; for said I, 'Mr. De Quincey will do me the justice to believe that, as I knew he was completely master of the subject, my expectations would be high; and if I told him that these were answered, what need I or could I say more?'

I am glad that you treated Moore with so much gentleness and respect. I could not have done so myself; my feelings would not have suffered me, nor would it have accorded with the sentiments I have expressed in the body of the work; for before the Board of Inquiry Dalrymple has taken especial pains to tell us that the Major-Generals approved of the Convention, and that Moore was of the number. I wish you could have contrived to say something handsome of Frier—(how does he spell his name?)—for he has been infamously traduced, especially by the Opposition—I am sadly grieved about that error in the press in the Mottoe, *zeal for hate*, as it utterly destroys the sole reason for presenting the passage so conspicuously to notice. I regret that I did not request the Pamphlet to be sent down when the Body of it was printed, as I might have reasonably concluded that

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there must have been blunders in the manuscript which could be known to nobody but myself. In spite of all this it is very correctly printed, and the punctuation pleases me much ; though there are here and there trifling errors in it. I think, indeed, your plan of punctuation admirable.

Of Coleridge, or *The Friend*, we hear nothing ; he went to Keswick some time ago about it, but what he is doing he does not inform us.

Affectionately yours,

W. Wordsworth

The note on the Board of Inquiry is a clencher for that business.

W. W.

(*M. W. writes:*)

Friday, May 26

My dear Sir,

I must take the advantage of this blank paper to express to you my congratulations upon your having at last reached the end of your labours, and to repeat at the same time what William has told you, how much pleasure your part of the pamphlet has given us. I will not say one word now about the vexations we have had in connection with the trouble it has caused you. That is all over, and I hate to repeat grievances.

We begin to wish very much that you were now amongst us again, but you have no chance of seeing Grasmere in its spring-tide beauty this year. Notwithstanding the most terrible ravages that have been made amongst the trees, I never remember to have seen the Vale look more lovely than at this moment. Our weather is delightful ; we now have gentle rains, after a long fit of most glorious dry summer weather. The workmen are very busy about your cottage, so we hope to have all ready for you in a short time. You can well conceive with what interest and pleasure we all (children and all) look forward to, and talk of, the visits we are to make to you, when we have you placed at the Town End. Johnny delights in the thought of it. He is learning to repeat Chevy Chase, and he tells me with great pride that he thinks he shall be able to 'say it all, when Mr. De

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Quincey comes home.' I hope you will find Catherine (your little Pupil, as I often call her) much improved, but she is but a little creature yet. My sister will have told you that she was weaned a few weeks ago without suffering in the least from the change of food. Dorothy is still absent, I begin to [feel] motherly longings to have her at home again—we shall see great changes in her, but I am very doubtful whether for the better or worse. You will smile (and I confess I am half ashamed) at my simplicity for running on in this manner to you—however, the cause rests with yourself, for you have at all times taken so much interest about these children, my thoughts, feeling myself addressing you, naturally fell into this train, so you must excuse me.

The latter parcel is not arrived. I fear there is still some further delay, particularly as the Pamphlet is not advertized in the last *Courier* we have seen, namely, Saturday's. William wishes to see Lord Selkirk's letter to Major Cartwright; and, as the parcel *must* be sent off before you receive this, I suppose he means you to bring it with you. My Sister is going to walk to Rydale; perhaps she may meet with the parcel or letter from you. God bless you, my dear Sir! I hope you have gotten rid of the toothache and all your complaints, as your last letters do not speak of yourself. Believe me to be most affectionately yours,

M. Wordsworth

I have written as though I were ambitious to out-do William in blots and bad penmanship.

Address: Thomas de Quincey Esq^{re}, 82 Great Titchfield Street, Cavendish Square, London.

MS.
S. K.

381. *W. W. to Daniel Stuart*

[p.m. May 31, 1809]

My dear Sir,

I learn from a Letter received last night from Mr. De Quincey, that the book has been lying now ten days at the Printers, finished, and is probably still unpublished. With great sorrow I have perceived that this has been owing to your not having

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been apprized that the printing was done; Mr. De Quincey having been satisfied by the Printers' assurance made to him, that you had been informed when the sheets were going to be struck off, but at the same time he tells me that they did not wait for your answer. Therefore when the Printers had shown themselves so inattentive to their promise to you, viz., that the sheets were not to be struck off till you had examined them, what proof had Mr. De Quincey that this message was sent, much less that you had received it? But it avails nothing to find fault, especially with one [who] has taken such pains (according to the best of his judgement) to forward this business—that he has failed is too clear, and not without great blame on his own part (being a man of great abilities and the best feelings, but, as I have found, not fitted for smooth and speedy progress in business). I learn that the sheets (as I have said) were struck off without your having an opportunity to ascertain whether they contained anything libellous. This has angered me much, as it is an act of great disrespect to you, and may prove of most serious injury to me. In fact, if I were superstitious, I should deem that there was a fatality attending this, my first essay in politics. I have kept my temper till last night, but I must say that Mr. De Quincey's letter of last night, ruffled me not a little.

I hope you did not take ill my freedom with respect to the late conduct of the Courier. I spoke from the best motives.

Of the Friend and Coleridge I hear nothing, and am sorry to say I hope nothing. It is I think too clear that Coleridge is not sufficiently master of his own efforts to execute anything which requires a regular course of application to one object. I fear so—indeed I am of opinion that it is so—to my great sorrow.

It is so late that I have little anxiety about the immediate effect of the Pamphlet, but I have hope that your exertions in its favour will do all that can be done to turn the few days of the season which remain to a favourable account.—Affectionately yours,

W. Wordsworth.

Excuse this vile paper which I have taken by accident. Should the pamphlet be unpublished when this reaches you, which I scarcely deem possible, I entreat that if there be any

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passage or passages which you think libellous, that they may yet be cancelled, and also have this further addition made to the Errata.

[*List of errata follows*]

Address: Daniel Stuart Esq^{re}, 86 Brompton Road, Knightsbridge, London.

MS.

382. W. W. to Thomas Poole

K(—)

[May 31 or June 1, 1809]¹

My dear Poole,

Before I wrote my last letter to you, the last sheet of my Pamphlet was sent off to the Printer, since which time I have not altered a word in it, or added one. Judge then, when I say that at that time 100 pages were printed off, how I must have been used! In fact my patience is completely wearied out. I will explain to you the mystery as far as I can. Mr. De Quincey, some time before the time I have mentioned, took his departure from my house to London; and, in order to save time and expense, I begged that instead of sending the sheets down to me to be corrected, they should be transferred directly to him for that purpose; and I determined to send the remaining portions of the MSS to him as they were finished, to be by him transmitted to the Press. This was a most unfortunate resolution; for at the time as the subject of punctuation in prose was one to which I had never attended, and had of course settled no scheme of it in my own mind, I deputed that office to Mr. De Quincey. *Hinc illae lacrymæ!* He had been so scrupulous with the Compositor, in having his own plan rigorously followed to an iota, that the Man took the Pet, and whole weeks elapsed without the Book's advancing a step. And, as if there were some fatality attending it, now that it has been entirely printed off full ten days, I have reason to believe it is not published! And this is owing to the Printer (I conceive) having neglected to inform Mr. Stuart that the Printing was finished; Mr. Stuart having undertaken to advertize and have it published. So that the

¹ From reference to 'ten days' since the pamphlet was printed off, this letter must have the same date as No. 381.

Pamphlet has been lying ten days (and ten days at this season, and after so long delay!) like a ship in a dry dock. Now is not this provoking? But I write the account to you not for sympathy, but to clear myself from any imputations of indolence and procrastination, which otherwise you would be justified in throwing upon me. My hands in fact have been completely tied. I should the less have regretted the late appearance of the work, if I had been at liberty to employ the time in adding to its value; but in fact, as I expected its appearance every day, I abandoned every thought of the kind. I must take up with the old proverb, 'What cannot be cured must be endured!'—The pamphlet was sent off to me ten days ago, and the world may perhaps not see it these ten weeks!

I have yet another and far more important reason for writing to you; connected, as no doubt you will guess, with Coleridge. I am sorry to say that nothing appears to me more desirable than that his periodical essay should never commence. It is in fact *impossible*—utterly impossible—that he should carry it on; and, therefore, better never begin it; far better, and if begun, the sooner it stops, also the better—the less will be the loss, and not greater the disgrace. You will consider me as speaking to you now in the most sacred confidence, and as under a strong sense of duty, from a wish to save you from anxiety and disappointment; and from a further, and still stronger, wish that, as one of Coleridge's nearest and dearest Friends, you should take into most serious consideration his condition, above all with reference to his children. I give it to you as my deliberate opinion, formed upon proofs which have been strengthening for years, that he neither will nor can execute any thing of important benefit either to himself his family or mankind. Neither his talents nor his genius, mighty as they are, nor his vast information will avail him anything; they are all frustrated by a derangement in his intellectual and moral constitution. In fact he has no voluntary power of mind whatsoever, nor is he capable of acting under any *constraint* of duty or moral obligation. Do not suppose that I mean to say from this that The Friend may not appear—it may—but it cannot go on for any length of time. I am *sure* it cannot.

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C. I understand has been three weeks at Penrith, whither he went to superintend the publication, and has since never been heard of (save once, on his first arrival) though frequently written to. I shall say no more at present, but I do earnestly wish that you would come down hither this summer, in order that something may be arranged respecting his children, in case of his death, and also during his life-time.

I must add, however, that it answers no purpose to advise her¹ to remonstrate with him, or to represent to him the propriety of going on or desisting. The disease of his mind is that he perpetually looks out of himself for those obstacles to his utility which exist only in himself. I am sure that if any friend whom he values were, in consequence of such a conviction as I have expressed, to advise him to drop his work, he would immediately ascribe the failure to the damp thrown upon his spirits by this interference. Therefore in this way nothing can be done, nor by encouraging him to attempt anything else. He would catch eagerly perhaps at the advice, and would be involved in new plans, new procrastination, and new expenses.

I am, dear Poole, most sincerely yours,
W. Wordsworth

I must repeat how much I wish to see you here as I cannot write what I think and feel. Pray burn this letter when you have read it.

Address: Tho^s Poole, Esq, Nether Stowey, n^r Bridgewater,
Somersetshire.

MS.

383. *W. W. to Daniel Stuart*²

S. K(—)

Sunday Night, June 4th [1809]

My dear Sir,

Nothing but vexation seems to attend me in this affair of the Pamphlet. Mr. De Quincey according to my request sent me down ten stitched Pamphlets (he had previously sent 4 unstitched) and it was not till to-day that I discovered that, in two copies of those stitched, the page which was cancelled remains

¹ So *MS.*; i.e. Mrs. Coleridge.

² Said by *K.* to be addressed 'To correspondent unknown'.

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as it first stood, the corrected leaf not having been substituted. Ten copies have been sent me by this last parcel, two of them covered with green paper, in one of these the corrected leaf has been substituted; of the other I cannot speak, as it is sent to a Friend. The other eight copies were simply stitched; six have been sent off unexamined; but the two that remain are *both* wrong—*both* containing the passage only as it *first* stood—from which I conclude that it is the same with all the others. This is a most culpable inattention on the part of some one, the more noticeable, as these copies that have not the corrected leaf contain both of them the errata which were printed on another part of the same half sheet. I do earnestly entreat that you would do all in your power to have this remedied—it has mortified me more than I can express, and after so many disappointments has robbed me of all wish to make any alterations in a second edition, if it should be called for; since I cannot think of saddling you with the trouble of correcting the press, and therefore cannot have the least hope but that such blunders and negligences would take place, in inserting the alterations, as to render the work utterly unintelligible. In fact nothing can be more unfortunate for a work of this kind than a residence so far from London, and so unfavorable to communication with the post.

I am much obliged to you for your kind suggestions about an amended edition, and if I were in London, it should be done; but situated as I am, I must content myself with requesting you, in case a 2nd edition should be called for, to put a copy into the hands of the printer, with the errata corrected, both those first printed and those since sent off, and to have it printed as rapidly as possible, which cannot be done with any effect without employing at least 3 presses, in which case it might be done in a week.

The Friend has at last appeared. I am sorry for it as I have not the least hope that it can proceed.—

Most truly yours,

W. Wordsworth.

I have addressed a letter to the same purpose to Mr. De Q.,

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lest you should not be in the way ; but do not let this prevent your looking to the business yourself, particularly as Mr. De Q. may have left Town. I am grieved to impose this further trouble upon you. Many thanks for the Newspaper. Schill is a fine fellow!

Address: D. Stuart Esq^{re}, 36 Brompton Road, Knightsbridge, London.

MS.

384. *D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

K(—)

Grasmere, Wednesday, 15th June [1809.]

My dear Friend,

At ten o'clock yesterday morning Coleridge arrived. He had slept at Luff's, and came over the Hawes, and was not fatigued. This you will say is a proof of his bodily *strength*, but such proofs we do not need ; for what human body but one of extraordinary strength could have stood out against the trials which he has put his to ? You will have seen from his second number that he intends to have one week's respite. His reason for this is that many orders have been sent in from booksellers, and he wants to have the *names*, that the papers may be sent addressed to the respective persons. Whether it was absolutely necessary, or not, to wait a week I do not know. I am, however, convinced that it is a wise thing ; for by this means—if he makes good use of his time—he may get beforehand, and I am assured that without that, it would be *impossible* that he should go on. He is in good spirits, and he tells us that he has left his third number with Brown, who is actually printing it. At all events, I am glad that he is here, for if he perseveres anywhere in well doing it will be at Grasmere ; but there is one thing sadly in his way. The stamped paper must be paid for with ready money, and he has none. Now after the first twenty weeks—the time fixed for payment to him—this will be got over. He will then have money to command, but in the meantime I know not what is to be done. He has beforehand stamped paper only for two numbers. He has, however, ordered an additional supply, which I hope will come in due time for his 5th number.

There are a few passages in the two papers published which

have given us pain; and which, if he had been at Grasmere, would never have appeared. The one where he speaks of the *one* poet of his own time. This passage cannot but have wounded Southey, and I think that it was unjust to S.; besides, it is a sort of praise that can do William no good. The other passages to which I allude are contained in the notes to the second number. I think it was beneath Coleridge to justify himself against the calumnies of the Anti-Jacobin Review, foolish to bring to light a thing long forgotten, and still more foolish to talk of his homesickness as a *husband*, or of anything relating to his private and domestic concerns. There are beautiful passages in both the Essays, and everywhere the power of thought and the originality of a great mind are visible, but there is wanting a happiness of manner; and the first number is certainly very obscure. In short, it is plainly shewn under what circumstances of constraint and compulsion he wrote; and I cannot enough admire his resolution in having written at all, or enough pity his sufferings before he began, though no doubt almost wholly proceeding from weakness; an utter want of power to govern his mind, either its wishes or its efforts. He says he rises at 6 o'clock in the morning; that is, he has done so for more than a week, nay, I believe a fortnight; and this morning, when I rung the bell to call the maid to fetch Catherine away, he came all alive to my door to ask if he could do anything for me.

A week's residence in Thomas Wilkinson's humble cottage brought about this change, and I believe that Thomas, even at the last, was the Father of *The Friend*. C. was happy in Thomas's quiet and simple way of life, drank no spirits, and was comfortable all the time, and Thomas urged him to the work. This we heard from Luff, and C. himself speaks with delight of the time he spent under Thomas's roof. I must tell you that he has had no liquor but ale since he returned; but indeed while he has been with us he has seldom had any kind of spirits except in water gruel, which he was always fond of taking when he had a pain in his Bowels.

I hope you will let us know when we are likely to see Mr. Clarkson and Tom. Would that you were coming with them. I do not like to anticipate evils; but I cannot help wishing that

you were not entangled with a farm. I would much rather have heard that Mr. C was about to engage in another literary labour ; for a farm I fear will bring you many and daily cares ; and if Mr. C. wholly employs his mind in that way his power of being serviceable to his fellow creatures must needs be much contracted.

I hope that you have ere this seen my Brother's Pamphlet. I cannot doubt but that you will have received great delight from it. What a pity that it did not come out sooner ! It would have been then much plainer to all Readers (very few of whom will bear in mind *the time* at which the Tract was written) what a true prophet he has been. C. has had an interesting letter from Charles Lamb. Poor Mary is again in confinement. They have changed their chambers, and the fatigue and novelty of removing were too much for her. Charles says that his new rooms are much better than the old, and the rent only £30 ; but he cannot take at once to anything that is new, and he looks forward to two or three months of melancholy separation. As he says, it is indeed a great cutting out from the short term of human life. Mrs Cookson of Kendal is with us ; she came yesterday with her Husband and one of her sons to stay a week. Mr. C. is to come and fetch her and her little Boy home to meet Miss Weir and her niece and little Dorothy, who are to spend yet another week with Mrs. Cookson at Kendal, and then we shall see the little Darling's sprightly face again. You cannot think how fretfully impatient I am for the happy day, now that it is so near. *Your* child, Catherine, is a sweet creature—very fair, very bonny, but not *beautiful* in spite of her blue eyes. She is exceedingly mild-tempered and a very good sleeper. This last mentioned good quality is a great comfort to me, for bad nights cut me up, and we do not like to trust Babies with young servants who work hard all day. Mr. De Quincey has made us promise that he is to be her sole Tutor ; so we shall not dare to show her a letter in a book, when she is old enough to have the wit to learn ; and you may expect that she will be a very learned lady, for Mr. De Q. is an excellent scholar. If, however, he fails in inspiring her with a love of learning, I am sure he cannot fail in one thing. His gentle, sweet manners must lead her to sweetness and gentle

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thoughts. His conversation has been of very great use to John, who is certainly now the finest boy I ever saw. His countenance is delicious, and though not bright at his book, he is far from being dull in acquiring knowledge, and is very thoughtful: but what is most delightful is his tenderness of disposition, his joyous, benignant expression of countenance, and his exceeding modesty. This makes his address awkward to strangers, but there is no awkwardness in his looks or carriage. Thomas is a pretty Boy, very entertaining in a lively Baby manner. He is a great chatterer and very loving. Sara continues to be troubled with a pain in her side, and has a sort of *humming* cough. I wish these would go away. She has no other symptoms of consumption, and I cannot but hope that riding on horseback would cure her. We are going to get a horse for her as soon as possible. I think it is most probable that Stuart will remove Coleridge's uneasiness of mind respecting money for the stamped paper. It is probable that Stuart has kept back from offering on account of Coleridge's slowness to begin, and now that he has begun I have little doubt that Stuart will come forward. God bless you my dear kind Friend. Believe me evermore your affect^{te}

D. W.

Address: Mrs Clarkson, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk.

MS.

385. *W. W. to Daniel Stuart*¹

S(—) K(—)

[June 15, 1809]

My dear Sir,

In order that you may not be puzzled with my bad penmanship, which I know must too often have been the case, I have begged of Miss Hutchinson to be my amanuensis.

First let me thank you for your kind exertions in favour of the pamphlet. I have some reason now for having better hopes, concerning the sale, than I ventured to encourage, notwithstanding your assurances. It has pleased much several persons who have read it in this neighbourhood, and I learn from Charles Lamb that everybody whom he has heard speak of it in Town

¹ Said by K. to be addressed 'To Correspondent unknown'.

'extols it highly'. On this account, when I combine it with your confident expressions, I can scarcely doubt but the Edition being so small, a second will be called for. For the reasons which I assigned to you in my last, I am not disposed to make any other than trifling alterations and additions, but some I must make, and therefore I should be glad to hear from you when a second Edition is determined upon should it be so, and will send you up per Coach immediately a corrected copy to print from. I feel more strongly my obligations to you, for the trouble you have taken in this business, when I consider your many occupations, and above all the domestic distresses and vexations to which you have lately been subject. I should be happy to hear that your Sister, Miss Stuart, is better.

Coleridge arrived here yesterday morning, after an absence of nearly four months. As I thought it my duty some time since, upon substantial grounds, to express my apprehension, that from the irresolution of the author, *The Friend* might not prosper, which opinion I expressed in order to break the force of your disappointment should my forebodings prove true, I now think it right to say that such appear to be the present dispositions, resolutions, and employments of Coleridge, that I am encouraged to entertain more favourable hopes of his exerting himself steadily than I ever have had at any other period of this business. I confess that it looks ill that he should have interrupted the regular publication so early as even the third number; but there is one circumstance which makes me not sorry that this has been done, as I understand that there is no quantity of paper yet arrived to enable him to carry it on regularly for any length of time. I suspect he has some difficulty in this which he has not laid open to his friends. I have myself had no conversation with him upon the subject, but I have reason to believe that there must be a lack of money on his part to advance for this purpose; which is the more probable as (very properly) he has declined concluding a bargain with Longman for his Poems and Essays—which, if concluded, would have put him into immediate possession of a sum sufficient to enable him to carry on *The Friend*, but this would have been bought at a great price, and indeed would have been a most injurious

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bargain both for himself and his family, for Longman, I am sorry to say, is an arrant Jew, like most of his Brethren.

I find Coleridge is decidedly against *Reform*, and shall be very happy to hear what he has to say upon the subject; which I believe he will not fail to do in the next, or succeeding numbers of 'The Friend'. I am glad to find that you do not approve of some of those things in *The Courier* which I objected to. I was interested upon the subject, both with reference to its importance, and the fair fame of *The Courier*, which I know had drawn upon itself the approbation of many true friends of their Country, by its conduct concerning the Convention of Cintra; and still more strikingly, for the manly part it took in the Duke of York's affair. I was therefore sorry to hear, as I did hear, imputations cast upon it, which seemed to me not groundless, both with respect to Reform, and to the manner in which it was disposed to screen Lord Castlereagh; not that Lord C. was, in the instance complained of, a whit more guilty than hundreds, as they know well, but his defence was set upon a wrong footing.—I am, truly yours,

W. Wordsworth.

If the pamphlet should have any sale, I must *earnestly* entreat, nay, *insist*, that you would reimburse yourself from the profits for all expense incurred—especially [for] the copies you have paid for, and distributed.

Address: D. Stuart Esq^{re}, 36 Brompton Row, Knightsbridge, London.

MS. 386. D. W. to Thomas De Quincey
J. K.

Grasmere, Thursday, I believe about the 25 June [1809]

My dear Friend,

It is so long since we have heard from you that I cannot help writing to inquire after you, though I have only time to scribble a few lines. Mrs. Cookson of Kendal has been spending a week with us, and she is just going away, and will carry my letter to the post office. Sometimes we fancy that you are on the point of setting off to Grasmere, and therefore have delayed writing,

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and at times I, being of a fearful temper, fancy that you are ill ; but I think it is most probable that you are so much engaged with your own Family as not to have time to write a long letter, and that you do not think it worth while to send a short one—but whatever may have hitherto been the cause of your silence, do write, if but three lines, to tell us how you are, and when we are likely to see you again—We have been so long used to receive your letters regularly that we take very ill to this long privation of that pleasure. My Brother is this morning gone out upon a fishing party with Mr. Wilson and his 'Merry Men,' as William calls them. They have a tent and large store of provisions, and they intend to travel from one Tarn to another and lodge in their tent upon the mountains—Mr. Wilson intends to spend a week in this manner, but how long William will stay I know not—most likely he will be tired before the end of the week. At all events Mr. Wilson is to be ready with his Boats next Thursday, and we are to spend that day together on Windermere, the day of dear Dorothy's return—Miss Weir and D. and the Cooksons are to meet us at Bowness. We have had some wet weather ; but it is now perfect summer again, and we have spent several happy days in the open air. On Monday we went to Coniston in a cart, and ate our dinner in a Field near the Lake. We wished for you.

Your Cottage is painted, and I hope will be ready by the end of the next week or the beginning of the week after. It will be very beautiful next summer, but this year's roses have been almost all destroyed with repairing the rough-cast and white-washing the outer walls. Ned Wilson has made deal Bookcases, but in consideration of your having mentioned mahogany for the Book-shelves, we have got all the rest of the furniture of mahogany. We were doubtful about it before, the native woods being at present so very dear, but your mention of mahogany, and the consideration that in case you should leave the country and have a sale, decided us ; for no sort of wood sells so well at second-hand as mahogany. We advise you to purchase a stock of tea before you come, the tea sold here being very bad and very dear—we always get ours from London. You must also bring silver spoons.

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Johnny improves daily ; he is certainly the sweetest creature in the world, he is so very tender-hearted and affectionate—he longs for your return, and I think he will profit more than ever by your conversation, though great was the improvement that you wrought in him ; indeed he owes more to you than to any one else for the softening of his manners. He is not famous for making extraordinary speeches, but I must tell you one pretty thing that he said the other day. His mother and he were walking in the lane, and, looking at the daisies upon the turf, he said, ‘Mother, the poor little daisies are forsaken now.’ ‘Forsaken, Johnny! What for?’ ‘Well, because there are so many other pretty flowers.’ Now for a specimen of his logic, having given you one of his poetical fancy. He came running to me with ‘Aunt, may I tell you Chips are water.’ ‘Water! what? how’s that, Johnny?’ ‘Well,’ he replied, ‘you know when chips are burnt in the fire, they go up into the clouds in smoke, and the clouds make rain, so chips are water, and I told Sally that she was washing me in chips.’ He was much entertained with this last original joke ; but the other part of the process seemed to delight him as a *discovery*. Adieu, my dear Friend. God bless you. You will be right welcome to Grasmere again.

Yours most affectionately,

D. W.

Coleridge has been with us nearly a fortnight. He is in good spirits, and going on with his work. Of course you have seen his second number ; there were a few things in it which gave us pain, and we wished he had abided more closely to his promise.—We have heard from several quarters that the pamphlet has made considerable impression—I mean among a few. Sometimes I have been afraid that the carrier lost my last letter to you. It was directed to Clifton. I should be sorry for this, as it was a long letter, though perhaps not very entertaining. Do write immediately.

Coleridge has desired me to open my letter to beg you to bring the Sanskrit MS. and his logical manuscripts.

Address: Thomas De Quincey Esq^{re}, N^o 8 Dowry Parade, Clifton ; *readdressed to* Wrington.

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387. *W. W. to Thomas Wilkinson*¹

Grasmere July 7 [1809]

Dear Friend,

My brother-in-law Mr George Hutchinson who is now staying with me, tells me that he has reason to think that a person who overlooks the husbandry proceedings at Lowther, will quit his place, and that it is a place in which he himself would like to be employed, and for which he deems himself qualified. I understand that Mr Luff has already mentioned to you this his wish, and that you were so kind as to say, that you would make enquiries, and if the person in question did quit his situation, that you would do all in your power to further Mr G. Hutchinson's views.

I was pleased to hear this, and trouble you with the present letter.

I remain, dear Friend, yours sincerely

W. Wordsworth.

Mr Coleridge showed me a little poem of yours upon your Birds which gave us all very great pleasure.

MS.

388. *D. W. to R. W.*

Kendal July 22nd [1809]

My dear Brother,

I have not heard of your arrival in the North therefore I conclude you are still in London. I hope you will not be long in Cumberland before we have the pleasure of seeing you.

I write to inform you that I drew upon you in William's name for 50£ in favor of Mr John Simpson—at two months on the 17th. I shall also draw in my own name for 20£ at two months in favour of Mr Thomas Cookson, in the course of a few days. We owe Mr Twining 18£-14s for tea got last Sept^r or October—be so good as to send that sum to his Warehouse and get a Receipt. We have ordered some more tea therefore pray let the money be sent immediately.

I hope I have now fairly frightened you into getting our accounts drawn out—I fear it will be a doleful reckoning.

¹ First printed in *Thomas Wilkinson*, by Mary Carr, 1905.

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I should be very glad to hear from you my dear Brother—I trust your health is now restored. I left Grasmere a week ago and am now on a visit at Kendal and shall remain here till next Thursday. All were well at home—Believe me, dear Richard, your ever affectionate Sister

Dorothy Wordsworth

Address: Mr Wordsworth, No 11 Staple Inn, London.

MS. 389. D. W. to Thomas De Quincey
J. K.

Grasmere, 1st August, 1809.

My dear Friend,

It is now my turn to cast reproaches upon myself for my long silence and of these I have not been sparing, though a bustling unsettled life for some weeks past has always furnished me with a present excuse, when the time came which I had beforehand fixed upon for writing to you. My last letter crossed *your* last but one upon the road. I have since received a very kind one from your Mother's house. It is, I believe, a month ago, and you then talked of being at Grasmere in three weeks—but we did not much expect you so soon, as no doubt your Mother and Sisters will be unwilling to part with you. I hope, however, that now the time of your coming draws near—your house is quite ready, or rather it will be so in two or three days, for the bed-curtains are not yet put up, but a woman is now making them, and I believe before the end of the week all the furniture will be come. The garden looks fresh and very pretty, in spite of the cruel injury done to the trees by Atkinson's unruly ax. We have had a delightful summer, and if you had not lately been so happy in the enjoyment of a beautiful country and the society of your own family, we should have regretted that you were not here. We have had a houseful of company—Southey and some friends of his—a succession of Lakers and Miss Weir and her Niece and Mr. George Hutchinson have been with us more than a month; and Mr. Clarkson, and his Son, and a Friend of his, have spent several days with us. This will explain to you the nature of our bustling life—and, besides, I have been at Kendal,

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where I stayed twelve days, and purchased all the articles of kitchen furniture and other things which could be bought in Shops ready-made for your Cottage. I carried your last letter with me, intending to answer it; but I never found leisure, and unluckily I packed the letter in my trunk, which is not yet arrived and I have forgotten the address, so, as the carriers are often slow in bringing goods from the warehouse, it may yet be several days before I shall be able to send this letter off; and this same unlucky contrivance of mine has prevented my sister from writing to you, for, thinking that I should probably not find time to write while I was at Kendal, she would have written, but as I had your letter with me, she could not, having also forgotten your last address. Coleridge has been very busy of late, and his health and spirits are better—he has sent off the 3rd and 4th numbers of *The Friend*, and is at work daily.

He desires me to say that he is exceedingly glad that you have got that book of Bruno. Can you have access to a series of any of the *Reviews*?—for instance, the *Edinburgh* from the first, or the *Monthly*. If you can, and if you have time, Coleridge would be very glad if you would look them through and note down any gross blunders in logical or moral reasoning which you may detect, and any gross misapplication of praise or blame to names whose Fame is already established. My Brother has been much depressed by the Austrian defeat¹ and the Armistice, though he says he expected no better; that it was his wishes rather than his hopes that kept him alive to the cause before. He has not done anything of late, indeed we have had so much company that it was scarcely possible for him to feel sufficiently independent to devote himself to composition. I have not heard of the pamphlet having been reviewed, and I took the pains when I was at Kendal of going to the Book Club to look at the last *Reviews*—By the bye, have you seen the *Edinburgh Review* on Cam[p]bell's Poem?² I know not whether the Extracts brought forward in illustration of the encomiums or the encomiums themselves are more absurd. There surely can be little sense left in

¹ At Wagram, on July 6.

² Campbell's *Gertrude of Wyoming* had been reviewed by Jeffrey in the previous April.

the Nation, or Master Jeffrey must very soon write himself into disgrace. The Review of Miss Hannah More's work¹ is equally as foolish, though in a different way.—The Children are all well, your pupil as sweet as the best of them, though not quite so handsome. She wears no cap and has no hair—her Father calls her his little Chinese Maiden. She has the funniest laugh you ever saw peeping through her eyes; and she is as good-tempered as ever—Dorothy is beautiful, and a delightful creature when she behaves well; but I am sorry to add that she is very wayward, and I fear we shall have great trouble in subduing her. She is quick at her book, and quick at everything. John is made up of good and noble feelings—he is the delight of everybody who knows him—all his playmates love him, he blushes and looks pleased whenever your return is talked of—Last night, when he had finished his prayers, in which he makes a petition for his 'good Friends,' he said, 'Mr. De Quincey is one of my Friends.' Little Tom has been poorly and looks ill—he often lisps out your name, and will rejoice with the happiest at your return. I must remind you of a promise which you made to Johnny to bring him a new hat. I bought one for Tom at Kendal, but remembering that you said you would bring John one, I did not buy one for him. Let it be a *black* hat, if you have not already bought one of another colour. Some chests of Books for you are arrived, also the Smoke dispenser; but we have not yet got it put up. It will be done next week, when a workman from Liverpool is coming to try his skill upon the Chimnies. If you should come next week you will probably find your house occupied, for we have offered it to Mr. and Mrs. Crump for a week or ten days, they being desirous to look about them at Grasmere. We are well assured that you would have done the same if you had been here, and that you will feel glad in having had this opportunity of obliging two worthy people. If you should come while they are here, you will think it no great evil as we have plenty of room for you at Allan Bank—but I fear there is no likelihood that you will come so very soon. Only let me entreat that you will not let the trees lose their leaves before you see them again—besides, you know you are to be of the

¹ *Cælebs in Search of a Wife*, 2 vols., 1809.

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party into Wales and Ireland. Miss H. still thinks of going—my Brother will accompany her; and he and Mr. Wilson continue to talk of going into Ireland, and they hope that if they do go you will not draw back. They have not fixed a time, but I do not think it will be before September. Now if you do not come soon it will be hardly worth while to come at all till the Irish journey is over—and I am very sorry to think of that—but yet, for the sake of a week or two in this country, it would be a pity to come so far, when you could meet them so nicely in Wales. Do write and tell us all your plans, and if you now think of coming immediately, do not put off on account of this Welsh and Irish scheme, as the latter very *probably* may never be executed, and the former possibly. Adieu, my dear Friend. God bless you!

D. Wordsworth.

Excuse scrawling. I have had a bad pen. Do write immediately. Remember to bring *Spoons and Tea*. I have said nothing about the pony, for I think you will hardly prevail upon your Brother to part with it—and it would be almost a pity that you should.

Address: Thomas de Quincey Esq^{re}, Wrington, near Bristol.

MS.

390. *D. W. to R. W.*

My dear Brother,

Sunday August 20th [1809]

Miss Hutchinson was at Penrith last week and, William having desired her to call at Sockbridge to inquire if you were come thither, she did so, and had the pleasure of hearing that you were very well. You were gone to one of your fields at the time, and she would gladly have waited for you, but, having company along with her she could not. I hope it will not be long before we have the happiness of seeing you at Grasmere.

We have been much concerned to hear of the death of your Partner, Mr Strickland,—You must feel a great loss of him. I suppose you have left the care of your business to Mr Addison,—or have you any other person on whom you can depend?

I wrote to you about the 17th of July from Kendal, to inform you that I had drawn a Bill on you in William's name for 50£ in favour of Mr John Simpson, and that I should in the course

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of a few days, draw on you in my own for 20£ in favor of Mr Cookson. I have not drawn that Bill—but on the 17th of this Month I drew in Wm's name for 20£ in favour of Mr John Robinson at one Month after Date. I do not know whether you were in Town when I wrote to you; but I suppose your Agent would open the Letter, I therein requested you to Pay 13£-14s to Mr Twining for Tea got last year—I hope the money has been paid as he has sent us another supply of Tea.

We are all well, and hope in a little time to be *comfortable*, for we seem to be in a fair way to getting our smoky chimnies cured—but it is a very troublesome and dirty job. Mr Crump has sent a Man from Liverpool to perform the work—he appears to be very skillful and we think that he has completely cured one sitting-room and the Kitchen but he has yet 5 chimnies to begin with—and Mr Crump is putting out a new Bow-window, so it will be some time before we are clear of workmen.

The children have all been poorly especially your Godson and Catherine. Their complaint was a violent Catarrh. John was even *dangerously* ill—but he has now no remains of the disorder except a cough, though his looks are much altered.—William and Mary join with me in kind love—

Believe me, dear Richard,

your ever affectionate Sister

Dorothy Wordsworth

Address: Richard Wordsworth Esq^{re}, Sockbridge, near Penrith.

MS. 391. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

K(—)

(I know not the date of the Month)

26th or 27th August [1809]

My dear Friend,

If I am not a tolerably good correspondent I am, I verily believe, the very worst in the world, excepting such as have entirely laid asleep their conscience, and openly avow themselves idle people. This, believe me, is not, and never can be my case. I have been very unhappy at not having written to you long ago, and I have nothing to say in my excuse. But henceforward I am determined to answer your letters immediately as my only security, for if I procrastinate it is all over with me.

I had a great desire to follow Mr. Clarkson to Leeds and many a time have I wished myself with you since, for we have so uncomfortable a house and I feel myself of so little service at home that I think I would have been better spared now than at any other time, though when Mr. C was here William did not think so. The fact is we have workmen all over the house, and shall have them yet for two months. The chimnies are all to be raised 3 feet, and a great deal is done with them in the inside of the rooms. We are putting out a recess with a bow window in the study, and going to alter the sideboard recess. Now in this confusion nothing goes on regularly and I feel myself of no essential use, though there is enough for me and all the females in the house to do. Many a time have I silently longed for the quiet of your fire-side. Give my kind love to your Husband, and tell him I thank him heartily for his offer of conveying me by means of his purse, and tell him that next year I hope we may be rich enough ourselves, and that it may be possible for me to make my way to you. Mr. C. and Tom will have told you all about us. We thought that Mr. C. looked very well, and dear Tom is a sweet Lad. It was very affecting for me (especially at the first and once when he was asleep) to look at Tom, he reminded me so vividly of you. He resembles you much more than formerly, and much more than his Father, we were sorry that we did not see more of him. Poor Fellow! he seemed to be very happy with us and was very fond of Johnny, who was proud of his notice. We saw in the paper the other day that Mr. Malkin is elected to the Mastership of Bury School. I am afraid he will not fill the place so well as the late Master, for I am told he is a coxcomb, and indeed it is plain enough from the manner in which that account of his Son is written.¹ We liked Mr. Tilbrook² very

¹ Benjamin Heath Malkin (1769-1842), miscellaneous writer and headmaster of Bury G.S. (1809-28). In 1806 he published *A Father's Memoir of his Child*, a sentimental life of his precocious son Thomas, who had died in 1802 at the age of 6 years 9 months. The book is to-day famous from the fact that Blake designed the frontispiece and that several of the Songs of Innocence and Experience were printed in it for the first time.

² The Rev. Samuel Tilbrooke of Peterhouse, Cambridge. A few years later he took the Ivy Cottage (now known as Glen Rothay) for a vacation residence, and then for a time settled there. He was introduced to the Wordsworths by Mr. Clarkson; and a little later he acted as Tom C.'s tutor.

much for his unaffected manners, though there is a coarseness, a want of polish about him which might be smoothed away with advantage. Your Friends the Hardcastles were very unlucky, they came upon a rainy day, and just when the house was in as great confusion as possible, the workmen having begun their operations. I was much pleased with Miss Hardcastle—she is modest and appears to be sensible and very affectionate—indeed it was delightful to observe how much she appeared to be interested in everything for your sake, and how much like Friends she treated us. Coleridge and Mr. H. had a deal of excellent talk—about the fulfilment of the prophecies, and your good Aunt listened calmly and with profound attention. When they were talking over their plans we could not help smiling within ourselves at the gravity with which they talked about spending the ‘Lord’s Day’ and the Sabbath at Kendal. It was very unlucky that the Luffs came to Grasmere on the very day on which the party went to Patterdale. They have been spending a week at Mr. King’s. Mr. Crump and a part of his family are at the cottage, and very pleasant it is to see a chearing light there once again. It is a very neat place, but I do not think, though the furniture is much better and more costly than in our time, that it is altogether so pretty as it was formerly,—I mean when it was in neat order,—for in latter days it was difficult to keep it so. The garden is very much improved by being made merely a continuation of the turf of the orchard. This looks very pretty, with the shrubs, etc.

The orchard is, of course, as it used to be, a perfect paradise. But we have had showery weather ever since Mr. C. left us, and have not been able to sit there, when we have visited at the cottage. We expect Mr. De Quincey in a few weeks. As for ourselves, we have now but one year and a half in this house, for Mr. C. will certainly come to it, but we hope that this portion of our time will be spent in comfort, for the kitchen and dining-room chimnies seem to be cured. Whither we shall go I know not, but we do not distress ourselves. Sometime we think of Eusemere as Miss Green talks about giving it up. Oh my dear Friend, I do long to see you. Cannot you come next year? But alas! travelling hurts you. If you cannot come I *must* do what

AUGUST 1809

I can to visit you at Bury, but if you come to us, all would have the satisfaction of seeing you, and it need not prevent my journey. Coleridge is going on well at present. The 4th essay will come out next week, and I know that he has the 5th, and more, ready. As to its future regularity, I dare not speak; only this I know, that he has no right to tax his customers with the stamp, unless he goes on differently from what he has hitherto done. At present he is full of hope, and has, I believe, made excellent resolutions. Tell us what you think of Wm's book. All the judicious seem to admire it. Many are astonished with the wisdom of it—but nobody buys!! An edition of 500 is not yet sold. What do you think of the Victory of Talevera? Such victories make my heart ache, and I can hardly get through the accounts of them. The good Captain Paisley, Coleridge's Friend is dangerously wounded at Flushing; a Captain Dalrymple, Brother of Mrs. Sandys of this neighbourhood was killed in Spain, in Talevera I mean. Dorothy has been up stairs two or three times to see if I have done, for Aunt Sara and I promised to go with her before Tea to the cottage. H. and D. and J. are dining there. I know not if I have done right after such a long silence in writing at a time when I was hurried by anything, for I ought to have given you a long and more thoughtful letter, but if I had delayed again another week or more might have gone by. I hope that Tom has described all the Bairns to you. Sissy is wild and beautiful. We call her 'the Panther in the Wilderness'. Tom is simple and most innocent, a perfect Baby and very pretty. Catherine is fun all over her face, but not a beauty. John,—you know what he is, a noble creature. God bless you for ever my dearest Friend. Give my best love to Tom, and love and a thousand thanks to your husband.

Yours ever,

D. W.

Sara was at Eusemere since Mr C was here—she got wet in going, and caught cold. She is now recovered. Her journey into Wales is not fixed. George has got a place in Lincolnshire.

My Brother R^d has been some weeks at Sockbridge; but we have not seen him or heard from him: he is a curious brother.

Address: Mrs Clarkson, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk.

SEPTEMBER 1809

MS. 392. *M. W. to Thomas De Quincey*
K.

Elleray [September 12, 1809]

My dear Sir,

I told my Sister, when I parted from her at Ambleside, on my way hither last Friday morning, that I should write to you before my return home. I then felt as if I should send you a very long letter; but, alas! the time has passed away and I have not written, and have perhaps, by my promise, prevented *her* writing. I must now merely content myself with adding a few words to the end of Mr. Wilson's letter to tell you that your last long and kind letter gave us all great pleasure, and that it deserved a more ready and worthy answer. I believe Dorothy would have written sooner had you not promised that we should hear from you again in four days. We have been looking for *that* letter—and since for your arrival. When are we to see you? All has been in readiness for you, and every one of us wishing to see you for a long, long time. I think William will not go into Wales; if my Sister Sara leaves us this autumn, she must be fetched by my Brother. Mr. Wilson (as he has, I dare say, told you) is going into Spain, so he cannot be one of her attendants. Coleridge has been very busy lately. You have recd the 4th No., and will be glad to hear that the 5th and 6th are in the Printer's hand. He has, of course, been in more comfortable health. Heaven grant this may last!

Mr. W. is with me here, as is your friend John, who, being such a favourite with Mr., and Mrs., and Miss Wilson, and having so much of his own way and such a variety of good things to eat, is in such a state of happiness, that he appears in a character so different from his own, that, had you never seen him before, you might suppose him to be a sort of half-idiot, but in all humours he is glad to talk of his dear Friend. William is in admirable health. I hope we shall hear a good account of yours. God bless you! I am writing while the Family are sitting round me at supper. We go home in the morning, and shall perhaps meet with some intelligence from you. Believe me to be, with much love and esteem, your affectionate Friend,

M. W.

Address: Thomas de Quincey Esq^r, Wrington, near Bristol.

NOVEMBER 1809

MS. 393. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

K(—)

Grasmere, November 18th [1809]

My dear Friend,

Sara has been kept almost constantly busy in transcribing for William, and for *The Friend*; therefore she has desired me to write to you. For William she has been transcribing the introduction to a collection of prints to be published by Mr. Wilkinson of Thetford¹ (of which I believe you know the history, as your husband's name is down among those of the subscribers). I hope you will be interested with William's part of the work (he has only finished the general introduction, being unable to do the rest till he has seen the prints). It is the only regular, and I may say *scientific*, account of the present and past state and appearance of the country that has yet appeared. I think, if he were to write a Guide to the Lakes and prefix this preface, it would sell better, and bring him more money, than any of his higher labours. He has some thoughts of doing this; but do not mention it, as the above work should have its fair run. He mentioned his scheme to Mr. Wilkinson, to which I should think that Mr. W. will have no objection; as the Guide will, by calling Mr. W.'s publication to mind, after its first run, perhaps help to keep up the sale. My dear Friend, your last letter gave us a pleasing picture of the state of your mind; but alas! I see that [] and winds do not favour you; *that mind* has sufficient employment in propping your crazy body. Thank God you have every comfort about you, and I trust that by keeping close to your warm parlour during the frost and snow you will peep out again fresh and chearful in the spring with the peeping flowers; but you talk of going to London which I am sorry for, as travelling at best does not agree with you, and cannot but be disagreeable as well as hazardous at this season of the year. I almost wish you may give up the plan; but you seem so completely mistress of the state of your bodily health and of what may and of what

¹ *Select Views in Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire*, by the Rev. Joseph Wilkinson, Rector of East and West Wretham, in the County of Norfolk, and Chaplain to the Marquis of Huntly. London: Published for the Rev. Joseph Wilkinson, by R. Ackermann, at his Repository of Arts, 101 Strand. 1810.

must not be done that I would fain trust confidently to your own decision. It is 7 o'clock. Tom and Catherine have been in bed half an hour, and the elder two with Sara Coleridge are running sportively to their several beds. Sara came yesterday with her Mother and Mrs. Lloyd. They have been 10 days at Brathay, and Sara is to stay with us till next Monday, when her Brother will come and spend three or four days with her here, and they are both to return to Keswick. Coleridge does not much insist upon the child's being left at this time of the year, but she is to come in the spring, and Mrs. C. is desirous to put off the evil day, for she dreads the contamination which her lady-like manners must receive from our rustic brood, worse than she would dread illness, I may almost say *death*. As to poor little Sara, she has behaved very sweetly ever since her Mother left her, but there is nothing about her of the natural wildness of a child. She looks ill and has a bad appetite. Mrs. Fricker and Coleridge's Mother are both dead. Mrs. C. does not look as if any of her cares have kept her awake a single hour; but she says that she sleeps badly, and I am not disposed to doubt it: however this may be she is very fat and looks uncommonly healthy. Poor Mr. Jackson! you know that he is dead? And that the Southseys have taken the house on a lease? and that Mrs. Wilson is to continue to live in Mr. Jackson's kitchen and to have her own bedroom? Mrs. Lloyd grows very fat and her complexion looks healthy, but she is [? far] from having good health. She has now 7 little ones. Our poor Mary is wretchedly thin, and has a large share of uncomfortable feeling, but there is, I hope, no cause for alarm, as she expects the birth of a fifth child in May. Your God-daughter is pronounced to be the 'wittiest Bairn' of the set. I cannot say the prettiest: she is indeed grown very plain, but there is something so irresistibly comic in her face and her motions that it is quite a feast to watch her. She cannot walk, but she can creep as well as anybody, and I am sure that the gravest person and the least disposed to notice children could not help laughing at her sudden turns upon the floor, and her speedy journeys with her little bald pate foremost. Dorothy's face is very elegant. I never saw so much elegance combined with so much wildness in any face, but she has been poorly lately, and does not look

well. John is remarkably well, and looks far better than when Mr. C. and Tom were here. If you had seen his shy looks of gladness and his beautiful blushes when Sara came to-day you would have been greatly pleased. Everybody in the room, even Mrs. C, seemed to feel the power of them.

Coleridge is pretty well, as you will judge by the regularity of his work. The tale of Maria Schöning is beautifully told; but I wish it had not been the first tale in *The Friend*, for there is something so horrid in it that I cannot bear to think of the story. Sarah is grown quite strong. Mr. De Quincey has been at Grasmere five weeks, and has taken possession of his cottage as a lodging-place, and our little orphan maiden Sally Green has prepared his breakfast, but wanting a housekeeper he grew tired of that plan and lately has been wholly with us. To-night, however, his housekeeper is arrived, and a proud and happy woman she is as any within twenty miles. You remember our old servant, Mary Dawson, she will suit the place exactly, and the place exalts her to the very tip-top of exaltation. Mr. de Q. is to lodge here to-night, and to-morrow the house begins. On Christmas day we are all to dine there, and to meet Mr. Wilson and a friend of his, a pleasant young man who has been a week at our house. We shall dine in the parlour below stairs. Oh! that you could actually come in among us, but we shall think of you and you will think of us. I have written a sad stupid letter. I began it 4 days ago, and was so ill I was obliged to go to bed. I have had a dreadful cold and am as deaf as a stone in one ear, but I hope it is only an accumulation of wax. I coughed incessantly the night before last, last night I slept and am much better to-day, though sufficiently niddy in the head to excuse this stupid scrawl. I hope you will be able to read it, but my pen is very bad. William is reading beside me—he begs his kindest love. God bless you my ever dear Friend. Believe me, your most affect

D. W.

We have not seen Henry Robinson's review. Dorothy is sitting beside me in her night coat talking very sweetly after saying her prayers. Concluded Tuesday night, 28th November.¹

¹ MS. 28 or 20, but neither date fits in with the statement that the letter was begun '4 days ago'.

NOVEMBER 1809

Frost and snow we have had, but now the weather is milder.

Coleridge goes on with his work briskly.

How do you like William's [?]?

By a series of neglects this letter has missed being sent off until yours to me has arrived.

I think it is better to send it off imperfect as it is than trust to the future. My dear Friend, we grieved one and all at the sad account of your health. Do write as often as you have spirits and strength—write too often! No, that can never be. But above all take care of yourself.

Address: Mrs Clarkson, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.

MS.

394. *D. W. to Jane Marshall*

K(—)

Grasmere November 19th 1809

My dear Friend

Your last letter was very acceptable though I had had no anxiety respecting the arrival of the books after the first week from my sending off my letter. I cannot conceive how it happened that the letter I wrote so long before (when we despatched the parcel) should have miscarried: but I suppose I must have entrusted it to some careless person. My dear Jane I wish I could find out a beautiful estate of two hundred acres and place you and your Husband and Children upon it in a good house—but alas! such estates are rare even in our larger vales, and in the smaller there are none of that size. Brathay hall is an excellent house and there is some land attached to it; but it is not to be *sold*. It was advertized to be lett; but only for a short time, and *furnished*. As to ourselves, who only want a roomy house to shelter us with a few acres to feed a couple of cows, or without any land at all, we know not whither we shall turn, and, at all events, we must leave Grasmere for there are only two houses, besides our own, that would hold us, and of these only one that is large enough. The other to which I allude I dare say you may remember. It is a neat white house on that side of the lake opposite to the highway. It stands on the hill-side with large coppice woods near it, and a green field with a steep slope

from it to the water. This house belongs to a Mr. Benson who has let it for ten years to Mr. Astly of Duckinfield near Manchester. This Mr. Astly has added a good dining-room to [the comfortable but small house, and he is tired of the place and has given it up to his younger Brother. Now I think that he, too, may soon be tired of the place, as he does not seem formed to relish a solitary life, being what the world calls a gay young man, and if this should happen then we may possibly take the house, but as I said it is hardly fit for us, being too small. The other house that would contain us comfortably is quite out of the question, it being occupied by the owner, who has no thought of removing. So much for future trouble, but—woe is me! present troubles are before us. The winter's storms have brought back winter's smoke, and we are now forced to believe that we have only been less annoyed since the chimnies were altered because they were made perfectly clean, and because the weather was milder. I will make no comment upon this sorrow. It is enough to say that if we could get any comfortable house within 5 or 6 miles of Grasmere we should remove to it without a week's delay. Our Friend, Mr. de Quincey, is come to the cottage, rather I should say to Grasmere, though we have already spent several comfortable evenings at the cottage—but he is with us at present, his servant having arrived only the day before yesterday, and she is now busied in preparing the cottage for his permanent Residence. He has been above a month with us and is like one of our own Family, so we have now almost a home still, at the old and dearest spot of all. Mr. de Quincey has an excellent library—far too large indeed for the house, though he will have bookcases in every corner. You may judge of the number of his books when I tell you that he has already received 9 or 10 chests, and that 19 more are on the road. Some of these books must be kept in chests on account of the smallness of the house, but he will select for that confinement such as are the least likely to be wanted by himself or others. You will judge that it is a great pleasure to us all to have access to such a library, and will be a solid advantage to my Brother.

You ask after our little Folks, I have nothing very new to say of them. John is indeed a sweet creature he is so thoroughly

noble-minded, affectionate, and tender-hearted. Dorothy improves in mildness and her countenance becomes more engaging, but she is not so richly endowed with a gracious nature as her Brother—perhaps it is that she is more lively, and we see indeed that her waywardness is greatly subdued. She is at times very beautiful, and *elegance* and *wildness* are mingled in her appearance more than I ever saw in any child. Tom is a pretty innocent child—as much of a Baby in simplicity as when he used to come fluttering into the Room after Dinner at Halifax and at New Grange. Catharine has not the least atom of beauty except a healthy complexion. Her face is perfectly comic and her m[ot]ions ar[e u]ncommonly quick and lively. She creeps very fast, but cannot walk. She talks very little, but we fancy that she understands more than any of the other children did at her age. I think she is a little like her Aunt Sarah, though the expression of her countenance is very different. My sister, who begs her kind love to you, is thin and poorly—there is, however, a reason for it; she expects to be confined again in May.

My dear Jane, it gave me the greatest satisfaction to have such pleasing accounts of your Family. Mrs. Rawson had spoken to me in high terms of Mary Ann in the last letter which I received from her, and indeed I never saw a Girl of more pleasing manners, or, apparently, of a more sweet disposition. I cannot but be thankful that you did not suffer more from your imprudence after your lying-in—surely after so much experience you ought to have been wiser. I heartily wish that, after all, you may not be obliged to leave New Grange. It is the most uncomfortable thing that can be conceived to change one's residence with a large family and must be especially so to you who are fixed so exactly to your minds—besides, it is pleasant that children should grow up under the same roof where they were born, and that their early attachments to the objects around them should go on strengthening by long intercourse with the same objects. Of course this argument against a change of residence would lose much of its force if there were strong reasons for a change.

Poor Mrs. Rawson! I fear she will never be much better able to walk than she now is! What a blessing has her tranquil and

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cheerful mind been to her in this great affliction! and what an example has she set before us! She never speaks of her loss, but of the many enjoyments which she possesses. Pray give my kind love to your Sisters. I was very glad to receive such a pleasant account of Dr. Whitaker and his Family—you must indeed have had a high enjoyment in their society. I have often heard Mr. Cayley spoken of by my Sister. She had never seen him, but was well acquainted with his relative, Sir George Cayley. Give my kind love to Mr. Marshall and all the children, especially Mary Ann.

Adieu, my dear Friend. Believe me your most affectionate.

D. Wordsworth.

Address: Mrs Marshall, New Grange, near Leeds.

C. K. 395. *D. W. to Lady Beaumont*

Grasmere, Thursday, December 28th, 1809.

My dear Friend,

Yesterday evening I returned with our whole family from the house of the very person whom you inquire after with so much anxiety. In our way thither on Christmas Day I received your letter, and wished to have answered it from that place, but I could not find leisure to take up my pen, and now I am at home again I am determined to make no further delay. Surely I have spoken to you (not by word of mouth, but by letter) of Mr. Wilson, a young man of some fortune, who has built a house in a very fine situation not far from Bowness. Miss Hutchinson, Johnny, and I spent a few days there last summer with his mother and sister, and I think I mentioned this to you. This same Mr. Wilson is the author of the letter signed Mathetes. He has from his very boyhood been a passionate admirer of my brother's writings; and before he went to Oxford he ventured to write a long letter to my brother respecting some poems, and expressing his deep gratitude for the new joy and knowledge which his writings had opened out to him. Several years after this he bought a small estate near Windermere, and began to build a house. In the meantime, however, he fitted up a room in

a cottage near the new building, and by degrees made little improvements in the cottage, till it is become so comfortable that, though the large house is finished, he has no wish to remove, and seems, indeed, to have no motive, as the cottage is large enough to accommodate himself and his mother and sister and two or three friends, and as they are all pleased with the snugness and comfort of their present modest dwelling; indeed, he often regrets that he built the larger house. If, however, he should marry (which is very likely) he will find it necessary. His mother and sister are at present at Edinburgh (where, in fact, their home is), but they are so much pleased with the country that for the last two years they have spent more than half their time here; and we all, including Mr. De Quincey and Coleridge, have been to pay the bachelor a Christmas visit, and we enjoyed ourselves very much, in a pleasant mixture of merriment and thoughtful discourse. He is a very interesting young man, of noble dispositions, and fine ingenuous feelings; but, having lost his father in early youth, and having had a command of money to procure pleasures at a cheap rate, and having that yielding disposition of which he speaks, which makes him ready to discover virtues that do not really exist in minds greatly inferior to his own (which have yet a sufficient share of qualities in sympathy with his own to draw them to him at first) his time has often been idly spent in the pursuit of idle enjoyments; and dissatisfaction with himself has followed. He had been more than a year in this neighbourhood before he could resolve to call upon my brother—this from modesty, and a fear of intruding upon him; but since that time we have had frequent intercourse with him, and are all most affectionately attached to him. He has the utmost reverence for my brother, and has no delight superior to that of conversing with him; and he has often said that he is indebted to him for preserving the best part of his nature, and for the most valuable knowledge he possesses. He is now twenty-three years of age. Probably before this letter reaches you, you will have received the nineteenth number of *The Friend*, which contains the continuation of my brother's reply to Mathetes's letter. Mr. Wilson sent the letter to Coleridge, and Coleridge requested my brother to reply to it, he being at leisure, and

disposed at that time to write something for *The Friend*. You will be glad to hear that he is going to finish the poem of *The White Doe*, and is resolved to publish it, when he has finished it to his satisfaction.

I should not have been so slow to thank you for the most interesting narrative of the life of 'an English Hermit' if I had not been particularly engaged during the last fortnight. My sister has been at Kendal (we met her at Mr. Wilson's on her way home), and during her absence I was employed in arranging the books, and putting the house into order; we having only just got rid of workmen, who had been about the house ever since the month of July. I told you the history of the chimneys, and Mr. Crump has been throwing out a recess with a large bow window in my brother's study. This obliged us to have the books stowed in the lodging-rooms in heaps; and you will guess that it was no trifling labour to put them all in their places again upon the shelves. We have had much discomfort from the workmen; but, now that it is over, we think ourselves amply repaid, the room being so much improved. The new window looks towards the crags and wood behind the house, and a most interesting prospect it is; especially in the wintertime, when the goings-on of Nature are so various. Coleridge has been very well of late, and very busy, as you will judge when I will tell you that he has published a series of essays in *The Courier*, on the Spanish affairs. We wish very much that you should see them. They have been published within the last fortnight. I do not recollect the date of the first; but you may easily, I should think, procure the papers by applying to any friend who takes them in; for, as Coleridge has signed his name, and as they have been so recently published, they will be easily collected together. In the nineteenth or sixteenth number of *The Friend* Coleridge has desired that the purchasers of that journal will pay their money into the hands of Mr. Ward, bookseller, in Skinner Street. I do not recollect the number—I mean of Mr. Ward's shop—but you will easily find it by referring to *The Friend*, or, if it be more convenient, the money may be sent to Grasmere. We have received the books from Coleorton. We were much affected by your account of the good old Lady Beaumont's reception of you at

Dunmow. What an affecting and instructive spectacle the sight of such a woman at her years! You have not mentioned Sir George's health lately. I trust he is pretty well. May God grant you both many years of comfort and happiness! Believe me ever, with grateful affection, your faithful friend,

D. Wordsworth.

I ought to have said more of the pleasure we received from the interesting history of the Hermit, but I have not room for it. Coleridge wishes it could be published in *The Friend*, but perhaps this cannot be allowed. I was mistaken. The answer to Mathetes' letter does not come out in the next *Friend*, but the next but one.

MS. 396. D. W. to Jane Marshall

[Jan: 1. 1810 Allan Bank Grasmere]

My dear Friend,

I have received your letter this very evening and will do my best to reply to it in a satisfactory manner. I thought that Ormathwaite had been sold, or I should have mentioned it to you. It is a most beautiful place. That is, the situation is exactly what it ought to be, upon an estate containing a great extent of beautifully varied grounds which command views ever varying of the lovely vale of Keswick. I think I can give you a notion of the situation of the house, as you are well acquainted with the vicarage. Suppose yourselves about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile lower down in the vale that is, nearer to Bassenthwaite, and immediately under the mountain of Skiddaw, and you are at Ormathwaite. The house is backed by close plantations—a very small rivulet runs at the end of one of the gardens, and the walks are pleasingly laid out, and snug and comfortable, and the views, wherever you turn, are enchanting. Behind is Skiddaw—looking downwards you see towards Bassenthwaite, and from the front of the house you have the same view of the Lake and Borrowdale mountains as from the vicarage, only a greater extent of ground is interposed, that is you are further from the Town of Keswick and the Lake. The Fields round the house are beautifully adorned with trees—but the trees are not fine ones—and this is the worst fault

the estate has; but the ground is varied in the most pleasing manner.

I am sorry to say that the house is not a good one. There are no large rooms and it is an old house, and I should think ever out of repair. This I am sure of, that it would ill satisfy you, after New Grange, without considerable additions. As to the price demanded—you must allow much for the unparalleled beauty of the situation—but, even that fully considered, my Brother and Mr. Coleridge both say it must be very dear. Mr. C. recollects that some years ago when 30,000 pounds was asked for it he was told that the Estate would not let for more than 400 per annum—since that time the value of land is, however, much increased. It was then said that it might be got for £26,00[0], and if Mr. Marshall should buy it, his best plan for making the purchase tolerably reasonable would be to keep all the Land lying near the house, and to sell off all the scattered parcels, which are very numerous and, as accommodations to different proprietors, would probably sell for more than their worth in most instances. If you should wish it my Brother will make particular inquiries as to the quantity of Land, the value of it, and any other particulars which you may wish to be satisfied in. I wish I could have said more for the house. There is one good sitting-room—the rest are small; I recollect a pleasant entrance hall, and a chearful stair-case. I think the lodging-rooms are not good. Brathay Hall I should think might suit you very well. It is to be lett and I believe furnished; but I shall see Mrs. Lloyd and will inquire of her tomorrow, therefore I keep my letter open.

Tuesday. Mrs. Lloyd tells me that Brathay hall should be inquired after soon, as it is likely to be lett. It was let last summer for 34 guineas a month with 2 acres of Land and the use of cows—a good garden stocked and in perfect order, and a pony, and a Boat on Windermere. The sitting-rooms are very good. I was never in the house, but I believe it is pretty well furnished. If however you wish to take it—I will go and view the house, furniture, etc. and send you all particulars. You know that Brathay is at the head of Windermere—5 miles from Grasmere. I need not say how happy we should be to have you near us next summer, and when you are there you might determine

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respecting Ormathwaite. As to Ormathwaite I must again repeat that the imagination cannot conceive a more delightful place, and that the house is placed just in the very spot where it ought to be. It is a pretty, low, white house standing upon a gently inclined plain, the slope is [so] gentle that it looks like a level. A grove of trees screens the back of the house, and immediately above rises Skiddaw. I write from Mr. de Quincey's house, the cottage. We have been here with all the children and Mr. Lloyd's children and Mr. de Q has exhibited fireworks to them and all the children in the v[a]lle. Adieu my dear Friend—God bless you! May you live many happy years, you and yours!

I began this yesterday, new year's day, I conclude on Tuesday. God bless you again. Ever yours D. W.

Pray let us know your resolves as soon as possible.

Address: Mrs Marshall, New Grange, near Leeds.

MS.

397. D. W. to R. W.

Grasmere Jan^{ry} 9th [1810]

My dear Brother,

I have not heard of you for many weeks, and though I have taken every opportunity of making inquiries after you I have not heard whether you are still at Sockbridge; but I conjecture that you must be returned to London ere this though we have never had the pleasure of seeing you. We heard of you from Mr Luff twice; he told us that you had been at Patterdale and said you were coming over to Grasmere—I assure you we have been very much disappointed at not seeing you. I hope that next summer you will make it your business to come to Grasmere immediately after your arrival in the North, for if you once begin to put it off as heretofore I shall be an old woman before I see you again. Pray be so good as to pay Mr Twining 31£-16s—for Tea sent to us and to Mr Cookson of Kendal in July or August last. We have received the money from Mr Cookson therefore do not delay to discharge the debt to Mr Twining.

And now, my dear Richard, I have one request to make which I most earnestly entreat that you will comply with; namely that you will send us an exact statement of the accounts between us.

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We have no regular memorandums of the Sums we have drawn for since Lord Lonsdale paid us, and we do not know exactly what we are entitled to, and we are extremely anxious to know how we are going on, being well assured that we have far outrun our income. We are resolved to meet this evil and to remedy it; by reducing our expences by every possible means. For instance we intend to give over drinking tea, and if possible, to take a house where coals are cheaper, which, at all events, must be in the neighbourhood of a Grammar School for the Boys. I am well aware that I am imposing an unpleasant task upon you in requesting you to look out these accounts; but it cannot be necessary that you should draw them out with your own hands, and as writing, since your illness, has been difficult to you, I take the liberty of requesting that Mr Addison will take this part of the trouble upon himself. My Sister, who desires to be kindly remembered to him, joins me in this request. I hope, my dear Brother I need not further urge my entreaties I cannot express to you how very anxious I am, and we all are, to be acquainted with the exact state of our affairs.

I hope that your health has continued amending, as we have had good accounts of you whenever we have heard of you. I have the pleasure to tell you that we are all well. Your two nephews and nieces are fine healthy Children.—William and Mary join with me in kind love to you—

God bless you, my dear Brother

Believe me your affectionate Sister

D Wordsworth.

*Address: Richard Wordsworth Esq^{re}, No 11 Staple Inn,
London. To be forwarded.*

MS.

398. D. W. to R. W.

Grasmere February 9th 1810

My dear Brother,

I wrote to you some weeks ago earnestly requesting an immediate answer—I am very much hurt, my dear Brother that I have not heard from you. Pray do write and send the accounts

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—you cannot imagine how anxious we are for them. I also wish very much to know how your health is. I write to you now to tell you that I have this day written an order upon you for Thirty four pounds sixteen shillings, to be paid on demand to Messrs Fourdinier. It is for Mr Coleridge from whom I have received that Sum. I write in great haste

God bless you

I am your affectionate Sister

D Wordsworth

We shall have occasion to draw upon you again shortly at a month or six weeks.

Address: Richard Wordsworth Esq^{re}, No 11 Staple Inn, London.

MS. 399. D. W. to Jane Marshall

K(—)

[Feb. 21 1810¹]

(*Fragment*)

... and our 4 months discomfort last summer has procured us a release from all annoyance *except* in high winds, whereas formerly we could not have a fire at all in my Brother's study and all the rooms smoked more or less at all times. We now look forward to spending the next summer and winter in this delightful vale, I trust without further disturbance from workmen, and meanwhile I hope that some changes will take place by means of which we may be suited with another house not far distant from these delightful Lakes. But one point we are determined not to give up—we *must* be in the neighbourhood of a grammar school, as we cannot afford to send the Boys out to be boarded, and indeed should not wish it. Now, if we could get a place near Ambleside we should do well, or near Hawkshead; but I do not [know] of any good schools in any other part of this neighbourhood, and perhaps we may be obliged to remove many miles off. We have desired all our Friends to make inquiries respecting houses in any *pleasant country* near a school (if where coals are cheap the more desirable) and will you, my dear Friend, if you hear of any such place to be lett, will you inform us of it? I cannot endure the notion of not living in a *pleasant country*, with

¹ So dated by K. but on the extant fragment there is no date.

FEBRUARY 1810

good roads; but a place, combining the advantages of school and cheapness of coals etc. would satisfy me and all of us, though much inferior in natural advantages to this enchanting neighbourhood. It is a long time since I have heard from Halifax. Mrs. Rawson owes me a letter; but I blame myself for not having written to her again, and am now determined to write, for I sometimes have uneasy thoughts about her. You do not mention '*The Friend*'; I guess that you join in the general complaint of obscurity. I allow that it almost always requires the whole power and attention of the mind to understand the author, and that probably that mode of publication is not the proper one for matters so abstract as are frequently treated of—for who can expect that people whose daily thoughts are employed on matters of business, and who *read* only for relaxation should be prepared for or even capable of serious thought when they take up a periodical paper, perhaps to read over in haste? We expected that the number of subscribers would be very much diminished at the 20th paper: but it has not proved so, and there have been some new ones. The concluding part of the 17th Number, and the 20th Number were by my Brother, and the Essay of this week, upon Epitaphs, is by him. He has also published some sonnets in the Friend, which I think would please your Husband,—I mean that the subjects of them would interest him. The Translations also of Epitaphs from Chiabrera are by my Brother. Have you seen my Brother Christopher's publication? Lives of eminent men connected with Religion from the Reformation to the Revolution? I am reading it with great inter[est.] The lives of Cardinal Wolsey and Sir Thomas More are delightful.

Address: Mrs Marshall, New Grange, near Leeds.

c. 400. D. W. to Lady Beaumont

K.

February 28th [1810]

My dear Friend,

... The children, each in a different way, are thriving, happy, and interesting creatures. John is bold and active, and gives daily proofs of a gracious and gentle disposition. Dorothy is a

delightful girl—clever, entertaining, and lively,—indeed so very lively that it is impossible for her not to satisfy the activity of her spirit with a little naughtiness at times—a waywardness of fancy rather than of temper. Thomas continues to be the most innocent of babies, a baby all over—in simplicity, in helplessness, in his fond love of those persons whom he has had about him, and in the guileless expression of his pretty face. Yet his eyes express *more* than innocence: there is a rich mildness in them, a kind of liquid softness which is most bewitching, they ought to have been the eyes of a female. His little sister Catharine is a perfect contrast, to *him* especially; but she is the only funny child in the family; the rest of the children are *lively*, but Catharine is comical in every look and motion. Thomas perpetually forces a tender smile by his simplicity, and Catharine makes you laugh outright, though she can hardly say half-a-dozen words, and she joins in the laugh, as if sensible of the drollery of her appearance. She is a plain child, has something peculiar in the cast of her face, which probably adds to the comic effect of her looks and gestures. Miss Hutchinson does really intend to leave us in about a fortnight. Mr. Monkhouse, her brother's partner in the farming concerns in Wales, is here, and she is unwilling to let slip the opportunity of accompanying him when he returns. We shall find a great loss in her, as she has been with us more than four years; but Coleridge most of all will miss her, as she has transcribed almost every paper of *The Friend* for the press. You will be glad to hear that her health is, upon the whole, very good, though she is incapable of much bodily exertion. Mr. Monkhouse has been under the surgeon's hands ever since his arrival at Grasmere, about a fortnight ago. His horse struck him when he was driving him along at about the distance of a mile from our house. Fortunately some men saw him fall, otherwise, as the evening was cold and the daylight gone, the consequences might have been dreadful. He lay in a swoon some time, but at last by the assistance of the men he managed to walk to Allan Bank. He is however doing very well, and the apothecary says that he may travel safely in the course of a fortnight. With Mr. Monkhouse we have also another gentleman from Wales; Mr. Wilson also has been staying with

us. These circumstances will partly account to you for my having been more than usually engaged in domestic employments. To which I may add another reason, that my sister, though in good health, is not able to go through much fatigue, and also that her chief employment of late has been transcribing for William.

Coleridge's spirits have been irregular of late. He was damped after the 20th number by the slow arrival of payments, and half persuaded himself that he ought not to go on. We laboured against such a resolve, and he seems determined to fight onwards; and indeed I do not think he had ever much reason to be discouraged, or *would have been* discouraged, if his spirits had not before been damped; for there have been many untoward circumstances and much mismanagement to hinder the regular remittance of the money, and many people have not yet paid, merely from thoughtlessness, who, no doubt, will pay ere long; and the work cannot but answer in a pecuniary point of view, if there is not in the end a very great failure in the payments. By the great quantity of labour that he has performed since the commencement of *The Friend* you will judge that he has upon the whole been very industrious; and you will hardly believe me when I tell you that there have been weeks and weeks when he has not composed a line. The fact is that he either does a great deal or nothing at all; and that he composes with a rapidity truly astonishing, if one did not reflect upon the large stores of thought which he has laid up, and the quantity of knowledge which he is continually gaining from books. Add to this his habit of expressing his ideas in conversation in elegant language. He has written a whole *Friend* more than once in two days. They are never re-transcribed, and he generally has dictated to Miss Hutchinson, who takes the words down from his mouth. We truly rejoice in the satisfaction which *The Friend* has spread around your fireside, and there are many solitary individuals who have been proud to express their thankfulness to the author. How have you liked the *Epitaphs from Chiabrera*? The essay of this week (No. 25) is by my brother. He did not intend it to be published now; but Coleridge was in such bad spirits that when the time came he was utterly unprovided, and besides had been

put out of his regular course by waiting for books to consult respecting Duty; so my brother's essay, being ready, was sent off. William requested Coleridge to proffer an apology for the breach of his promise; but he was, I believe, too languid even to make this exertion, and I fear that people would be disappointed, having framed their expectations for the conclusion of Sir Alexander's history; and here I must observe that we have often cautioned Coleridge against making promises, which even if performed are of no service, and if broken must be of great disservice.

My brother's essay (as indeed most of the essays) is sadly misprinted. One or two of the chief mistakes you will perhaps take the trouble to correct, as they render it unintelligible. For 'Nestrian' in the Epitaph read 'Nestorian'. Page 406, after 'pious duty' place a full stop, and read, 'And with regard to this latter'. Page 407, after 'recurring to this twofold desire,' add, 'namely, to guard the remains of the deceased, and to preserve their memory, which has been deduced from the higher feeling, the consciousness of immortality, it may be said,' etc. Page 408, for 'an ingenious poet,' read '*ingenuous* poet'. My brother has written two more essays on the same subject, which will appear when there is need. He is deeply engaged in composition. Before he turns to any other labour, I hope he will have finished three books of *The Recluse*. He seldom writes less than fifty lines every day. After this task is finished he hopes to complete *The White Doe*, and proud should we all be if it could be honoured by a frontispiece from the pencil of Sir George Beaumont. Perhaps this is not impossible if you come into the north next summer, and Sir George hinted at such an intention. If you should not come, we indulge the hope of seeing you at Coleorton. Do excuse this scrawl. I wish I had taken a larger sheet of paper, for I feel as if I had yet a great deal to say to you. I am glad you are interested with my brother Christopher's work. I am very much pleased with it. The lives of Sir Thomas More and Cardinal Wolsey are most exceedingly interesting. My brother and sister beg to be affectionately remembered to Mrs. Fermor; and may I present my best respects to her, though I have not the happiness of knowing her personally? Adieu, my dear

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Lady Beaumont. Believe me, your grateful and affectionate friend,
D. Wordsworth.

Coleridge bids me say he has received your letter, and has begun to write to Sir George several days ago. I am ashamed of this letter on looking it over. Can you read it?

MS.

401. *D. W. to R. W.*

Grasmere—March 2nd [1810]

My dear Brother,

Again I have been much disappointed at not hearing from you, and am obliged to write to inform you that I have this day sent an order upon you for 7£-12s, to be payed on demand to Messrs Wedgwood and Byerly, and on the 28th of February William drew upon you for 50£ at one month, in favour of Mr John Green.

I cannot write without repeating the earnest request which I have so often repeated that you will send in a statement of our accounts. I am very uneasy at not knowing how we are going on, and it is impossible to express how much I should be obliged to you if you would send these accounts. Mary is not less anxious than I am.

I hope, my dear Richard, that we shall see you next summer. It is long since I have had an opportunity of inquiring after your health. I trust, however, as bad news flies rapidly, that we should have heard if you had been worse.

We are all well, and write in kind love,

Believe me, my dear Brother

your affectionate Sister

D. Wordsworth.

Address: Richard Wordsworth Esq^{re}, Staple Inn, London.

MS.

402. *D. W. to R. W.*

Grasmere March 23rd 1810

My dear Brother,

I am obliged again to write to you though I have never had the satisfaction of receiving an answer to my late letters, to my very great disappointment. It is in vain for me to urge you any

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further to send the accounts—You know how very anxious I am (indeed I may say we all are) to know how we are going on; and I cannot more fully express the degree of this anxiety than I have already done. I hope my dear Richard, that in further consideration of this you will exert yourself that it may be done. I am exceedingly sorry to impose any trouble upon you in the present state of your health; for though I have had the pleasure of hearing at all times that you were better, yet I have had no reason to hope that you were perfectly well, or strong.

William and I went to view a house last week at a village called Borth on the Road between Ulverston and Kendal, 6 miles from the former place, and 15 from the latter. If the Landlord will consent to lay out about 50£ on the premises (which he seemed disposed to do) we shall most likely go thither; for the place has many advantages. The country is pleasant (only two miles from Penny Bridge whither the tide comes). The rent of the house with a little garden and orchard, including interest for the money to be laid out, will not be more than 15£ per annum; and the right of cutting as many peats as we can use is also included. The expense of getting these peats will not be more than 8£—and coals (of which we must use a small quantity in the parlours) are one third cheaper than here. The post passes daily by the door, and there is an excellent market in the village. We expect a letter from the owner of the place tonight which will probably induce us to decide whether we shall go or not. If we do we shall remove in the Autumn, for the sake of the saving in rent and fuel, though our term in this house does not expire till May.

I write now to inform you that I drew upon you the 17th, 18th or 19th of this month for 30£ in favour of Mr John Robinson, at one Month. I believe I informed you before of the order for 8£ which I sent to Mr Wedgwood payable at sight.

I should like very much to know the state of your health, and when you intend to come into the North—I have never been so far as the foot of Ulswater since you put your house into repair; but William slept there one night.

We are all well—Mary expects to be confined again in May.

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William and Mary join with me in kind Love, believe me, dear Richard,

your ever affectionate Sister

D. Wordsworth

Your Partner's Brother, Mr Henry Addison spent a week with us lately—Miss Hutchinson is gone into Wales and Mr H Addison is there also.

Address: Richard Wordsworth Esq^{re}, Staple Inn, London.

MS. *403. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

K(—)

Thursday night, I believe about 12th of April [1810].

My dear Friend,

I received your letter on Saturday and should have written before I laid my head upon the pillow if I had not been so employed that it was impossible, and the next day, I determined not to write till I could give you good news along with bad which now, thank God, I am able to do. When your letter was put into my hands your God-daughter, our sweet little Catherine was very ill (God be thanked she is now better) and believe me, no less a cause could have prevented me from writing to you that very moment for I had long been uneasy about you and angry with myself. In the morning at Breakfast time I chanced to go into the kitchen when she was vomiting, and I observed a large quantity of raw carrot in her vomit, and reproved Sally Green very severely for having suffered her to eat it. As, however, they told me she had been quite well before she vomited, had been remarkably lively, and, above all, seemed to have thrown up such a quantity of carrot and other things as I imagined must have cleared her stomach, I was not alarmed about her. In a few minutes, however, after this, she became convulsed and so continued for seven hours. We sent off for Mr. Scambler and in the mean time gave her a Clyster and put her into a tub filled with warm water, but no effect was produced. She was convulsed in the head and face and every Limb. We also lanced her gums several times. When Mr. S. came he repeated the lancing of the gums and gave her a large dose of

Calomel and Julep and ordered that she should go to a warm bed, and that we should give her castor oil every half hour after the first hour till her bowels were opened, and accordingly she took castor oil five times and at about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6 o'clock had a copious evacuation and parted with many large lumps of carrot. After this time the convulsions ceased, and she slept some hours during the night, and had less fever than might have been expected after such a conflict; but what was our grief next morning on discovering that she had lost the use of her right hand! and soon afterwards we discovered that the whole of her right side and leg were so afflicted. We sent again for Mr. Scambler, who ordered that she should be scrubbed with mustard, and gave us great hopes that she would recover; but as it was evident that the palsy proceeded from a rupture in some vessel of the brain he could not then say to what extent the danger went, especially as the child slept continually, which gave some cause of alarm. It is now Thursday night, and I have the great comfort of being able to tell you that we have confident hopes that she is in the way of recovery. She eats heartily, has recovered her spirits and much of her strength in the side which is not paralyzed, and she has very frequently made motions both in the right arm and leg, though they are yet weaker to all appearance than the limbs of a new born Babe. Her poor Mother has got up her spirits and seems to be pretty well, even better than before the child was seized, as she has had less suffering from the heartburn; but William and I have had unspeakable anxiety on her account, and I assure you I have had hard work to keep *my* spirits from sinking. I trust now that Mary will be at ease whenever her hour comes, therefore it is impossible to express my thankfulness for the appearance of amendment in the child. It would have been a dreadful thing if this had happened in the day of her labour. Happily we have two very affectionate servants and one of them while I am engaged with Mary and the new born Babe must be entirely devoted to Catherine. The other will assist me, and with Sally Green's help will be able to attend to the other children and to the work of the house. As to poor Sally, I am sorry to say that she is of little use except when she is nursing, and if we had not

before had a thousand proofs of it, this last melancholy affair would have convinced us enough that she is utterly unfit for that office. She is, however, a Girl of innocent good dispositions, and happily has a genius for one thing, namely sewing, and as there is money enough for her we intend to have her apprenticed to a mantua-maker, and this must be done as soon as possible. It is grievous to us that we can make nothing of her as a servant, but it is impossible for anyone who has not seen her to conceive her excessive slowness and stupidity in every employment except needle-work. We hope (now that our family is smaller; smaller I mean as to company for we are not likely to have any visitors in the house next summer) to be able to do with two servants; but even if we cannot, it will be a great gain to get rid of Sally as she is little less expensive to us than either of the other girls and does not do one tenth of the work which either of them does. Do not start at the notion of our only having two servants. I do assure you that I believe we may do very well if we can keep clear of company *staying* with us. Even this very week when Catherine has required the attendance of the housemaid more than half the day, the other servant has found time to help John Fisher in the garden from 10 in the morning to 6 at night for two days. At first, you know, the new born Babe will require little more than its Mother's attendance, and I may take the charge of Catherine while the housemaid is doing her work, which is soon done in an ordinary way; and I trust that Catherine will be on her legs again before the end of the summer, when the Baby will require a servant's strength to nurse her. Coleridge talks of going to Keswick for a short time. I hope he will choose the time of Mary's confinement for his journey as though he does not require near so much waiting upon as formerly, he makes a great difference—there is his parlour to clean, fire to light—sometimes gruel—toast and water—eggs—his bed always made at unreasonable time, and many other little things which tell in a house. Oh My dearest Friend, how thankful I have been that I was at home on this occasion! It will make me very fearful of stirring, at least to any distance, and Sara not here! I may now mention it when I have laid the scheme entirely asleep, but while I had it in my mind I resolved to say nothing for fear of

disappointing you. I had fully intended going with William to Coleorton in June or July; and my plan was, to take the coach and visit you at Bury when our visit was over at Coleorton. As it is I do not think I shall have the heart to leave Mary, even if Catherine recovers speedily: but I think that there is little chance that she will be able to walk before the end of the summer. My dear dear Friend, under this feeling of the impossibility of my leaving home to go *so many* miles I read your letter, and my heart sank within me, yet I ought rather to be thankful that your health is not worse than to lament that it is so bad, for [if] we could have forseen 9 years ago what you were to endure, who would have believed that you would have been alive now and capable of so much enjoyment! Yes, let us trust that you may yet acquire strength enough to talk with pleasure of a journey into the north, and to execute it with advantage to your health, and that we may meet again among these dear mountains with all our Bairns about us, and Tom, not too big to be numbered among them—but I must turn to other subjects. We had a letter from dear Sara last night. She is very comfortable; and happy that she has been taken this journey, but her side for a few days was weak and painful, and she had thought proper to abstain from animal food, which had relieved her. She is comfortable, but poor thing! she evidently feels a great want. There is not that life by the fireside that we have—they are sleepy before supper time, being little interested for anything else than their own domestic or farming concerns, and people must languish with no other thoughts from morning till night. She gives a very pleasant description of the country, but it would be as bad to me as uninhab[ited] desert, the roads are so miserable. I need not tell you how sadly we miss Sara, but I must add the truth that we are all glad she is gone. True it is she was the cause of the continuance of The Friend so long; but I am far from believing that it would have gone on if she had stayed. He was tired, and she had at last no power to drive him on; and now I really believe that *he* also is glad that she is not here, because he has nobody to teize him. His spirits have certainly been more equable, and much better. *Our* gladness proceeds from a different cause. He harassed and agitated her

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mind continually, and we saw that he was doing her health perpetual injury. I tell you this, that you may no longer lament her departure. As to Coleridge, if I thought I should distress you, I would say nothing about him; but I hope that you are sufficiently prepared for the worst. We have no hope of him. None that he will ever do anything more than he has already done. If he were not under our roof, he would be just as much the slave of stimulants as ever; and his whole time and thoughts, (except when he is reading and he reads a great deal), are employed in deceiving himself, and seeking to deceive others. He will tell me that he has been writing, that he *has* written, half a Friend; when I *know* that he has not written a single line. This Habit pervades all his words and actions, and you feel perpetually new hollowness and emptiness. Burn this letter, I entreat you. I am loath to say it, but it is the truth. He lies in bed, always till after 12 o'clock, sometimes much later; and never walks out. Even the finest spring day does not tempt him to seek the fresh air; and this beautiful valley seems a blank to him. He never leaves his own parlour except at dinner and tea, and sometimes supper, and then he always seems impatient to get back to his solitude. He goes the moment his food is swallowed. Sometimes he does not speak a word, and when he does talk it is always very much upon subjects as far aloof from himself, or his friends, as possible. The boys come every week, and he talks to them, especially to Hartley, but he never examines them in their books. He speaks of *The Friend* always as if it were going on, and would go on; therefore, of course, you will drop no hint of my opinion. I heartily wish I may be mistaken. I hope in about 3 weeks to inform you of the Birth of our 5th little one. Mary is now better than she was before Catherine was taken ill, being free from the Heartburn. Her spirits are very good, being now full of hope. William goes on writing industriously. God bless you my dear Friend, do write again very soon and tell us all you do and see. Pray tell us [] I am very much distressed about [].] God bless you for ever.

If from your medical Friends you can hear of anything that may be of use to Catherine pray tell us.

Friday morning: Coleridge is just come down stairs, $\frac{1}{2}$ past

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12 o'clock. He is in great spirits and says to me that he is going to set to work in good earnest. I replied it *cannot* be out this week. 'No' said he, 'but we will get it out as fast as possible'. What will come of this resolution I know not, I only venture to wish or entertain the smallest hope for the 40 numbers, and I *do* wish that he may go on *so far*.

With respect to Coleridge, do not think that it is his love for Sara which has stopped him in his work. Do not believe it: his love for her is no more than a fanciful dream. Otherwise he would prove it by a desire to make her happy. No! He likes to have her about him as his own, as one devoted to him, but when she stood in the way of other gratifications it was all over. I speak this very unwillingly, and again I beg, *burn* this letter. I need not add, keep its contents to yourself alone.

I ought to have explained *how* the child got such a quantity of carrot. John and Dorothy were making Bullets of carrot for their B[?]tree guns, as they call them, that is guns made of Elder Tree. Sally set Catherine upon the ground to make their porridge and she picked up and swallowed these bullets. This, too, before breakfast, her stomach quite empty. Mr. Scambler has no doubt but that these carrots were the cause of her illness. Pray consult your medical Friends on the case.

Address: Mrs Clarkson, B. Hardcastle's Esq, Hatcham House,
New Cross, Deptford, Kent.

MS.

404. D. W. to Jane Marshall

Grasmere, Sunday night, 13th April [1810]

My dear Friend,

I had indeed thought you long in writing but I concluded that you were waiting till you could inform me what was your final determination. I cannot say that I *am not sorry* that you have taken the house at Watermillock, *unseen*, because I am afraid you will be disappointed, and indeed I cannot help wondering that your prudent Husband should have trusted so implicitly to dear Mrs. Rawson's recollections of a place where she only passed some of those days of her life which are not only the most delightful while they are passing, but leave behind them

remembrances even more delightful than were the days themselves—besides at that time Mrs. R. was not accustomed to the luxuries and comforts which she now possesses, and which you too possess, and are accustomed to. When I saw the advertisement in the papers I thought of you; but instantly concluded that the house would not do. But I will endeavour to give you a notion of the place and the neighbourhood. The house looks very pretty from Poolley Bridge. It is a long range of white building with old fashioned gable ends. It fronts the bottom of the Lake, therefore, of course, the view from it is tame, and, compared with the views upwards, uninteresting—but—what is worse than this, you see nothing from any of the rooms of the house, except perhaps up stairs. There is one good sitting-room (which Col. Robinson built) and only one *good one*; but it has no view whatever except into a sort of yard against a stable and from a little End window which I suppose the Miss Robinsons contrived in order that they might have a peep at the passengers who go along the road. Another evil is here—that the public road goes close past the house—that is, there is only a narrow court between, and the garden is on the other side of the road and not a private one—but perhaps the road might be led *behind* the house. The lodging-rooms are I believe small and inconvenient; very much one through another. So much for the disadvantages of the place—now for what may be said on the other side. I believe there must be a considerable number of Rooms, as Col. Robinson had a very large family and often company—and though the house does not stand well the Fields belonging to it have every variety of beauty, and the walks must needs be delightful. You are besides so near to the Lake that you have but to step a few hundred yards and you may be in your own boat. The Fields are scattered over with trees, and the ground swells most charmingly. To illustrate what I have said respecting the house, a Friend of ours who had been accustomed to go thither in the old Ladies' time and went to view it when they had taken their furniture away observed to us that it was a 'perfect Rattery, a sad shattered place'. Now my dear Jane after this, I shall be very glad if you are not disappointed. I thought it right, however, to prepare you for the

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worst. I ought to have said that the gardens are very good, and well stored with fruit. The cellars too, I dare say are excellent; for the Robinsons were fam[ed] for fine ale and all sorts of good things. You talk of buying some of your furniture at Penrith. I wo[uld] advise you to get as much as you can at Lancaster, it being a much better place for furniture than Penrith, or indeed any other place in this Country.

If y[ou] come to Grasmere immediately after your arrival in this country I am afraid you will find us much engaged; for Mary expects to be confined about that time. Happily she is very well, which, last Saturday week, I was sadly afraid she would not have been at this time. On Saturday Morn, poor little Catharine was seized with strong convulsions, and in spite of the warm bath, opening medicines, and lancing her gums, no effect was produced for 8 hours. Meanwhile her poor Mother was in agony of grief, and I feared more for her than the Child. She appeared to be perfectly restored, tho' very weak when the convulsions left her; but alas! the next day we discovered that she had lost the use of her right side. Thank God she has begun to use the leg again freely, but it is very weak; and she makes no use whatever of her arm; the Apothecary however, a very sensible and judicious man, gives us the best hope of her perfect recovery, and her Mother has recovered her spirits. She has eaten heartily for three or four days and looks very well. The fits were brought on by having eaten a large quantity of raw carrot—but of this more when we meet.

Give my kind love to your Husband and Sisters and believe me, dear Jane, your ever aff^{te}

D. Wordsworth

I do not understand whether you are going to give up New Grange or not.

Address: Mrs Marshall, New Grange, near Leeds.

MS.

405. D. W. to R. W.

May 9th 1810

My dear Brother,

Mary is not yet put to bed; but as soon as she is assuredly going on well William will go over to Patterdale, and Sockbridge.

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I wish I could accompany him ; but that cannot be for at least one month, so you *must* contrive to come and see us here.

Yesterday we received a Bill from Mr Twining for 29£-12s—owing to him for tea. Part of this was got in October '08: and we requested you to send the money. The rest was got in August 1809, and we also desired you to pay this, and 13£-18s on account of some tea sent to Mr Cookson of Kendal, which is altogether 45£-10s and I have this day sent an Order for it to Mr Twining, therefore be so good as to desire Mr Richard Addison to pay the money when it is called for.—You will not, I hope, lose a day in doing this.

William and Mary join me in kind love—

I rejoice that you are so well—God bless you. Believe me ever your affectionate Sister

Dorothy Wordsworth

Excuse this hasty scrawl.

Address: Richard Wordsworth Esq^{re}, Sockbridge, near Penrith.

C. K. 406. W. W. and D. W. to Lady Beaumont

Grasmere, May 10th [1810]

My dear Lady Beaumont,

I am very happy that you have read the Introduction¹ with so much pleasure, and must thank you for your kindness in telling me of it. I thought the part about the cottages well done ; and also liked a sentence where I transport the reader to the top of one of the mountains or, rather, to the cloud chosen for his station, and give a sketch of the impressions which the country might be supposed to make on a feeling mind contemplating its appearance before it was inhabited. But what I wished to accomplish was to give a model of the manner in which topographical descriptions ought to be executed, in order to their being either useful or intelligible, by evolving truly and distinctly one appearance from another. In this I think I have not wholly failed.

I shall prepare for coming to Coleorton as soon after your

¹ v. Letter 393.

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arrival as it will be grateful to you to be interrupted. I wish to have the summer by the forelock. Mrs. W. expects her little one every day ; and should all go on well, and Catharine continue to advance as she has done, within six weeks from this time my sister, I hope, will also be at liberty, and we may take our departure together.

I assure you I long much to see you and Sir George, and the place also, not a little. I feel also that I stand in need of some change ; I cannot say that I am unwell, but I am not so strong as I have been. This I am sure of, though those about me will not hear of it, and I am not sorry that they will not.

The drawings, or etchings, or whatever they may be called, are, I know, such as to you and Sir George must be intolerable. You will receive from them that sort of disgust which I do from bad poetry, a disgust which can never be felt in its full strength but by those who are practised in an art, as well as amateurs of it. I took Sir George's subscription as a kindness done to myself ; and Wilkinson, though not superabundant in good sense, told me that he saw it in that light. I do, however, sincerely hope that the author and his wife (who certainly, notwithstanding her faults and foibles, is no ordinary woman) may be spared any mortification from hearing them condemned severely by acknowledged judges. They will please many who in all the arts are most taken with what is most worthless. I do not mean that there is not in simple and unadulterated minds a sense of the beautiful and sublime in art ; but into the hands of few such do prints or pictures fall.

Be so good, my dear Lady Beaumont, as to tell Sir George that I should have written to him long ago, but too much love, combined with a good deal of sadness, has kept me silent. I could not write without opening my heart ; and that would have led to painful subjects, which, knowing his state of health and spirits, I thought it better to avoid. But I hope we shall soon meet, and such of these things as it is proper to say may then be said at a less price than when friends are separated.—I remain,

your very affectionate friend,

W. Wordsworth.

P.S.—You said that Mr. Canning could not deny that I had

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spoken with the bone of truth.¹ The misfortune is, with persons in Mr. Canning's situation, it is impossible to know when *they* speak with *sincerity*. But this I am assured of, that the events which have since taken place prove that I had at least some portion of the gift of prescience. In fact, everything that has been done in Spain, right or wrong, is a comment upon the principles I have laid down. W. W.

(D. W. writes :)

I cannot help adding a few words.

.
You will be rejoiced to hear that we shall *not* be forced to leave Grasmere vale. We are to have the parsonage-house, which will be made a very comfortable dwelling before we enter upon it, which will be next year at this time. But oh! my dear friend, this place—the wood behind it and the rocks, the view of Easedale from them, the lake, and church, and village on the other side—is sweeter than paradise itself. For these two days we have again had sunshine, with westerly breezes.

.
Adieu! God bless you, my dear friend.

D. W.

MS. 407. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

K(—)

Friday 11th May [1810]

My dear Friend,

I can wait no longer. Thus long I have waited in the hopes of sparing you postage by telling you at once that Catherine was recovering, and that her Mother had given birth to another child. Mary, contrary to her usual custom, has given us many false alarms, and I have continually hoped (as *she* has, poor creature, for she is very un-comfortable) that every day would be the last. I have often been fearful that you were suffering anxiety about us; but I satisfied myself in some measure by hoping that you would have heard of us from Sara. At first the progress which Catherine made was so slow that we were obliged to look back for many days before we could perceive that there was any

¹ i.e. in the Tract on the Convention of Cintra.

progress at all; but now, she advances daily. With leaning against a chair she can stand upon both legs, and even move, though very lamely, from one end of the sofa to the other. I am fearful that she will yet be many weeks before she can walk alone; but we have the fullest confidence that if cutting her eye teeth does not bring back the convulsions she will recover completely the use of her limbs. At present she looks more healthy and better than ever she did in her life; perhaps in consequence of her diet having been so scrupulously attended to. We had delightful *hot* weather from the Friday before Easter Sunday till the Tuesday but one after—then came on dry blighting north winds—a few days afterwards cold rains, and snow on the mountain tops; but the day before yesterday the west wind came back again and the child has been out of doors almost constantly. The use of friction is obvious by the added strength which always appears after rubbing—but nothing seems to have been of equal service with the hot sun. However warm it is she always seems to be invigorated by it, not as healthy children commonly are, uncomfortable and cross. I am afraid this letter will not find you at Purfleet, but if you are gone it will be forwarded to Bury. I shall write to Bury to inform you of the Birth of the child. Coleridge went to Keswick above a week ago. As he said, to stay about ten days, but as he did not intend to return till our bustle with Mary should be over, it might probably be much longer, if his own irresolute habits had no influence in keeping him there, or preventing his return. All our young ones except Catherine are pretty well, yet they have all had feverish colds, to which they are subject. We have sent Dorothy to school with her Brothers till Whitsuntide, thinking that a quiet house will be a comfort during Mary's confinement and for a few weeks after. Oh! that you could come next summer and take Robert Newton's lodgings again! They are going to be made far more comfortable than when you were here. He has raised the roof of his own end of the house, and made another sash window, by which means there will be two good lodging rooms, one of which might be made into a sitting-room. We should be your neighbours; for—are not you glad? we do not leave Grasmere, but are going to the parsonage-house. Mr.

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Jackson, the present Vicar, will make it quite comfortable for us, and it will have rooms enough. He will make us a good library out of a part of the Barn, and there are already two parlours and 4 good bedrooms. The stair-case is roomy, and there is a lumber-room and servant's-room, a decent small kitchen, and Mr. J. is going to build a new back-kitchen. Mary is just come into the room and tells me she does believe her groaning is actually the beginning so I will keep this letter one day, poor dear soul! she looks wretchedly. William is not quite well. He has been deep in poetry for a long time, and has written most exquisitely, which has weakened him and rendered him nervous and at times low-spirited; for he has a deafness in one ear. Adieu for the present. God bless you. Friday afternoon May 11th. From my own room (formerly Sara's) looking upon your old dwelling, and its bowery garden, the church and placid Lake.

Saturday Morning 11 o'clock.

Rejoice with us, my beloved Friend, our dear Mary is safe, and the happy Mother of a third fine Boy as like what Johnny was as ever he can stare. She complained a little in the afternoon, grew worse in the evening. We sent for the Doctor at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12. He arrived at 20 minutes past one, and the child was born at about $\frac{1}{4}$ past 2. She never suffered so little except at the very last, when the child was long in the Birth, and Mr. Scambler not without fears that he could not save it; it was so entangled that he was afraid of suffocation. It cried a considerable time before it was born fairly. God bless you my dearest Friend. Write soon I entreat you, and speak much of yourself. I hope Mary is asleep—she has the child in bed with her. I am alone by the fire in the ante-room where I can hear all her stirrings. Peggy Ashburner came last night, but when I went to call her she was in so deep a sleep I had not the heart to wake her, and the child was born before she was half dressed when we called again. She has left us now, and I am sole nurse. Thank God well and strong, though some weeks ago very poorly.

Address: Mrs Clarkson, at John Clarkson's Esq, Purfleet, Grays, Essex.

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MS.

408. D. W. to R. W.

Grasmere, Sunday Morning [late May, 1810]

My dear Brother,

I wish it had been possible for me to have visited you at Sockbridge at this time—The next time of your coming I trust however that I shall be at liberty. I should be very glad to see the place and its neighbourhood. I need not say more of my wish to see you, and I hope it will be possible for you to come over to see me and Mary and her five Bairns.

Do not say I am very impudent when I ask you for a present of five guineas. You took no notice of my last request, therefore, instead of laying this to my charge you should consider my begging again as a proof of my affection for you, and my confidence in your kindness. I want to purchase some comforts for which I have no money to spare. William does not know of the contents of this letter or I am sure he would not be the Bearer of it; but you may send the gift by him—(and perhaps you will write me a few lines which I should be glad of for it is long since I heard from you).

I am very glad that you did not comply with my last request, for, though the passage-cloth would have been very useful, and spared much labour; now that two of our three years are gone, I am glad that the money has not been laid out. We can get on as we have done, and are going to a smaller house where it will not be wanted.

Your Godson is a fine Boy—of a delightful temper—but not over learned. Dorothy a sweet lively strong Lass (but go to Captain Wordsworth for a character of her). Thomas not so stout as either, but a pretty engaging creature. God be praised Catherine [rec]overs; but it will be some time before she can walk. The youngest born is stout and healthy with the Wordsworth nose—as like John when a Baby as he can stare—God bless you

Believe me my dear Richard

Your affec^{te} Sister

D. Wordsworth

Address: Richard Wordsworth Esq^r, Sockbridge, near Penrith.

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MS.

409. D. W. to R. W.

My dear Brother,

Grasmere June 1st 1810

William had intended going over to Sockbridge again, this week ; but he has not been able to meet with a horse therefore he must be obliged to give it up till your return. Horses are not to be procured now, every body being so busy. I should have wished very much to accompany him ; and I trust I *shall* in the Autumn. At present I could not leave home for more than one day. Mary hopes with me that you will perform your promise of coming to stay at least a week with us when you come to Sockbridge again. Algernon Montagu¹ is exceedingly happy at Ambleside, and, though he appeared healthy enough when he first came, his looks are already very much improved.

Christopher's Wife arrived at her Brother's, Charles Lloyds, while William was at Sockbridge, and two hours before she entered the house, one of Lloyd's Children died in the croup. Wm went to Brathay to see her since he came home ; but she was gone to Kendal to be out of the way of the distress of the Funeral. I had not been able to call upon her during the short time she was at Brathay.—This place is most delightful in this fine weather—I wish you could have come at this time.

William tells me that you said you would write to me soon. From which I gather that you thereby intended to comply with the request contained in my last, and I wish particularly (for a particular reason not worth detailing) to have the money before the end of next week, and I shall therefore take it very kindly if you will send it before that time.

Pray, when you see Mrs Wordsworth remember to give my love to her and to thank her for her kindness to Sally Green—and also tell her that William was very sorry he did not see her, and her Husband when he was at Penrith

Wm and Mary join with me in kind love to you. I remain, my dear Brother

Your affectionate Sister

D Wordsworth

Priscilla is expected again at Brathay next week.

Address: Richard Wordsworth Esq^{re}, Sockbridge, near Penrith.

¹ Second son of Basil Montagu.

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MS. 410. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

Sunday June 2nd [1810]

My dear Friend,

We have been uneasy about you for a long time, as you promised to write again in a few days with a physicians opinion upon Catherine's case. Thank God! we have had no need of further advice for the child is in a fair way of recovering the perfect use of her limbs. She cannot yet walk alone but can get along by holds, though she is not able to rest upon the foot long in this way. She thrives and is quite healthy. I hope my letter reached you addressed to Purfleet, for I noted on the outside that it was to be forwarded. That letter was to inform you of the Birth of a second William Wordsworth on the 12th of May. His dear Mother spends a considerable part of the day in the open air, and is perfectly well, though she does not gain as much strength as I could wish. As I began to tell you, we have been uneasy about your silence; and the more so as we heard from Sara by a letter received yesterday that she has not heard of you since we did. Pray write a few lines to tell us how your health is going on. This is the weather that I should think would be most salutary to you. It is indeed delightful to man, woman, and child, but the cattle and the fields, the trees and the mountains thirst for water. We have only had two *wettish* days since the beginning of the week before Easter. The country is divine now in spite of the embrowned colour of the hills, yet it was more beautiful a week ago, before the oaks exchanged their delicate yellow for the summer green. William and I are going to Coleorton in about a month and I should speak with confidence of stretching on to Bury if I was sure that Mary could be depended upon for taking care of herself for ten weeks that she would be left alone with her Flock of five children. Two are now in arms, but I trust that soon after our departure Catherine will walk, (*before* I do not expect it; though others are more sanguine and do not perceive as great a failure in strength as I seem to do.) William will go from Coleorton into Wales; and if I do not feel that I ought to turn homewards at that time I shall wend my way to you, of course if it suits you to take me in. The Beaumonts

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would set me to Leicester, where I believe there is a coach to Huntingdon. I have put in the *if* respecting your taking me in because it is possible that Mr. John Clarkson's family or some other of your numerous relations may be engaged to be with you at the time. I think it will be about the first or second week in August that I should be with you. If you are ill, (which God forbid!) do not think *that* an objection to my coming to you—it would be a strong motive: for I think I could do you good, and I should be sure of having much of your society in solitude, the greatest pleasure I can look forward to. I write under such uncertainty as to the state of your health that I cannot write a long letter.

Coleridge is still at Keswick where, as at Grasmere, he has done nothing but read. His two Boys came hither yesterday and are gone to church with J. D. and T. Our little William is sleeping in my bed, and I sit with the sash open looking down to the Lake. This same Baby is of the same *kind* as the three eldest. Catherine is one by herself not in the least resembling any of the others except in the colour of her eyes and her complexion. The Lloyds have lost their youngest Son in the croup. He was a nice, sensible, affectionate little Boy. It was a thunder-stroke to his poor Mother for he was only ill about 30 hours. Priscilla is at Brathay; I have not yet seen her.

Adieu! my dear Friend, God bless you. Believe me ever your affectionate

Dorothy Wordsworth.

William and Mary send their most affectionate remembrances.

Address: Mrs Clarkson, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk; *readdressed* to Rev. Mr Brown's, Connington, near Cambridge.

MS.

411. D. W. to R. W.

Grasmere June 11th [1810]

My dear Brother,

I wrote to you about ten days ago, addressing you at Sockbridge and as I have not received an answer I fear you had left S. when my letter arrived. I hope it will not have been forwarded

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to you as, when you have received this, the other would not be worth the postage. As I told you in my last, William was very desirous of going over to see you again; but he could not procure a horse, the horses here being so busy about this time. I, too, would gladly have accompanied him, and I certainly will visit you in the Autumn. Mary and I look forward with great pleasure to seeing you at Grasmere, and we trust you will not disappoint us again.

I requested in my last letter that you would be so kind as to send me your present of 5£ before the end of this week. I now write chiefly to entreat that you will not fail to send it to me when you receive this. From your message by William that you would write in a few days I conclude that you intended to comply with my request, and have only delayed from day to day.

Mary is so well that I have determined to go with William to visit Lady Beaumont in Leicestershire. She has earnestly requested me to go, and will bear my expenses. When I am there, if all goes well at home, I shall go to see our Friend Mrs Clarkson at Bury, and thence to Christopher's at Bocking—but this is uncertain, as many things may happen that may make me wish to be at Grasmere after my month's stay at Coleorton. William intends to go into Wales from Coleorton. Priscilla is at Brathay and has been several times at Grasmere—She has quite recovered her health and spirits. We intend, at present, to go in a chaise with her as far as Manchester. If she did not go with us, she would be obliged to take half of a Chaise with another person, and also to go sooner than she wishes, therefore she is very desirous that we should take the half of the Chaise, instead of her other Companion who would go in the Coach.

The drought still continues; but there is an appearance of change—I fear your Lands will suffer very much. Our Vale and the mountains are quite burnt up.—I shall fully expect to hear from you—and shall take your compliance with this my request as a great kindness.

Believe me, ever your affect^e Sister
D. Wordsworth

Address: Richard Wordsworth Esq^{re}, Staple Inn, London.

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MS.

412. D. W. to R. W.

Grasmere Friday—15th June [1810]

My dear Brother,

I learn from Mr Luff that you were at Sockbridge last week, therefore I write a few lines to *entreat* that you will have the kindness to send me 5£ or 5 guineas as soon as you can after you receive this. I am very sorry to trouble you again about it; but as I know very well that it is only a procrastinating disposition which has prevented you from complying with my request before, I have no scruple in repeating it. I want the money for a particular reason immediately—or I should not have been so urgent.—I supposed you were in London, and addressed a letter to you there, last Monday—We are all well. I look forward with great pleasure to visiting you in the Autumn, and seeing you here—Excuse haste—God bless you—believe me dear Richard

Your affectionate Sister

D. Wordsworth

I shall take your immediate compliance with my request as a great kindness and shall receive the present with gratitude.

Address: Richard Wordsworth Esq^r, Sockbridge. By Favour of Mr Luff.

MS.

413. D. W. to R. W.

Grasmere—Tuesday 19th June [1810]

My dear Brother,

I wrote a few lines to you last Friday by Mr Luff; but having another opportunity of sending a letter free of expence I will not let it slip; being particularly anxious that you should comply with my request therein contained, and fearful that Mr Luff may not have had an opportunity of getting my letter conveyed to you. I wrote to you to request that you would have the goodness to send me a 5£ or 5 guineas note immediately, having a particular reason for wishing to have it as soon as possible. As I before told you, I considered your message by William as an assurance of your intention to comply with my desire that you

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would make me this present, and I have attributed your delay to your having put it off from day to day.

I am going to Coleorton with William in the course of a fortnight. Lady Beaumont has pressed me very much to go, and will pay the expences of my journey—I mean travelling expences. Of course there will be some other expences beyond what I should incur at home; but these will I hope be more than repaid by the pleasure I shall have.

I look forward with great pleasure to visiting you at Sockbridge in the Autumn.

We are all well, as you will judge, by my thinking of leaving home—

Believe me, dear Richard,

Your ever affectionate Sister

D Wordsworth

Do not disappoint me I entreat you; but write immediately, which I shall take as a great kindness

Address: Richard Wordsworth Esq^{re}, Sockbridge, near Penrith.

MS.

414. D. W. to R. W.

Coleorton Hall—July [1810]
near Ashby de la Zouch

My dear Brother,

I ought to have written before this time to thank you for your kindness in sending me the 5 guineas Bank note. It was very acceptable, and arrived just in time, the very day before we left home. The bustle of our journey prevented me from acknowledging the receipt of your letter at Kendal in my way, and at the same time I ought to have informed you that William drew upon you at one month, in favour of Mr Thomas Cookson, for 45£. I believe his Draft was dated the 2nd or 3rd July.

We are now at Coleorton, where we are very comfortable, and have been most kindly received by Sir George and Lady Beaumont. The place is very much improved since we were here, and is indeed a very delightful residence. William thinks of going to see the Hutchinsons in Wales before his return to

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Grasmere, and as we have had very good accounts of Mary's health and little Catherine's lameness I think I shall go to Bury to see Mrs Clarkson, and shall also visit Christopher and his Family at Bocking. William was very sorry he did not know that you were going to the Isle of Mann as he would have contrived to have gone with you, and will contrive it if you should go again.

William joins with me in best Love—Believe me ever

Your affectionate Sister

D Wordsworth

Address: Richard Wordsworth Esq^{re}, Staple Inn, London.

MS.

415. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

Coleorton. Monday afternoon. [11 July 1810]

My dear Friend,

By the date of the letter you see that I am loosened from home, and many miles nearer to you than I was a week ago. Yet I cannot look with *confident* hopes to seeing you, and this has prevented me from writing as soon as the time of our departure was fixed. You know with what confidence I spoke of dear little Catherine's perfect recovery six weeks ago, and indeed her progress has been so regular and so rapid that we did not entertain a doubt that strength only was wanting to complete restoration of the use of her limbs—but within the last month she has been at a stand, or more accurately speaking we have perceived that she was worse than we were aware of, for she *can* now walk alone across the floor, and will do so perfectly half a dozen times during the day, yet she drags the right leg like a paralytic person, and has not a complete voluntary power over it. She sets down the foot sometimes on one side, and never puts it forward so far as the other foot, and the knee does not bend freely. It is not easy for me to describe exactly how she is, for her motions cannot be said to be *involuntary*, but voluntary in an imperfect degree. Now, for my part, I have no fears of her recovery in time, but no means must be left untried at *present*, as bad habits may be generated and she may walk lame all her life merely

from that cause. Her Father and Mother and I have always thought that sea air and sea bathing were likely to be of great service to her, but our Apothecary did not seem to think the sea air was likely to be of much more benefit to her than any other change of air, till about ten days ago, when he said, that he had been thinking much about Catherine's case, and he inclined exceedingly to the trial of *warm* sea-bathing. I therefore left home with little hope of being able to prolong my stay so as to go to see you; for if Catherine goes to the sea-side her Mother goes with her, and I must return to take charge of home and the other children. We received, however, a letter from Mary when we were at Kendal in which she said that she was assured in her own mind that there had been a very favourable change in the state of the child's limbs (leg and arm) within the three or four preceding days, and that she had walked across the floor, stooped, and taken something up without touching the ground, a thing she had never before done. This letter revived my hopes, and if on the further exertion of her limbs it appears that the paralytic affection yields to her returning strength there can be no occasion for change of air, sea bathing, or any but the common care which her Mother and Fanny will bestow upon her at home—and my dear Friend, we shall have the comfort of seeing one another again, and I hope pass many quiet, happy hours together. I would willingly have waited for another letter from Mary, that I might have spoken more decidedly; but *I hope* for a favourable one, and then I will let you know as soon as possible. I cannot say exactly when I shall set off to Bury if I do go, but if I do not I shall leave Coleorton in the first week of August, for the Beaumonts are going into the North, and would take me in their Carriage. I shall grieve very much if I cannot see you. I feel now as if I were quite near to you, and when I shall be so near again it is not for me to guess. I think, however, that there is now much more reason to hope than fear, though *I left home with very little hope*. I will at all events give you the first news from Grasmere and then, if it be favourable will write again to fix the Time for meeting Mr. Clarkson at Cambridge. He is very good to come so far for me. William is going into Wales at the end of this month or beginning of next. The man waits, so God

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bless you. Love to Mr. C and Tom. Do write to me and tell me how you are. We arrived here on Saturday night after a pleasant journey through Dovedale etc.

Ever yours, my dear Friend.

D. Wordsworth.

Direct at Sir G. B's, Coleorton Hall, Ashby de la Zouche,
Leicestershire.

Address: Mrs Clarkson, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk.

MS. 416. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

Coleorton 4th August [1810]

My dear Friend,

We have had more favorable accounts from home, the Itch has been pronounced cured, the Children have escaped it—Catharine's lameness is better; and as the servants may now be purified Mary will have nothing to do but to take care of herself and her Baby in ease and leisure, and she, too was pretty well when she last wrote. Under these promising appearances, I turn my thoughts to you with a happy mind, and I intend to set off next Friday. I shall leave Ashby de la Zouche on Friday night at 12 o'clock—and shall set off from Leicester in the Coach at 6 o'clock the next morning. I suppose Mr Clarkson will, for the sake of his horse wish to be at Cambridge on the Saturday, therefore I may hope to find him there, and shall inquire for him at the Sun where the Coach stops as soon as I arrive, and at all events, he will find out that Inn and inquire for *me* there as soon as he does arrive.—What we leave unseen of Cambridge on Saturday we may see on Sunday and arrive at your house in the evening.

William goes towards Wales on Monday, and Sir George B talks of accompanying him to the Leasowes and to Hagley, and on the same day Lady B's two sisters leave us, so the house will be left to Lady B and me till Sir George's return.—This place is very pleasant, and I have been very happy when I could be at ease respecting Mary and the Children at home—Nothing can exceed the kindness of Sir G and Lady Beaumont.

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Yesterday we went to see the wonder of Tutbury—nay of all England, the Woman who has lived 4 years without solid food, and nearly two without liquid—Of this when we meet—I cannot have any doubts of the truth of her story, and truly there is something very awful in the spectacle of such a being. Her countenance is fine, her features handsome; she talks sensibly and at times even with animation—and is very happy though in constant pain. All her life appears to be above the intestines—Her arms are even strong.

I hope I shall find your Brother almost well—and you my dear Friend, I hope you continue in your better way;—I will not dwell upon the happiness with which I look forward to our meeting. God bless you—believe me evermore faithful and affectionate

D Wordsworth

If any thing should happen to prevent Mr Clarkson's coming to meet me—write a line to the Post Office at Cambridge to remain till called for.

Address: Mrs Clarkson, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk.

C. K. 417. D. W. to Lady Beaumont

[Bury St. Edmunds] Tuesday, 14th August, [1810]

My dear Friend,

I will relate the history of my adventures in a few words from the time of my parting from you at Ashby to go to bed; for I had so hurried myself away at the last from *Coleorton* that I hardly felt as if I had bid you farewell till I had closed my letter, when I was much more at ease, though sad at heart. I lay down; although I did not sleep, I rose refreshed at twelve o'clock, when the coach arrived. Colly¹ promised that he would call to inquire after me the next day, when the landlady assured me she would give him my letter to you. I hope that she did not at the same time tell him that I went on the outside of the coach; for I am sure you and Sir George would be uneasy about me, and dear Mrs. Fermor, if she had been with you, would have been completely miserable. I was, indeed (more for the sake of my friends

¹ Colly: K. reads Willy, but *v. next letter*.

than myself), greatly mortified to find that there was no room for me in the inside. Go I must; therefore there was no alternative but taking a chaise, or placing myself on the outside. I did not hesitate a moment, for I could not find in my heart to pay a guinea and a half (nay, it would have been five-and-thirty shillings) for travelling twenty miles, as the night was dry and pleasant; indeed, the air appeared to be very mild at Ashby, but I found it cold enough upon Charnwood Forest. There, by the light of the moon, and of our carriage lamps, I now and then discovered some scattered rocks; and they and everything reminded me of Coleorton, and many a time I turned my head round to look back towards that quarter where I supposed Coleorton lay. This is a pleasure I could not have had in the inside of the coach; and indeed I am sure, cold as I was, that I had a much more agreeable journey than I should have had if I had been shut up there; for the sky was very beautiful all night through, and when the dawn appeared there was a mild glory and cheerfulness in the east that was quite enchanting to me, being a sight I have so seldom seen. I warmed myself by the kitchen fire at Leicester, and went to bed at four o'clock. I did not fall asleep till very near six, and at six I was called upon to rise. I took my breakfast with a gentleman who was going on to Stamford on the outside; and, as he was very civil, and offered to take me under his protection, and as the morning was uncommonly promising, I resolved to go on the outside; for really I dreaded the heat within. Besides, as the coach was not likely to be full, I could change my place at any time. You must not therefore be angry with me, or charge me with imprudence. I determined, believe me, to take good care of myself. I had the best place on the coach, and all the passengers were civil and well-behaved—I am sure much better company than those within, for I could judge of both at breakfast-time. Near Oakham I saw some fine woods on a hill to the left, and a large house. This they told me was Burley, and I was greatly disappointed (I supposed it to be Burley¹ House which Sir George had wished me to see), and hardly able to believe my own eyes, for, though a fine house, I could discover nothing but a great heavy mass,

¹ Burley: Rugby K.

and no towers. I was not undeceived till I came to Stamford, when I passed by the gateway of the real *Burleigh* House, and saw the irregular turrets and chimneys at a distance. By the bye, the coach stopped at Stamford while the passengers dined, and I shared my sandwiches with a young woman who was my companion on the outside. I have several times, in the course of my travels, passed through Stamford, and used to think it a very ugly place ; but, to my great surprise, whichever way I looked on Friday afternoon, I saw something to admire—an old house, a group of houses, the irregular line of a street, a church, or a spire ; and it was a great satisfaction to me to be in this manner delighted with what I had passed over in my youth with indifference, perhaps even disgust.

At Huntingdon I had the offer of tea, but though it would have been very refreshing, I thought it was too expensive a luxury, being only one stage from the end of my journey ; therefore I walked about in the town, which was all in a bustle with gay ladies here and there and everywhere, and I saw the Sheriff in his State carriage. The evening was cold, therefore I got into the coach ; and, though I was glad to be there at that time, I could not but rejoice in my past enjoyments on the outside in breathing the fresh air, and seeing all the cheerful sights of the country around me. We had six passengers—one young lady with a bunch of honeysuckles, which added a scented poison to the hot air, and when I got out of the coach at Cambridge I was quite sick and giddy. We reached Cambridge at half-past nine. In our way to the inn we stopped at the gate of St. John's College, to set down one of our passengers. The stopping of the carriage roused me from a sleepy musing, and I was awestricken with the solemnity of the old gateway, and the light from a great distance within, streaming along the pavement. When they told me that it was the entrance to *St. John's* College, I was still more affected by the gloomy yet beautiful sight before me ; for I thought of my dearest brother, in his youthful days, passing through that gateway to his home ; and I could have believed that I saw him there even then, as I had seen him in the first year of his residence. I met with Mr. Clarkson at the inn, and was, you may believe, rejoiced to hear his voice at the coach

door. We supped together, and immediately after supper I went to bed, and slept well; and at eight o'clock the next morning went to Trinity Chapel. There I stood for many minutes in silence before the statue of Newton, while the organ sounded. I never saw a statue that gave me one hundredth part so much pleasure—but pleasure, that is not the word: it is a sublime sensation, in harmony with sentiments of devotion to the Divine Being, and reverence for the holy places where He is worshipped. We walked in the groves all the morning, and visited the Colleges. I sought out a favourite ash-tree, which my brother speaks of in his poem on his own life¹—a tree covered with ivy. We dined with a Fellow of Peter-house in his rooms; and after dinner I went to King's College Chapel. There, and everywhere else at Cambridge, I was even much more impressed with the effect of the buildings than I had been formerly; and I do believe that this power of receiving an enlarged enjoyment from the sight of buildings is one of the privileges of our latter years. I have this moment received a letter from William. He reached Hindwell at ten o'clock on Friday morning and found all well, and was well himself, and Miss H. thought he looked remarkably so. He says that she is grown quite fat. I have had two letters from Grasmere—all well. I reached [?Bury] at nine o'clock on Sunday night. I had not time to write yesterday, for I indulged myself with sleeping till twelve o'clock. Mrs. Clarkson was overjoyed to see me, and is in much better health. She says she never saw me look so well. I tell her she must give you and Coleorton the credit of this. Pray give my affectionate and grateful remembrances to Sir George. Do mention his health from time to time when you write. Tell me how Miss Wills is, and give my kind love to both your sisters, and do write soon, and tell me about everything that is done and that happens among you, and write as long letters as you can; but this is very unreasonable. Let me hear from you, at all events—long or short. Adieu, my dear friend.—Believe me, ever with affectionate gratitude, yours faithfully,

D. Wordsworth.

I ought to have told you that we had no rain but a few slight

¹ *Prelude* (1805), vi. 90–102.

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showers, though we could see that it rained all round us in all directions. I will plague you no more with such letters as this, but will have larger paper. I think I never sent you a letter that was so difficult to read. I fear it will tire you out. Tell me if you can decipher it without more trouble than it has been worth. Pray give my love to Betty and Peggy; they will be very glad to hear of me. If you please mention me to Susan; I cannot forget her kindness to me.

MS. *418. D. W. to W. W. and S. H.*

Bury St Edmunds August 14, 1810.

My dearest William,

After I had parted from you I was so lowspirited that I hardly knew what to do with myself, so I went to Ashby to put aside my thoughts. In the afternoon we looked over half the drawings of Chaucer, and read as much of the Prologue, and walked in the evening. The next day read, looked over the rest of the drawings to my great delight and read the Knight's Tale. On Wednesday Sir George arrived to dinner with good accounts of you, and he himself delighted with his journey, and not at all the worse for it.

Just as I wrote the last word the Cook brought me in your letter, dearest Sara and dear William—I have been at least an hour in reading it, first to myself and then to Mrs Clarkson who is in bed and will remain there till between 12 and 1 o'clock. First I must tell you that when I saw her at first without a perfect light she seemed to me not to look better than when I last parted from her—Perhaps having heard that she was fatter I had expected to have perceived a great difference, and she looked shrunk and thin; but when I got to the kitchen fireside with her she really appeared quite beautiful, her cheeks being flushed and her countenance animated, and I then saw that she was much fatter than when at Grasmere. The next morning however she did not look so well—this owing to the setting off which candlelight gives to the complexion. Now for my journey—Friday was a beautiful day—I went down alone after breakfast to visit the

blind man of whom William will tell you—I carried him some snuff and tobacco, and talked with him awhile. Feeble, blind, paralytic, he takes more delight in talking of the blessings which have been showered upon him than a sickly fine Lady in recounting her miseries. His wife, who, he told me, ‘was as kind to him as if he was a child’, said to me when I was speaking of his blindness ‘he does not lament over it.’ ‘Why no’ said he ‘I enjoyed my sight a long time, seventy four years—It is but ten years since I lost it—’ I asked him if he could perceive any light from the midday sun—‘No’ he answered ‘nothing but heat, no light, but I have an inward light and am happy in thinking that through the merits of my Saviour I shall be blessed hereafter’—I then repeated to him those lines of Milton ‘Hail! holy light!’ and the poor old man was much affected and shook me by the hand very feelingly at parting. After this I went to the Holly Cottage. The old man was thatching his haystack, and his wife reaching up the straw to him; for when he is on the ladder he cannot move without her help—She went half way up the hill with me homewards. I then visited Betty and went with Lady Beaumont to Miss Tone’s at the Farmhouse, and drank a glass of her homemade wine. Lady B., by way of talk, said that Mr Taylor was much of a Gentleman and a very good farmer—‘Why’ replied Miss Tone smiling significantly ‘he *may* be and I have no doubt is quite a Gentleman, but as to his farming, I cannot think much of that, for he did not know what white clover is; he saw a field of white clover and asked what it was, if it was honeysuckle’—Sir George gives Miss Tone’s man the credit of this invention, and he says that he does not doubt that Mr Shirman has made a much better lie about him, and Mr Harris still better—the best of all.

After dinner we all went into the winter garden, where the gardener has been making an arched bower or berceau (his own contrivance) over the doorway. He has trained the honeysuckles etc over the willow wands, and it is hereafter to have evergreens—This is a great improvement—Dearest William I wish you had seen it—The door is by this means thrown into shade and to a greater distance, and is converted from an ugly object into a pretty one. After tea we sat in the Library till my

departure at 8 o'clock—I was very sorry to go away and had some difficulty in keeping up my spirits all day. I left Colly to follow me to the Farmhouse, and was glad to be by myself for I cried bitterly and eased my heart in this way—but poor Betty was so much affected at parting with me that I was better when I got to the Farmhouse. The sun was just gone down, and the place looked so chearful, yet so quiet and beautiful, that I could not but grieve to part from it as well as from my kind Friends.

In my way to Ashby I cheared up and Colly and I had some friendly talk—He left me in the snug parlour with one small candle; this will give you a notion that it was but a third rate Inn. It suited me however the better, for the woman was very civil. I took my Book out, but could not attend to it—so after writing a few lines to Lady B. I went to bed, but did not take off my clothes—I found myself much refreshed when I was called at 12 o'clock, tho' I had not slept; but what was my disappointment on finding that there was no inside place—I must either mount the Coach or take a Chaise—I chose the former, but alas! the Landlady had no cloak to lend me, so I wrapped myself up as well as I could in Mary's thin blue coat and my shawl, and seated myself in the front between a quiet old man and a civil young gentleman-like man from Liverpool. It was a beautiful night and mild at Ashby, but very cold upon the Forest. We reached Leicester at halfpast three, and after warming myself by the Kitchen fire I went to bed again in my clothes and dropped asleep a little before 6, when I was called again. Breakfasted with a Gentleman who was going to Cambridge, and the morning was so fine that I resolved to go on the outside as he promised to protect me. A Gentleman's servant with 3 dogs, two in a hamper, and one who served to keep my legs warm were my other companions. The servant was very pleasant and very polite, and both most delicate in their attentions to me—If they had been my Brothers they could not have been more kindly attentive and delicate in helping me up to and down from my seat. Afterwards we took up two well-behaved young women, better dressed than I was and very modest. I breakfasted again with the Passengers being determined to take care of myself. We changed coaches at Stamford and I shared my sandwiches with

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one of the women and she gave me of her cakes—so I saved a dinner—and did not drink tea at Huntingdon where the rest had tea.

I was pleased to find at Stamford so many new pleasures in store for our latter years. I used to think it an ugly town—and wherever I looked I saw something to admire—the churches—the old houses—the forms of the streets. In short it seems to me a very fine town for a Painter. To be sure the sunshine and the cleanliness of the streets set it off to the best advantage—I got into the coach at Huntingdon, for the evening was cold. By the bye I must not forget the Coachman who is one of the nicest men I ever met with; I might have ridden in the inside whenever I liked.

Dear William, we stopped at the gate of St John to set down the Professor of Arabic, who I afterwards learned was a Cocker-mouth man—I was awe-stricken with the venerable appearance of the gateway, and the light from a distance streaming along the level pavement. Thy freshman's days came into my mind and I could have burst into tears. I found dear Mr C. at the door of the Inn (the same where you were, Sara)—I was sick and giddy when I got out (it was half past 9); this I had never been when I was on the outside—supped upon a Lamb chop—Mr Tilbrook came in to invite us to breakfast; this we declined—Rose at a quarter before 8, and went to Trinity Chapel, and I stood in silence while the organ was played for many minutes before the statue of Newton. It is the most beautiful statue I ever beheld, and before this time I had comparatively viewed it with indifference. The silent face¹ gave me feelings that were I am sure sublime, though dear Mr Clarkson did now and then disturb me by pointing out the wrinkles in the silk stockings, the buckles etc etc—all which etceteras are in truth worthy of admiration. I was charmed with the walks, found out William's ash-tree; the fine willow is dying—dined with Mr Tilbrook—visited King's Chapel after dinner—set off at a quarter past 4—drank tea at Newmarket—reached Bury at 9 o'clock—lay in bed yesterday till 12—wrote to Mary after dinner—Mrs C. rode to that nice old fashioned place with the garden near a heath, and I walked by her side. This all I have seen except the churchyard by moon-

¹ *Prelude* (1805), iii. 59.

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light. I like this house very much; it is just the same as being in a village.

God bless thee dearest William and dear Sara—write often I pray you—I have yet a hundred things to say

[unsigned]

MS. 419. M. W. to Thomas De Quincey

J(—) K(—)

Grasmere Aug 20th [1810]

My dear Sir,

When I look upon the date of your letter I can scarcely hope that this will reach you before you leave Westhay, but as I know you are often a lingerer beyond the time you propose to yourself to move, I will risk a short letter merely to answer your kind enquiries after our little Darling; and also to tell you that we shall avail ourselves of the liberty given to draw upon Mr Kelsall unless we hear in a few days that you are on your way to Grasmere—and this being of the nature of business I shall begin with it first. I find upon enquiring into the state of Mary Dawson's purse that she is very near the bottom of it, and that she has had Miss Crosthwaite's bill with the receipt, presented to her for payment—and she must likewise be prepared to meet the demands of your Flour Merchant against Grasmere Fair, viz. the 4th of next month. In addition to these wants, I must add my own—Dorothy told me that I might, upon your return, receive a supply of Cash from you, you having been unable to procure for them at Manchester the full change for a bill—as this money, which I think my Sister said was about ten or eleven pounds, will be most convenient to me at this time I will draw upon Mr Kelsall for a sum sufficient to satisfy all these demands, which will amount to, by what I learnt from M. D., about thirty pounds—therefore you must be so good as inform Mr K. that upon, say, the 25th of this month I shall draw upon him for thirty pounds on your account. Now you must not neglect to give this information, as you know it will cause both much trouble and expence should the Bill be returned. Mrs Coleridge's Guinea is not yet paid, but this is her own fault, as I told her immediately upon the receipt of your letter, that I had it for her, and that I would

send it if she would say whether I should give it to the Carrier, or wait for a more safe conveyance—and she has given me no answer. By the bye, poor Derwent has broken his arm, but it is mending fast—Hartley returned from the holidays without him. Coleridge is still at Keswick.

Our little Darling is quite well but is become much thinner since she began to walk. She has been able to walk all over the house ever since the 2^d week after you left home, my Sister would tell you this, in all probability, and that she walked very lame—her lameness, I think, gradually wears off, but I am so much accustomed to see it that I am not a competent judge how this may be—certain I am, that for the last week or ten days she has been at a stand, owing to her being weakened by the effort of cutting her *two last* teeth—after these are out I trust she will go on improving. She is completely left-handed in spite of a dreadful sore finger which she has upon her left hand, that was cut and bruised by the flapping of one of the doors. I have often confined her left arm, which is no distress to her as she is well able to use the right—but as this confinement causes her to get more tumbles and when down to be unable to rise without help, I am going to contrive a muffle for her fingers which I expect will answer the purpose of obliging her to use her right hand. You have no need to be apprehensive that she will forget you—though I believe *I* am a much more formidable rival to you, than before you left us—for at one time she was obliged to be constantly with me and nothing was done for her by any other person—this has made her a most intolerable Mother's pet and I most earnestly wish you were at home, were it only to wean her from me a little, for her fondness of me causes her much misery as she is never happy but when I am paying her attention, and as this cannot always be the case, she is often unhappy and I of course disturbed, and confined more than I should be if you were here to share with me this over-fondness. She still looks sharply round when your name is mentioned, and every day she is *for a time* kept quiet, while we are rubbing her, when we say that she shall 'ride away to London to meet Mr de Quincey' she will then sing to the motion of our Knees and, till she grows uneasy, be contented. She fully expects you to bring

her a Doll, so I pray you not to disappoint her, but, as it will not live many hours after it comes into her possession, I beg you may not waste above two pence or threepence upon it. She makes very little progress in talking, though she uses her tongue perpetually—a word of her own that sounds like *Kisleca* she is constantly repeating, it is of universal use to her—for if she is angry it is *Kisleca* and if she is happy she goes singing about in the archest prettiest manner you can conceive ‘ah! Kisleca, ah! Kisleca’ for five, or ten minutes together. I often wish you could see her—and then, she is the nicest maker of a Curtsey you ever beheld! I hope she will not have left off this practice when you come for you would be delighted to see her. She calls me mama—the first of them that ever used this word, she has never been taught it and I cannot make her say any thing like Mother—she *could* say it distinctly at one time. There is nothing entertains her so much as the form and motion of a Butterfly, she follows them about the room (for we often have them in the study) with her eyes, and almost exhausts herself with laughing at them—she is a merry little creature and I think grows prettier every day. I will not tell you what a fine fellow your Godson is, as it was on(ly) an afterthought your enquiring for him—all[the]rest will be delighted at your return. John was in extacies when I read him from your letter that his artillery was not forgotten. D. talks for ever about her Doll. C. went through every room in the cottage the other day to seek you, she even pulled off the counterpane to see if you were in bed and Mary said she looked very strange and put her fingers in her mouth when she could not find you.

Mrs Wilson and her Daughters, Miss Jane Penny and Mr Wilson were here last week—they came in part to see me, and in part to avail themselves of the privilege which you had given them to use your cottage—after drinking Tea at Allan Bank we all repaired to the Town end and had a nice supper and drank your health in the little Parlour, and, after staying as long as I durst from my Baby, Mrs W. Miss Eliz. and myself returned to sleep—leaving the others in possession of your house—after enjoying themselves for some time, the Ladies went to your Beds, and Mr W to be at hand in attendance, occupied Peggy Ashburner’s—they came up to Breakfast here and afterwards

AUGUST 1810

left the Vale very much delighted with their visit—a long account of which no doubt you will hear when next you meet Mrs Wilson. Our Vale is now terribly infested by a horde of the Astley tribe—part of which harbour in Robt. Newton's Cottage. I am sadly frightened that some of these, or other gentry of the like kind, may purchase Butterlip how, which is advertized to be sold, publickly, some time next month, or privately before that time by applying to Mr Wilcock. I fear we shall be far *outbid* if it comes to public Sale—but Mary Dawson says that she 'is sure *you* will buy it'. It will be a grievous thing if it falls into bad hands. What do you think of Mr Astley having made a stately Gateway to his house with a second road, (this new one fitted for a Carriage,) up to the house.

I must not omit to thank you for your very entertaining letter which had I had time at command, should not have been so long unanswered, but from one cause or other I have had far more to do since you went away than I have been able to perform. I am now writing with one Child upon my knee and the other only just taken from my feet, this must serve as my excuse for sending such a bungling ill-written letter at last. I will not speak of our domestic distresses—they are past, and may serve to talk about, but it would be too much to call upon you both to attend to, and to *pay for* the account of them. Mr W. is now at Hindwell, I expect him home in less than a fortnight and my Sister is at Bury. I heard from her yesterday—both well. I do not expect to see my Sister before October. I think *your* Sister will scarcely accompany you so late in the Year, particularly as the weather is so unsettled—There is a great deal of hay to get yet in Grasmere—ours was housed long before that of any of our neighbours. Mary tells me that Mr H¹ begged his remembrances to you—I have not seen any of them lately. Southey and his wife have been staying at Brathay—Southey has got another Daughter. I am my dear Sir your sincere friend M. W.

I suppose 'Mr Kelsall Manchester' is a sufficient address to find your Friend.

Address: Thomas de Quincey Esq^r, Westhay, Wrington, near Bristol.

¹ Possibly Ll. (? Lloyd).

OCTOBER 1810

MS.

420. *D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

Monday Morning. Binfield. 15th Oct. [1810]

My dear Friend,

You will be glad to see the date of this letter. I will confine myself to a brief narrative of facts, for I have to write to Grasmere this morning, it is near 11 o'clock, and we go before one to take a ride in the carriage. I know not how I had expressed myself when I wrote to you; but I added at the bottom of my letter that though they at Grasmere seemed very desirous that I should go home as fast as I could (yet observe they wanted me to go to Stockton) I should come to Binfield. This I find you had not understood, and no wonder, for it was a sad scrawl that I sent you. On the same day on which I received [it] I got another letter from Grasmere. Mary says the disease is evidently turned and all are doing well, but the two younger are much reduced. Mr. Scambler ordered change of air, and they thought of borrowing a house, either Watermillock, Sockbridge, or a house belonging to a Friend of Montagu's near the sands, and wished to go in a fortnight from the time when Mary wrote. She explained that the Montagus would leave them this week. She wishes me to be at home when they move, in fact she wishes me to go with them, saying she hopes I will not linger in London for if I go to Stockton I shall only just be at home in time. She takes it for granted that I had given up other schemes. Now, as there was no cause for uneasiness about her or her children in her letter I determined to come—indeed I could not have been happy to have done otherwise. I enjoyed London very much, walked all the mornings with Henry Robinson, went to the British Museum on Friday and Covent Garden in the evening. Miss Lamb was with me, and I left her perfectly well on Saturday morning. I was set down at Turnpike House, 2 miles from my Uncle's. Nobody, they said, had inquired after me. I found, however, when I arrived here that a servant had been sent to meet the coach and bring my luggage, but had gone to another place. A man attended me with the Trunk and I met Chris^r. and P.¹ about a mile off, and soon after my cousin Eliza and two of

¹ Priscilla.

the Bairns. At home I found my Aunt and my Cousin Mary quite well, but my poor Uncle is confined to his room by an accident, and I fear may be lame a very long time. Happily the accident is not a dangerous one. His horse fell with him 10 days ago and he broke a muscle of the knee. I wish it had been a small bone of the leg which I think would have been soon cured. He received me most tenderly in his easy chair and seemed to take great pleasure in having me sitting beside him. He looks very well, and his spirits are good upon the whole. My Aunt is an admirable woman. So chearful and happy, yet she would look as if she were dead if her eyes were shut. Mary the eldest daughter is an angel in temper and sweetness and innocence, Eliza is very beautiful, adores her Mother and her Sister. I think I never saw three people more happy in each other than they seem to be. Chris^r. the eldest son is at home; he is a fair, tall manly affectionate and good young man, a very good scholar too, but alas! he is not so studious as my uncle wishes, and after having had him a year at Cambridge my uncle feels it right to consent that he shall go into the Army. Consequently he is not to return to Cambridge. It is a pity for he is a noble youth. The other two Boys are to come from Eton to see us. As poor Mary says, it would break their hearts if they did not see me. Not being wanted at Grasmere I could not have forgiven myself if I had not come hither, for it is impossible to describe my uncle's kindness to me, my Aunt's and every body's. The old nursemaid who has lived with them 17 years received me with tears in her eyes. Chris^r goes away on Monday or Tuesday and Priscilla and the Bairns follow before the end of the week. Unless I have worse news from home I shall stay till Priscilla goes, which will be about the 27th and I shall stay another week in London too! Only think of my courage! I do indeed think it a pity to go away without having done and seen all that I wish for. I shall like myself the better for it hereafter. I have written to the Lambs to desire them to open your parcel and forward what letters it may contain. I shall value Georgiana's present highly—Tell her so with my very best love. I am glad that Sarah was better. I am only sorry to say that my Brother Christopher thinks it will be impossible for him to be at Cambridge to vote

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for Bloomfield. He desires his best respects to Mr. C and bids me say that he is very sorry that it should so happen. He is so like my uncle William that I might almost take one for the other when I only see their faces. Priscilla looks very well. The children are sweet Boys. I think I have nothing to say in the way of business, therefore I ought to conclude to leave myself time to write to Mary. Give my kind love to your Husband and Tom. I hope your next will give me a better account of your health. God bless you, my dearest Friend.

Yours ever,

D. W.

I long to see the Frock etc. Give my love to your Father, Sister, Brothers.

Address: Mrs Clarkson, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk.

MS. 421. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

Thursday 30th October. [1810] Grasmere.

All the household are at rest. The coughers are quiet, but *their* rest will not be very long. However God be thanked they are doing well. I have finished five letters already this evening and I am determined not to go to bed till I have written to you; for if I put off till to-morrow I shall lose two posts. I have no time for writing except when the children are in bed, and that will be too late for to-morrow's carrier. I desired Henry Robinson to inform you how I was hurried home. I received a letter from William at Binfield on Thursday week telling me that Catherine was dangerously ill, but that Mr. Scambler was by no means hopeless about her. Of course I was very much afflicted with these tidings, but on mature deliberation I satisfied myself that William had exaggerated the danger and I trusted in Mr. Scambler. Then came regret and sorrow at parting from my friends, a restless night and hurry of spirits the next day. I reached London so worn out on Thursday afternoon that I resolved to stay till Sunday, and on Sunday I could get no place in the mail, so I waited till Monday. During this time I saw Mary Monkhouse three times and went with her to Dr. Ainsley's.

She went to London to consult him about the pain in her side, and I hope he will remove it. He had applied a large Blister and the pain was gone, but she was weak in consequence of the Blister. She did not look so ill as I expected and she is certainly fatter than when she left the North, but her Brothers say she is much thinner than she has been in Wales. John will stay with her a month, and I did all I could to persuade him to go to Bury, which I think he was much inclined to. I was very sorry I could not call upon Mrs Gower or see your Brother John—indeed I left a hundred things unseen and undone, though I believe I saw and did as much as any person with my strength ever saw and did in the time with only two shilling's worth of coach hire. Henry Robinson was kinder to me than I can express. I shall remember him with affection and gratitude as long as I live. The kindness, too, of Charles Lamb and his sister were unbounded. I never was a hundredth part so comfortable in London and I should have stayed at least a fortnight if all had gone on well at home. John Monkhouse and the Lambs attended me to the Mail, and I left Lombard St at 10 minutes past 8 on Monday night, reached Manchester at $\frac{1}{4}$ past 11 on Tuesday, sat by myself over a good fire, a glass of brandy and water and a biscuit till $\frac{1}{4}$ past one, breakfasted at Preston and reached Kendal at 2 on Wednesday afternoon. I lingered at the Inn $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour dreading to go to Mr. Cookson's, but before I had asked a question the maid servant at the door calmed my fears. They had had good news, so I consented to rest till the next morning—and I had a delightful journey in a gig. Our horse could not drag us faster than at the rate of 4 miles an hour, but my mind being easy respecting Catherine I was not impatient, and the delightful scenes I passed through appeared more beautiful than they had ever appeared before. The lakes were calm, the yellow trees and mountain fern burnished by the sunshine, and the brooks glittered. I stopped at Elleray by Mary's desire, John having been there at the time she wrote, and she wished me to take him home, but he was gone. None of the family were at home except servants, but we made the house serve as our baiting-place and fed both ourselves and our horse. I reached home at 3 o'clock. John was the first to meet me. He

ran bounding down the field and almost bursting with joy—then came the two Williams, and last of all Mary with Catherine in her arms, and then I was cut to the heart, for I never saw so deplorable an object as this poor sweet child, worn to a skeleton, and as it seemed, no traces left of what she had been. William and Mary, seeing my distress, did their utmost to console me, by assuring me that she had mended daily ever since the day after William had written to me, and that they had now no doubts about her well-doing. In the course of 4 days all her flesh had fallen away, she could not make her voice heard above a faint whisper—it had been one incessant cry of miserable unhappiness except when the cough came, and then she vomited terribly, though she could take no food but liquids. She had also been unable to lift up her eyes. Before my return she had recovered her appetite and her voice and could even look about her with cheerfulness and could even laugh and be a little playful. She has gone on improving, and though she still coughs violently and vomits very much her fits are less frequent. After I was a little used to her looks I perceived she was the same child I had left, sensible-looking, with the same sweet yet amusing smile, but you cannot conceive anything more melancholy than the general expression of her countenance, with that sickly paleness—large nose, hollow cheeks, protuberant mouth. She looked to me—when I could *think* at all—like a child bred and born in a Gin-Alley. By degrees this impression wore off and by degrees I myself perceived that she was recovering from her illness and likely to do well. But oh, my dear Friend, if I could have known what her mother had to suffer and what the child had to suffer also I should never have gone further than your house. Not that I regret that I *did* so. I am glad of it, for the Mother's health has not suffered at all, I never saw her look better in my life, and I am sure from the accounts I received from home I was right in going to Binfield as I did. I have many kind acts of many kind Friends to remember, much that I have done and seen, and I am come home in time to be of the greatest use in assisting Mary to attend upon Catherine and the Infant during their restoration to health. William continues to cough violently. They tell me he is much reduced, but no one would find this out who had not

seen him before, for he is now a fine stout child. All the rest, though they cough and vomit, are quite well in other respects. I should have written before, but on Friday morning we (Mary, the two Williams, Catherine and Sarah, the Maid) went to Sarah's Mother's in Little Langdale and stayed there till yesterday morning. The plan advised by Mr. Scambler and pursued by everybody here is change of air. This certainly has answered admirably for the 3 elder. I cannot say how it might have been with the other two if they had been differently treated, but certain it is they hardly ever cough when they are out of doors, and both their journeys to Hackett have been of great use to them. We found Dorothy and Thomas there, they had been there a fortnight and we brought them home with us. Mary and I were out all this morning with Catherine and the Baby and as they are going on well, in spite of your advice and experience we are to continue the practice as long as the fine weather lasts. We are fully employed as you may judge, for Catherine takes far more nursing than the Baby, and he much more than when he was well. Catherine will not be easy with anyone but her Mother when *she* is present, so the Baby falls to my lot, and it is wonderful how stoutly I can now nurse. At first my arms ached dreadfully and breathing failed, but now I can lug him a mile without a rest and without the least fatigue, and Mary's strength is much beyond mine, I never saw her so strong and well in my life. William is a lovely child. Thomas is quite a beauty in the face, but he is not grown a hair's-breadth. Dorothy, too, is very beautiful and as clever a lass as ever was seen. There is nothing which she cannot do of house business and nursing—but John's countenance and temper are beyond measure glorious. Further I cannot say for he seems duller at his book than ever. Dorothy is not improved since I left home and no wonder, but I am sure she will read well very soon. I have begun to teach them all, and shall continue to do it regularly. I *must* say my heart is very proud of these children. I have seen none so sweet since I went away. The presents have been received with rapture. The Thimble will fit her about six years hence, but she has two others to wear out in the mean time. Give my kind love to the Miss Gowers, tell them I hope to see them next time I go to London,

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Do write to me immediately. Mary will write very soon. Nothing but its being absolutely impossible would have prevented me from writing before now. Best love to Mr. C. and Tom, and your dear Father and dear Sister. I long to know how you are. God bless you for ever my dearest Friend, believe me ever your affectionate

D. Wordsworth.

Do write one line to Mrs Williamson telling her how I thank her for her letter and will write to her at length in the course of a week. Tell her I found the child better and that I trust all will be well soon. I am sorry to give you this trouble but I do not like to send Mrs. Williamson a hurried letter, and I cannot now write in any other way, tell her I will give her a particular account of my goings on since I left Bury.

Catherine sometimes walks across the floor and she does not seem to be so lame as I expected, her right hand is however very helpless compared to the other.

Do not fail to write to Mrs. Williamson, this will set me at ease about her for a week.

I am very proud of Mrs. Gower's tippet. Mary admires it much.

Address: Mrs Clarkson, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk.

MS. *422. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

K(—)

Elleray. Sunday evening, 7 o'clock.

November 12th 1810.¹

I did not receive your letter till last night owing to our being at Elleray. That which was franked by Mr. Smith came without being charged, and both were right welcome, though I was vexed enough at your vexation at being bothered with Mrs. Smith and her bustles and her jewellery, and still more my dear Friend was I grieved to find you once again left alone. Your husband is absent at this time, and I guess that the Gowers and your Brother John went away yesterday (for you say the end of the week). If it had been possible for me to have been from home now

¹ *For D. W. to H. C. R. Nov. 6, 1810, v. C.R., p. 60.*

I should almost have regretted that the time of my visit was not the present, for now I should have been a real treasure to you in the long evenings after the loss of your young Friends. This I am resolved on, that when I do meet you again it shall be in the winter, and the long walks which we had together upon Hardwicke heath and elsewhere under those fine clear skies made on purpose to favour our pleasures shall be treasured up in the memory and talked of by our winter fire-side when we meet again, as things not likely to return at Bury. There I will, as I said before, visit you in the Winter. First let me tell you that we are going on well, and then for a history of the past. I wrote to you in such a hurry that I know not what I said, or what I omitted, therefore it will be best to go back to the time of my arrival at Grasmere. But of the Miss Gowers—when you write pray give my kindest love to them with sincere wishes for their health and happiness. You do not speak particularly of Sarah, so I hope she is better. Tell Georgiana that I have worn her Tippet and that every person I have seen who could make so free has burst out with the exclamation ‘What a beautiful Tippet you have got!’ It is indeed the prettiest Tippet I ever saw. I find it exceedingly comfortable, and it looks very nice under a drab Cloak (with a drab Bonnet) which I bought for my Binfield journey. But I value it far more for dear Georgiana’s sake than for its beauty, and while a rag of it remains I shall preserve it. As to my debt to Sarah, you cannot think how I am vexed about it, that I should have forgotten it. This I had done so completely that I cannot now call to mind any of the particulars of it. I only recollect that I often borrowed money both of her and her Sister, and that I payed off and borrowed again more than once. I am exceedingly glad that she spoke of this debt of mine to you, for as I can recollect nothing about it even now, it would have [been] quite impossible that I should ever have paid her at any future time even if I should have the happiness of meeting her again. Why did not she remind me of it? I hope she, too, had forgotten it on the evening before my departure. She could not expect that I should have been *affronted* if she reminded me of my debt. *Your* year’s income is come or is coming in, otherwise I should have been vexed that

you had this sum to pay. As it is I hope it will not be felt by you as a loss, though I well know that some weeks ago ten shillings would have been an immense draught out of your purse. When I go to Kendal I will lay out the same as you desire for the children, but for some *needful* thing of a holiday kind. William's frock has been examined with ever-growing admiration both by young and old of the Family. The Mother and Nurse (Fanny) are especially proud of it, but we do think your God-daughter must have the first dirtying of it upon some grand occasion, as it would be a *real* pleasure to her. And poor William would be quite unconscious of the honour. Do not think, however, that he is to be defrauded. The Frock is to be his and his alone when he has the sense to enjoy it properly. Tell Miss Buck that we cannot find out how even *her hands* could have made it more beautiful. Catherine's hat is not yet arrived. It is to come by the waggon. You do not mention your Father's asthma. I hope he is continuing better, though the weather has been against him of late. I wish you had been able to tell me that your Br. had got over the awful moment. It is quite wonderful to me that he can have kept off so long, being under his Father's Roof with the Girl; her manners being so easy and alluring, and he so sure of a favourable hearing. I fear if it is not done before the departure from Bury they may go on as heretofore years after—and even till all the 'Life of life be gone'—which I should lament very much for her sake. How is your Brother William? Does he still complain of noises in his head? Remember me kindly to him and all your Brothers and your dear Father and dear Sister. I often talk of them and think about them still oftener. Though I have not seen very much of your Sister I have feelings connected with her almost like those which I have for a *tried* and steady friend—a confidence that I know her to be thoroughly good and discreet and sensible, and if I were in a trouble or in difficulty she is one of those to whom I could apply with confidence for assistance and comfort. I should be sure that she would say and do what was right and from quiet tenderness of feeling as much as from purity of mind and useful good sense. I hope I shall see her again and at Bury, for I do not wish you to have any other home than there or in the neighbourhood as

long as your Father lives, and God grant that that may be many a year. Oh! these Poets! (Mr. Wilson is a poet.) They have such pens! and such ink! and never a pen-knife! and the ink holder is a narrow-necked bottle which paints my pen half an inch every time I dip for a little ink. I should not much mind this if I were at liberty to scrawl over my paper; but I have a great deal yet to say; though the matter be not very important. I believe I wrote to you last on the very day after we had left Hackett—where we lodged for three nights—4 children, and a maid, W. Mary, and I! It is as poor a cottage as ever you saw, standing upon a hill-top overlooking little Langdale, Tilberthwaite, Colwith, and the vale of Brathay; warm because it fronts the south, and sheltered behind by crags, and on one side and in front by the barn and garden wall, which exclude all prospect from the windows, but at the door chuse to the right or to the left and you have mountains, hamlets, woods, cottages, and rocks. The weather was heavenly, when we were there, and the first morning we sat in hot sunshine on a crag, twenty yards from the door, while William read part of the 5th Book of *Paradise Lost* to us. He read *The Morning Hymn*, while a stream of white vapour, which coursed the valley of Brathay, ascended slowly and by degrees melted away. It seemed as if we had never before felt deeply the power of the Poet ‘Ye mists and exhalations, etc., etc.’

That evening William left us, and I went a part of the way with him. The darkness came on before I reached the house, which stands at a great distance from the road, and the way to it is over a peat moss and through trackless fields. I lost myself, got into a wood, climbed over high walls that I should have trembled at by day, at last found myself again on the peat moss, and stumbled on, often above the knees in mud, till I came to a cottage. All this time I had been quite composed, and was planning what I should do if I were forced to stay out all night; but, when I laid my hand upon the latch of that cottage-door my heart overflowed, and when I entered I could not speak for weeping and sobbing. I sat a few minutes, put on a pair of the woman’s stockings, and her husband guided me to Hackett; and I then perceived that it would have been utterly impossible for

me ever to have got thither alone, after the daylight was gone. I found poor Mary in a wretched state with her bairns—Sarah and her father had gone out half distracted to seek me; and Mary was trembling from head to foot. The next day the woman of the house called to see me, and declared she was ‘never so *wae* for anybody in her life’, I was in such wretched case the night before. Well! it is over, and this good is come of it, that I shall never again go alone in rough places, and on unknown ground, late in the evening.

Two days afterwards we returned. The day after we reached home was very fine, and we were out with the children as long as the sun shone; but the next morning Dorothy roused me from my sleep with ‘Aunt! it is time to get up, it is a *blasty* morning—it does *blast* so!’ and the next morning with ‘It is a *haily* morning—it hails so hard!’ And this *blasty* and *haily* and snowy weather continued till last Friday, and during the first 3 or 4 days I was half killed by it; and I thought our house, with its plastered walls, half-carpeted floors, and half-furnished rooms, the coldest place in the world. I got used to it before the weather changed and bore it better; and, contriving to take a long walk every evening, I grew hardy and stout. By the bye, we *had* one fine day, the Sunday on which your last letter was written. All else bad till Friday. On Thursday we were all bustle and business for in the morning we determined to come to Elleray and we had all to prepare. The clothes were not mangled, we had this to do, dry them and pack up and have the 5 Bairns with provisions and all other things ready to be off by three o’clock. We had long been miserable about the Scarlet Fever, which was in the two next houses to ours—a strong man died of it there last week, and poor William’s anxious mind was harassed past enduring. We had thought of going to Sockbridge, but Elleray came suddenly into our minds. William went off to Mr. Wilson to prepare the way for us and Mary Fanny and the 5 children came hither on Thursday afternoon by a post chaise, and I followed on foot on Friday morning. We have heard to-day from Grasmere that the sick are mending and that the fever spreads no further, but we shall probably stay at least a fortnight longer for perfect security. We are very comfortable. Mr. Wilson was with us yesterday,

and will come again to-morrow; but he is not very much at home in general, being actually, as it is said, engaged to Miss Jane Penny whom he follows most assiduously. He lodges in general at Wilcock's; but I am happy to say he lives in a very orderly regular way, and has entirely left off wine and many other follies. He has lodged at home two nights since William and Mary came, I believe entirely for the sake of William's company, and probably we may have him often on that account. The servants are very kind, good-natured, and fond of the children, and the situation of the house is enchanting, so we could not have been so well off anywhere. We get provisions near at hand, and shall not be at more expense than at home, and having more servants and a smaller house, Mary and I have much more leisure than at home. Yet Oh! the loads of mending and making that we have to do. I long for your schools.

I wrote so far last night after W. and M. were gone to bed, for in the evening Wm. employed me to compose a description or two for the finishing of his work for Wilkinson.¹ It is a most irksome task to him, not being permitted to follow his own course, and I daresay you will find this latter part very flat. This morning John and Mary are gone to walk out for 3 hours, and I have the care of the baby, the quietest child we ever had, though he is so ill in the cough. Catherine gains flesh and strength, though the cough is dreadful at times, as she vomits generally 2 or 3 times after she is put to bed. Catherine is the most wayward and petted creature in the world, and very troublesome. I fear this will not be got over till the warm weather comes, which makes all healthy children independent. She is more lame than I thought her at first. It is now to be perceived as she walks more and as the other limb strengthens, yet I do not fear her getting the better of it. I know not what foolish thing I said about the children, but this I am sure of, that there are few people who would not allow that there is something out of the common way in the appearance of them all, and that you seldom see 5 of one family that are so interesting on the outside. Poor John's Duncery is intolerable, but recollecting what you have said of your Tom at his age and perceiving the child's uncommon sen-

¹ v. Letter 393.

sibility, the depth and strength of his feelings, I am not hopeless of him even in that line. Dorothy is quick and goes on famously with her Book—far past John—I teach them both now, as the boys cannot go to School till the fever is over—but after wearying out my stomach, which I have done with John, I find that we have not advanced the smallest point. I am sure he never *will* do till he is at another school. Dorothy is not to go to school at Grasmere at all. I hope that before the Spring I shall have made a good scholar of her. Nothing can more clearly prove the hurry in which I last wrote than that I never mentioned Coleridge's departure. The consulting Carlyle is quite a farce, but the Montagus say he seems disposed to be regular. For my part I am hopeless of him, and I dismiss him as much as possible from my thoughts. I have recollected *one* debt that I left at Bury, and whenever I have written to you I forgot to mention it, the altering of my straw bonnet—pray, pay for it. The weather is delightful. Oh could you see the glittering lake of Windermere which lies before me—bays, islands, promontories. It is paradise itself, and if I go two yards from the door I can behold Langdale pikes and the Range of Grasmere and Rydale fells with the lake and all the intermediate country. Oh! that I could see you in this country once again my beloved Friend.

I wish heartily that the steel may do you good and stave off your monthly sorrows. Write soon and often and long letters. Give my love to dear Tom, to whom I wish many happy Birth-days, and I hope he will be polite and gracious in his manners when I see him again—*good* he is already. Pray tell me all about Wisbech etc. Kind love to Mr. Clarkson.

Poor Mrs Trevellyan. If she enquires after me remember me respectfully to her. What you say of the [?] is likely enough. I am truly sorry for her. Remember me to Mrs Kitchener and remind her Boys of me. Mary is very strong and fat ; I am quite well. How glad I am that I have been to Bury. Think of me by your fire-side—How happy we should be together. God bless you for ever, my dear good Friend.

Mary is quite strong and well—I am quite well.

Address: Mrs Clarkson, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk.

NOVEMBER 1810

MS. 423. *D. W. to Thomas De Quincey*

Saturday [Nov. 17 (?) 1810]

My dear Friend,

If any letters should be at Ambleside pray direct them to us here. Tell Sarah, if you please, that we shall send our dirty linen by the next Carrier, which she must wash and return to us—directed to be left at Charles Stuart's, Orrest Head. Sarah must put up as much Butter as will last us a week and send it in a pot and continue to do so till she hears from me. We shall probably stay at least a fortnight longer. The Carrier waits—excuse haste—I wish we had a Bed for you—at all Events we shall hope to see you, God bless you

Yours truly

D. Wordsworth

Pray *charge* the Carrier to bring our Parcels on to Orrest head, for an old Man who has brought my things has come all the way from Ambleside with them. I hope you are better. Pray write. Give our love to Sarah and tell her to take good care of herself.

If Sarah can get Yeast she must bake a week's Bread, and send it.

Address: Thomas de Quincey Esq^{re}, Grasmere.

MS. 424. *D. W. to Thomas De Quincey*

J. K(—)

Elleray Sunday Even^g—18th Nov^r [1810]

My dear Friend,

We have just received your note. With respect to poor Aggy Black I am sorry to say that my Sister has had no letter from Mr Crump; but she wrote yesterday to Miss Crump requesting an immediate answer. We do not know what to augur from Mr Crump's silence, I hope it does not proceed from his not intending to lett the house at all, because Mary desired him to write immediately to inform her whether it was to be lett or not. I hope, therefore, it is only that he has been busy, and put off writing. Pray tell Aggy Black this, and that my Sister will certainly have an answer from Miss Crump on Friday night, if Miss C. writes immediately, as Mary desired her to do.

You do not mention your own health therefore I hope you are better—William groans over the projected change in the Ministry.¹ We have not yet received tonight's papers therefore we have at present no later news than you have already got ; but we shall have papers tonight and if there be any news in them I will set it down for your amusement, keeping my letter open for that purpose—but for my part I am sick of expecting the great Battle.

We are much concerned at the spreading of the fever, rather the continuance of it in Walker's house, which I fear will be followed by a further spreading ; for people are so incautious and foolish—especially that Family of the Walkers. I sent a letter to Sarah this evening enclosed to Mrs Moss, and I desired Robert Jameson to convey it to her, and to read it for her information. In that letter I desired Sarah to make up some white Bread, I am sorry she has no yeast ; I hope however, to be able to send her some from Ambleside tomorrow—We shall make application to Mrs Green. I told Sarah that we should send our dirty Linen. This we shall do on Wednesday and she must wash it and send it back as soon as she can ; for the news contained in your Note, received this evening, has determined us to stay a week longer at Elleray ; therefore Sarah must not reckon upon our being at home before this day Fortnight. I desired her *not* to send us more butter but, as our stay will be longer than we had intended this morning we wish her to send the next time she churns. She must also send us a pot of Preserves, and if the Chest of Tea should arrive from London she may open it and send one pound of black tea. Pray give our love to Sarah, and tell her that we are very sorry to think of her loneliness ; I hope, however, she is now more comfortable, being a little used to it ; and tell her, she must comfort herself with mending her cloathes. Pray ask Sarah if she wants money. If she does, be so good as to let her have 5 or 10 shillings, or whatever she may want. Pray when you write, tell us how her health is, and if she has been always quite well since we left Grasmere.²

¹ The Duke of Portland was succeeded as Prime Minister by Perceval.

² Japp ends this letter:

I close in haste—Always your affectionate Friend
but these words are not in the MS.

D. Wordsworth.

MS. *425. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

K(—)

Kendal Dec. [1810]

My dear Friend,

I began to write to you two days after I received your last letter, was prevented from going on, and never found an opportunity to mind to begin again till Thursday arrived, the day I had fixed for coming to see Mrs Cookson at Kendal. I then thought I should find opportunity at Kendal for writing the long letter which I intended, for I have a hundred things to say, or rather talk about, but at Kendal I find I have less leisure than at home. The day goes on I know not how. I came hither last Thursday, and shall return to Elleray on Tuesday, and about the Monday following we shall, I daresay, proceed to Grasmere, for the fever has not broken out afresh for several weeks, and all the Patients look upon themselves as fit to go about among their neighbours. My dear Friend I cannot express what pain I feel in refusing to grant any request of yours, and above all one in which dear Mr Clarkson joins so earnestly, but indeed I cannot have that narrative published. My reasons are entirely disconnected with myself, much as I should detest the idea of setting myself up as an Author. I should not object on that score as if it had been an invention of my own it might have been published without a name, and nobody would have thought of me. But on account of the Family of the Greens I cannot consent. Their story was only represented to the world in that narrative which was drawn up for the collecting of the subscription, so far as might tend to produce the end desired, but by publishing this narrative of mine I should bring the children forward to notice as Individuals, and we know not what injurious effect this might have upon them. Besides it appears to me that the events are too recent to be published in delicacy to others as well as to the children. I should be the more hurt at having to return such an answer to your request, if I could believe that the story would be of that service to the work which Mr Clarkson imagines. I cannot believe that it would do much for it. Thirty of forty years hence when the characters of the children are formed and they can be no longer objects of curiosity, if it should

DECEMBER 1810

be thought that any service would be done, it is my present wish that it should then be published whether I am alive or dead. I left all well at Elleray—Catherine is completely transformed into a jolly healthy looking lively [child], yet she coughs very often and her lameness is very visible. William has begun to thrive again though *he* coughs seriously. No children in the neighbourhood have had the disease half so bad as ours. Catherine was as near gone as possible. Poor Mrs Kitchener! give my love to her. I fear hers will not escape. We have not heard from Coleridge therefore I know nothing of the schemes respecting the Courier, or anything else, but knowing he must get [it] somewhere I am going to write to him on business before I leave Kendal. All agree that he looked well and was in good spirits, but Mary says they do not understand his looks; for when he passed through Grasmere he appeared bloated and swollen up with fat and to her mind looked very ill. As soon as we reach home I will write to you a letter more to my own satisfaction—I am grieved to send off this. God bless you. I think of you and Bury, and speak of you every hour of the day when I am at home. I hope my name does not sleep by your fireside, and my dearest friend that you think of me in your solitary hours—how happy I should be by your side—happy as I am in the company of my beloved friends and the dearest of children. We had a sweet letter from Sara lately. Poor thing, she longs to be with us again—but money! money! I am determined however when it is possible to go into Wales. What if I should meet you there next year! My kindest love to Mr Clarkson and Tom and your Father and Mother. Believe me ever more

yours affectionately

D. W.

I am called [] again.

Address: Mrs Clarkson, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk.

MS. 426. *D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

K(—)

Grasmere 30th Dec: [1810]

My dear Friend,

I promised you a long letter immediately after our return to Grasmere; and I fully intended to perform my promise; but I

have really had so little leisure that you would neither wonder at nor blame me for having been nearly a fortnight at home without having touched a pen ; if you could know how my time has been employed. We came home last Tuesday but one, very sorry to change the snug cottage for this large house, with its long passages and clashing doors, and I am sorry to add smoky chimnies ; for till within these two days, we have had stormy winds, and therefore smoky chimnies : our old sorrow, which we knew little of last winter, the weather having been remarkably calm. Commend me to a snug house under the shelter of a hill, with trees round about it ; rooms plenty, but not over large. Yet when I speak ill of this house as a winter residence I ought to add that we have one sitting room fronting the lake, which is absolutely chearing from its warmth. If the parsonage were ready to receive us—garden made, trees planted, etc., etc.—I should look forward with pleasure to the month of May, the time of our removal from Allan Bank. but alas ! nothing is done, and the old Parson is so ill that it seems absolutely inhuman to send workmen into his house. William has undertaken the whole charge of getting the business done, and you know how unfit he is for any task of this kind. Mary and I are, however, determined not to enter upon it, till it is finished completely ; for we were thoroughly sickened of workmen when we first came hither.

I stayed ten days at Kendal, and walked to Ellerray on the Saturday preceding our departure. It was a lovely evening when I reached Ellerray, and the view from the cottage was perfectly enchanting. There never was a situation which was better calculated for invalids, for old people, or such as are much employed within doors, and cannot seek pleasure far from home. The view from our windows, except under accidental circumstances, of mists and partial sunshine is positively *insipid*, compared with it ; and then the cottage, though it stands high, is as snug as a wren's nest. But, on the other hand, for us who can walk abroad, and make that one of our daily pleasures, we are here much better situated. Which way soever we turn we find something more beautiful than what we see from our own windows, while the treasures of Easedale lie, as it were, at our door. You may guess that after our return from Ellerray we were

unsettled the first day and till the end of the week. I was kept hard at work but looked forward to Sunday as the day of letter writing. On Sunday however I walked with William to Brathay and Ambleside and did not return till nine o'clock and I had only time to write one letter, and that was to Sara whom I had long neglected. Next day came on preparations for Christmas, the day after a large party dined in the kitchen with the children, of whom the chief were three servants of Mr Wilson, whose coming had been anticipated ever since we left Elleray as one of the most joyful events. But I ought to have said that on Christmas Eve Jane and Mary Hutchinson came to spend their holidays with us, so we have now 7 children in the house and are expecting Miss Weir in the beginning of next week to finish *her* holidays with us. On Friday we dined with Mr de Quincey and all the rest of the week neither Mary nor I have had any relaxation except walking. Do not think that we have been at hard labour—but when not nursing Mary has been knitting, I have been sewing, and Mary has two hours *very hard* labour every day in rubbing Catherine. This job I reckon consumes 3 hours of her day for she always rubs by the clock an hour each time, and there is a deal of loss in dressing and undressing, coaxing, playing etc. Catherine is the image of her Aunt Sara in face and person, yet she has more of drollery and less of sweetness in her countenance. I myself have no doubts that her lameness will disappear in time, yet I must confess, that considering the very rapid progress which she made at first, her progress is now very small. She runs and walks as fast as any child of her general strength; but she appears to lean to the side on account of the manner in which she sets down her right leg. That foot when set down makes a more acute angle from her Body than the other, and consequently she appears to lean to that side. She is very proud of her Godmother's new Hat and William's nurse is as proud of *his frock*, which has been once dirtied. I believe I never yet thanked Betsy for the trouble she took in making my sister's Cap—It is a very pretty cap and suits her exactly. Pray give my love to Betsy when you thank her for this service done for me. We had a letter from Sara to-day. She writes in good spirits and is so bold in her strength that she even talks of coming

to us next summer in the coach, but we have proposed that she should come with our friend Mr Cookson who will be at Hindwell in the Spring. Poor Mary Monkhouse is I fear in a very precarious state; yet as advice has been called for on the first alarm and as she is well aware of her danger, and that whatever is done must be done early and pursued steadily I trust she will be saved. Sara says that she grows thinner, yet she has not so much of the pain in her side as before. John Monkhouse thinks that the air of Hindwell does not agree with her, and Sara says that Mr. Carlisle did not like the notion of the Pool before the house. At all events it cannot be a good situation for a consumptive person, the house itself being one of the coldest in the Island. She cannot be kept warm though she is completely clothed in fleecy hosiery next her skin and wears a waistcoat of Chamois leather above. John Hutchinson reports that his Uncle is wearing away gently without pain, and that he cannot survive the winter. It grieves me that one connected with persons whom I love should live so selfish and useless a life as to occasion in those persons such thoughts and wishes as our better nature revolts against. Many a time have I said 'What a pity that he does not deal out his money amongst you and then the longer he might live the better pleased we should be.' We hear nothing better of poor dear Coleridge than that he has his hair dressed and powdered by a hairdresser every day. He writes to nobody. Happily he has left his Tavern lodgings and is with his friends the Morgans at Hammersmith. One thing is certain that he is in great want of money, for he had been with Tom Monkhouse to ask him to help him to collect. The Boys went to Keswick last Friday but one. We did not see Derwent for he passed through Grasmere in the coach which runs three times in the week. Hartley who looks remarkably well—stout and handsome, walked with his Uncle Southey who spent two nights at Mr de Quincey's. I have not yet read Southey's *Curse of Kehama*; but I believe, from William's account, that it has great merit. His English motto I dislike very much; and, from what I gather in skimming the poem, it is not the kind of subject that will please me, though I daresay there will be much that I shall like scattered through the work.

I am going to prime you for an attack upon *The Lady of the Lake*; but let me first stipulate that you stoutly begin the battle. First, then, I will copy Mr. De Quincey's letter to Mary. 'W. Scott's last novel, *The Lady of the Lake*, is the grand subject of prattle and chatter hereabouts. I have read it aloud to oblige my brother, and a more disgusting task I never had. I verily think that it is the completest magazine of all forms of the Falsetto in feeling and diction that now exists; and the notes, as usual, the most finished specimen of book-making. (alias swindling). I have given great offence to some of Walter's idolaters by expressing these opinions with illustrations—and, in particular, by calling it a *novel* (which indeed it is; only a very dull one). Yesterday at a dinner party I had a hornet's nest upon me for only observing that the true solution of Walter's notoriety was to be found in this; . . . that whereas, heretofore, if one *would* read novels, one must do it under the penalty thereunto annexed of being accredited for feeble-mindedness, and *missiness*; now (by favour of W. S.) one might read a novel, and have the credit of reading a poem. An excellent joke is, that all these good people think *The Lady of the Lake* infinitely superior to *Marmion*; and that it is possible to be even disgusted with the one, and enamoured of the other.

A still better joke is that the difference is ascribed to the criticisms of Mr. Jeffrey! "Oh dear!" a lady said to me, "the inferiority of *Marmion* is infinite, in my opinion—positively infinite!" "Strange, Madam," I replied (to her unspeakable horror),

Strange that such difference should be
 'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee"¹

Now I will turn to Coleridge's letter,² but I have not room for half of it. I will only therefore give you the concluding paragraph. He says, 'In short, my dear William, it is time to write a recipe for poems of this sort. I amused myself a day or two ago, on reading a romance in Mrs. Radcliffe's style, with making out a scheme which was to serve for all romances *a priori*, only

¹ From the *Epigram on Handel and Bononcini* by Byrom, 1725.

² Written to W. W. from Keswick during the previous summer.

varying the proportions. A baron, or baroness, ignorant of their birth and in some dependent situation; a castle, on a rock; a sepulchre—at some distance from the rock—deserted rooms—underground passages—pictures—a ghost, so believed—or a written record—blood in it; a wonderful cut-throat, etc.etc. Now to make out the component parts of the Scottish Minstrelsy. The first business must be a vast string of ¹ and names of mountains, rivers, etc. The most commonplace imagery the bard “gars luik amaist as weel’s the new”² by the introduction of Benvoirlich:

Uam-Var, copse wood gray
Wept on Loch Achray,
And mingled with the pine trees *blue*
On the bold cliffs of Benvenue.

‘Secondly, all the nomenclature of Gothic architecture, of heraldry, of arms, of hunting and falconry. These possess the power of reviving the caput mortuum and rust of old imagery, besides, they will stand by themselves. Stout substantives, if only they are strung together, and some attention is paid to the sound of the words, for no one attempts to understand the meaning, which indeed would snap the charm. Some pathetic moralizing on old times, or anything else, for the head and tail pieces, with a Bard—(*that* is absolutely necessary)—and songs of course. For the rest, whatever suits Mrs. Radcliffe, i.e. in the fable, and the *dramatis personae*, will do for the poem; with this advantage that, however threadbare in the romance shelves of the circulating library, it is to be taken as quite new so soon as it is told in rhyme. It need not be half as interesting, and the ghost may be a ghost or may be explained, or both may take place in the same poem. Then, the poet not only *may*, but *must*, mix all dialects of all ages; and all styles, from Dr. Robertson to the Babes in the Wood.’

I wish I could have transcribed the whole of the letter; but I will give you the rest in my next if you desire it. We are all

¹ Blank space in MS.

² ‘Gars auld claes look amaist as weel’s the new.’ Burns, *The Cotter’s Saturday Night*, l. 44.

well except John who ran against Fanny on Thursday night in a dark passage and pushed himself upon a kettle filled with boiling water, which she was carrying. Happily the scald is not a bad one and the skin is only broken in one or two small places; but he is very feverish and much disordered by it. The scald extends from his cheek to his shoulder. Tom is very thin and pale, I think he has worms. He is a sweet innocent loving creature. William the baby, is a very pretty, mild, peaceable Infant. More than this there is an uncommon sweetness in his countenance. This is much aided by a beautiful Dimple exactly like Dorothy's. William the Father has written 15 fine political sonnets, which Mary and I would fain have him send to *The Courier*, both in order that they might be read, and that we might have a little profit from his industry! he is, however, so disgusted with critics, newspapers, readers, and the talking public, that we cannot prevail. The King of Sweden, Bonaparte, and the struggles of the Peninsula are the subjects of these sonnets. We are heartless respecting Wellington's doing much. Yet there *never* was a time of so much hope in the Spanish and Portuguese themselves. Give my kind love to your husband and Tom. I cannot express how very much I was hurt at being obliged to refuse to grant any request made by Mr Clarkson. I wish dear Tom a happy New Year—and a merry Christmas too. He is of that age that one may wish him that good with all one's heart and with good cause to hope that the wish will not be disappointed. My dearest friend do write to us soon, for I long to know how you endure this severe weather. How is your Father's Asthma? I hope better—Pray remember me most affectionately to him and your sister.—God Bless you! Believe me ever your affectionate

D. W.

Give my love to Mrs Kitchener and kisses to Henry and Elliot. Tom and William are too old for kisses.

Mary looks better than ever she did in her life. She is grown fat and lusty. I have been very well of late that is till within this week past. I have now a bad cough and hoarseness. Mary's fondest love. Do write soon if only just to tell us how you are. *Address: Mrs Clarkson, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk.*

FEBRUARY 1811

MS.

427. D. W. to R. W.

Grasmere—February 10th 1811

My dear Brother,

I was very sorry that I had not the happiness of finding you at Staple Inn when I was in London in the middle and towards the end of October. My stay there was very short; for I was summoned home from Binfield on account of the dangerous illness of my Niece Catherine. You were in the North at that time, and how long afterwards I do not know; but I was for some time pleased with the hope, that, though I missed you in London we should see you here.—We have had an anxious time on the whole since my return; for no sooner has one Child recovered from a troublesome indisposition than another has fallen ill. At this time the hooping-cough (which first attacked them in the middle of summer) still hangs about every one of the five; and the youngest is very poorly. William has been troubled with a weakness in his eyes attended with swelling in the lids; otherwise he is very well, and I am happy to say that both Mary and I are in good health, notwithstanding our late fatigues and anxieties. I hope that you have had no return of your illness—I had the satisfaction of hearing from Mr Addison that you were perfectly well last summer.

Mr Hutchinson of Stockton, Mary Wordsworth's Uncle, is dead, having left a property of upwards of 50,000. Two of Mary's Brothers will inherit each more than 8,000—but I suppose that Mary and her Sisters will not get more than 1,500 or 2,000£ each. His bequests to them are all in Land, therefore, especially as he has not *let* the land, but cultivated it himself, it is not possible to know exactly the value of their property.

I am very sorry we have not seen you during our abode in this House. We shall leave it in May, and take possession of the Parsonage, a smaller concern, which will on the whole suit us better.

I write to apprise you that William will draw upon you next week at one Month for 49£-19s—I have so often entreated you to send us a Statement of our accounts with you that I am very unwilling to repeat the request; yet I feel it of so much importance that we should be satisfied on this head that I cannot help

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urging you once again to employ some person to make out a statement;—I hope I shall be able to visit you at Sockbridge next Summer; but you *must* contrive to come and see us first.

William and Mary join with me in kind Love to you. I remain,
dear Richard

your affectionate Sister

D W

Address: Richard Wordsworth Esq^{re}, Staple Inn, London.

MS. 428. *D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

K(—)

Friday, 23rd Feb^{ry} [1811]

I take this large sheet of paper without much hope of being able to fill it; but as I know I shall hurt your eyes besides grieving myself if I take a small one and cannot cram into it all that I may find time to say I will run the risk of disappointing you by sending you a huge blank space at the end of my letter. My dear Friend, a thousand thanks for your long and kind letter, and thanks to your laziness, as you are pleased to call it, that you did not burn it after mine reached you! I am sure you would not have given me more of it if you had written again, and being fresh from your heart and your head when it was first penned it was as fresh to me as if it had not lain in your desk an hour before it was sent off. My dear friend, you can hardly conceive how much I prize your letters; I think much more since I have seen the very bed on which you write them, and am acquainted with every object that surrounds you. No doubt you have heard from Sara of the death of our Uncle Henry, and of the just distribution of his property—but perhaps you have not; so in brief I will tell you. He has left John, Thomas, (Mary's Brothers) and George, Henry, and Thomas her Cousins joint residuary legatees, who will each receive from 8 to 10,000£.

To Henry and George, the two remaining Brothers of Mary, he has left the INTEREST of £500 each—and for what reason has he thus posted them in his Will as unworthy to be trusted even with that paltry sum? Solely (in George's case at least, this is literally true) because they have been unfortunate—and George's misfortunes were entirely owing to this same uncle's want of

judgment in the beginning, and his meanness and cruelty in the conclusion of their connection with each other. As to poor Henry he has been unfortunate enough God knows, and I believe *his MISFORTUNES* also were the sole cause of this cruelty, though no doubt the Uncle flattered his own discernment by persuading himself that his *misconduct* was the sole cause. Henry, it is true, has often behaved incorrectly; but where are the judges of the provocations which he endured—Those very persons alone who provoked him. And every body is able enough to perceive wherein he acted wrong—but hard must that Man's heart have been who saw him go from his Family, a blooming, brave and generous Boy, and could not pardon a few transgressions for the sake of past remembrances and of long years of suffering and of hardship of every kind—He is now at Sea and when he is told how he has been used he will be grievously mortified, for knowing within himself he had done nothing to deserve this treatment, he was unable to suspect that his Uncle would be guilty of such injustice. His Brothers will I have no doubt give him enough to enable him to live in retirement and to satisfy all his desires which are very moderate, but it will not be the same thing to him as if it had been his own by right. To Joanna and Mary an estate is left which lets for 100£ per annum. John values this estate at from 3 to 4,000 but as it consists of fifty acres of what he calls *nice pasture Land*, and is within a mile and a half of Stockton, I think both that it may be much underlett and that his valuation is too low. Be it as it will it is a poor portion for either of them out of so much; it is however as much as Mary expected; but Joanna had reason, as a favorite, to look for more, and he has, besides, broken his word with her; for he promised her both money and land. To Sara and Betsy¹ he has left an Estate which John values at about 3,000—but Sara herself only values it at 2,000. We cannot judge of its worth as it has not been let, but the Uncle has had it in his own hands. Betsy's proportion of the estate is only hers for life. Poor Sara, she who being an invalid, wants the most, is cut off in this way. Certainly without enough to maintain herself and a horse—and a horse is now necessary to her well-being.

¹ Betsy: i.e. Elizabeth H. (1776-1832), M. W.'s third sister.

I ought to have told you that the 3 cousins had far more than enough before their Uncle's death—two of them, indeed, were very wealthy men, which makes the injustice to G and H and the women the more vexatious. I must conclude this history which I know will rouse your rage, a noble rage indeed, with one addition, which will give you something pleasant to think about in connexion with it. We had a letter from George on Sunday night. He says he should not have cared if his Uncle had left him nothing, and adds, why did he thus brand me? making me a yearly pensioner for 25£ (or words to this effect) but as long as I am in my present situation I can let Henry have it, and 50£ a year will make him easy without going to sea again! George is now in the Receipt of 300£ per annum more or less, as Steward and Bailiff, and is in high favour with his Master—George has taken this insult nobly, as I was sure he would, and after all my Malice I must confess that 50£ coming in every year will be a very comfortable thing to us, and more we had no right to expect. It is very well that so good a man as Tom has got so much; but I do grudge to the rest of them, not excepting the head of *our* Hutchinson Family—John—for he is, though a man of considerable natural sensibility, perfectly selfish and self-involved—No more tonight I am going to bed to a poor Child who coughs as hard as ever and I shall probably not have an hour of undisturbed sleep. For the first hour after she went to bed she coughed violently every 5 or 10 minutes—she has since vomited abundantly many times and is now sleeping quietly. This quiet time I ought to seize for my sleep and it is near 12 o'clock—so dear Friend, good night! I will finish tomorrow. Wednesday mor.^s I am weary of writing long histories of our troubles from the hooping-cough and other causes. Poor Tom was very ill at Elleray, stayed 4 days at Ambleside in lodgings with his Mother and the Baby to be under Mr Scambler's care, and came home much better, and he has gone on improving—though he, and J and D, (whom we call well) cough very much—but all last week the Baby and Catharine have been very poorly.—For three or 4 days Catharine never left her Mother's knee or mine, and we durst not trust the Baby out of the warm parlour, so when we were both there we had each a Child, and when only

one that one had two to nurse. On Saturday C was so ill that we were afraid she would soon be reduced as low as ever and I was coming to Ambleside to seek lodgings for her and myself, change of air always having relieved her, when Miss Knott called and urged us to come to her house, therefore on Sunday she sent her car for us. The Child has been much better ever since—yet she vomits and coughs as in the height of the hooping cough—but her fever is gone and she is tolerably lively.—The hooping-cough is certainly a sore affliction in the degree to which our Children have had it. With the Lloyds it has been but a play thing in comparison. William came over to see us on Monday and I expect him again today. He left the Baby very poorly (he has not cut a tooth yet) and Mary in a bad cold. We expect John and Tom Hutchinson very soon. Joanna is I suppose at Stockton and will be with us in a few weeks, and we expect Miss Monkhouse too. They will have little comfort if the Children are not better. We have now not more than ten or eleven weeks to stay at Allan Bank, so that there seems to be nothing before us but bustle—I wish Mary and the 3 youngest Children to go to the sea side at the time of removal; for I think it will do her no less service than the Children, and Mary's presence while there is a young Baby would be of little use at home where all would be bustle and confusion.—So far I wrote yesterday and now I snatch a moment to conclude; but I know not whether I can finish my paper—for bad news is just come into this house—A Miss Knott who is confined with a broken leg is above stairs, and the news arrived $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour ago of the death of a favorite Brother, whose house she has kept for some years past. She has only another left—You may be sure I share in the distress which every one feels and I am called upon to do my utmost to relieve it. Thursday night.—All are gone to bed tolerably composed. My little charge has neither coughed violently nor vomited once since she came to bed. She has mended gradually most quickly since we came, and I hope to carry her home quite well on Saturday.—The effect of change of air upon her is really marvellous.—I am very sorry to have only a wee bit of candle so goodnight—and God bless you. I hope you are fast asleep for it is past twelve o'clock—we have a fire in our room night and

day and every comfort. Old Mrs Knott, a maiden lady of 82, is a most extraordinary woman, as lively as the Matron of Jedbergh.¹ She is a perfect Chronicle of past times. One part of her Character is very interesting, that she is as passionately attached to this country as any young woman of sensibility of two and twenty could be with full liberty to roam amongst the Hills. There is a tree yet standing at Grasmere, in the very field which our dear John fixed upon as the place where he would build his house, in which tree there is a wen, which has grown to a prodigious size and was looked upon as something remarkable when Mrs Knott was a little Child. In the Fork of that tree just above the Wen she used to sit and knit, and within the last two years—she has gone to look at the old tree, and for years back she has delighted in visiting the spot.

Friday morn^g. After a good night we are risen—my little one has eat a hearty breakfast and before I am summoned to mine I will say a few words to you—Betsy has by this time taken your Breakfast away, for it is long past 9 o'clock—I have only seen William twice since I came, for Mary has such a bad cold that he did not like to leave her for long together. The Coleridges came to see me yesterday morn^g. Every time I see Hartley I admire him more—He is very thoughtful—often silent—and never talks as much as he used to do. Both he and Derwent far surpass their Schoolfellows in quickness at their Book—and both (especially Hartley) are beloved by their schoolfellows, not less than by Mr Dawes, their Master.—It would pity any body's heart to look at Hartley when he enquires as if hopelessly if there has been any news of his Father.—I wish I had brought your last letter with me—I am sure there were several things in it to be replied to. I understand by the falsetto in music an affectation of, or effort after beauties and ornaments, which are not founded on just principles. In short the false would be as good to my mind as the falsetto—only there is something of *glitter* conveyed to me by the word falsetto. In like manner I understand the word as applied to Scott's poetry ; to the descriptions, to the language to the passions—in which there is neither truth nor simplicity—a certain tinsel decoration, analogous to

¹ v. Oxf. W., p. 293.

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the ill-laboured and affected in music which may dazzle and surprize the ignorant but never touches the natural and feeling heart.—I wish William were here to give you *his* notions. I think if you look up the *Hohen Linden*¹ yourself you would not find it difficult to prove to Miss Harriet at least if it is not nonsense that there is very little sense in it, and that the author neither understood nor looked steadily at his subject. I believe he is not capable of this last effort of mind if I may judge from the huddling nonsense of the *Pleasures of Hope*—My dear Friend, Your accounts of your Husband's labours in the cause of the poor Negroes—of his farming successes and his little vexations interest me very much for your sake as well as his. The vexations will do him no harm as long as he has employments which lead his benevolent mind as far from home. I believe with you that literary employments or the active employment of his benevolence are absolutely necessary to him, and with the farming will be very useful to him besides bringing in provender for the house. You do not mention your Father's Asthma—Give my kind love to him and your Sister and remember me to all your Brothers—Tell your sister that her old Habit is put by as too good to make up for John—I shall wear it as a habit till I want it for a coat—Mary has made her habit into a cloak, trimmed with your dear Mother's fur—and it is quite beautiful and Lady-like. I got a short drab Cloak and Bonnet in London—I wish you may soon hear from Georgiana. I have not common patience with your Brother John though he be your Brother—Give my Love to Georgiana and Sarah—Poor Tom! I often think of him—When I see him again he will have put on the young man and then I expect he will always be as pleasant as he is now when he is his own natural self—God bless you my dearest Friend—write whenever you can without harm to yourself—Remember me to Mrs Kitchener—and her Boys—My Love to Betsy.

Address: Mrs Clarkson, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.

¹ Campbell's *Hohenlinden* was first printed in 1803 in a quarto volume containing the 7th ed. of *The Pleasures of Hope*.

MARCH 1811

MS. 429. W. W. to William Godwin
Kegan Paul¹(—) K(—)

Grasmere March 9th 1811

Dear Sir,

I received your letter and the accompanying Booklet yesterday.—Some one recommended to Gainsborough a subject for a Picture, it pleased him much, but he immediately said with a sigh, 'What a pity I did not think of it myself' Had I been as much delighted with the Story of the Beauty and the Beast as you appear to have been, and as much struck with its fitness for Verse, still your proposal would have occasioned in me a similar regret. I have ever had the same sort of perverseness, I cannot work upon the suggestion of others however eagerly I might have addressed myself to the proposed subject if it had come to me of its own accord. You will therefore attribute my declining the task of versifying the Tale to this infirmity, rather than to an indisposition to serve you. Having stated this, it is unnecessary to add, that in my opinion things of this sort cannot be even decently done without great labour, especially in our language. Fontaine acknowledges that he found '*les narrations en vers très mal-aisées*', yet he allowed himself, in point of metre and versification, every kind of liberty, and only chose such subjects as (to the disgrace of his Country be it spoken) the french language is peculiarly fitted for. This Tale, I judge from its name, is of french Origin; it is not however found in a little collection which I have in that tongue; mine only includes Puss in Boots, Cinderella, Red riding hood, and two or three more. I think the shape in which it appears in the little Book you have sent me has much injured the Story, and Mrs. Wordsworth and my Sister both have an impression of its being told differently and to them much more pleasantly though they do not distinctly recollect the deviations. I confess there is to me something disgusting in the notion of a human Being consenting to mate with a Beast, however amiable his qualities of heart. There is a line

¹ *William Godwin* by C. Kegan Paul, 1876. A draft of this letter also exists.

and a half in the *Paradise Lost* upon this subject which always shocked me,—

‘for which cause

Among the Beasts no Mate for thee was found.’¹

These are objects to which the attention of the mind ought not to be turned even as things in possibility.—I have never seen the Tale in french, but as every body knows, the word *Bete* in french conversation perpetually occurs as applied to a stupid, senseless, half-idiotic Person—*Bêtise* in like manner stands for stupidity. With us *Beast* and *bestial* excite loathsome and disgusting ideas, I mean when applied in a metaphorical manner; and consequently something of the same hangs about the literal sense of the words. *Brute* is the word employed when we contrast the *intellectual* qualities of the inferior animals with our own, the brute creation, &c. ‘Ye of *brute human*, we of *human Gods*.’² *Brute* metaphorically used, with us designates ill-manners of a coarse kind, or insolent and ferocious cruelty—I make these remarks with a view to the difficulty attending the treatment of this story in our tongue, I mean in verse, where the utmost delicacy, that is, true philosophic permanent delicacy is required.

Wm. Taylor of Norwich³ took the trouble of versifying *Blue Beard* some years ago, and might perhaps not decline to assist you in the present case, if you are acquainted with him or could get at him. He is a Man personally unknown to me, and in his literary character doubtless an egregious coxcomb, but he is ingenious enough to do this if he could be prevailed upon to undertake it.

Permit me to add one particular. You live and have lived long in London and therefore may not know at what rate *Parcels* are conveyed by Coach. Judging from the size, you probably thought the expence of yours would be trifling. You remember the story of the poor Girl who being reproached with having brought forth an illegitimate Child said it was true, but added that it was a very little one; insinuating thereby that her offence was small in proportion. But the plea does not hold good. As it

¹ *P.L.* viii. 593-4

² *P.L.* ix. 712: I of brute human, yee of human Gods.

³ Wm. Taylor of Norwich (1765-1836) a voluminous writer, the translator of *Leonore* and later the author of *Historic Survey of German Poetry* (1828-30), reviewed by Carlyle.

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is in these cases of immorality so is it with the rules of the Coach Offices. To be brief, I had to pay for your tiny parcel 4/9 and should have no more to pay if it had been twenty times as large. The weight till it amount to several pounds is no object with these People; a small Parcel requires as much trouble to receive, to lodge, and to deliver as a large one—and probably more *care* on account of its very smallness. I deem you therefore my debtor, and will put you in a way of being quits with me. If you can command a copy of your Book upon Burial, which I have never seen, let it be sent to Lamb's for my use who in the course of this Spring will be able to forward it to me.

Believe me dear Sir to be

Yours sincerely,

W. Wordsworth.

MS. 430. W. W. to Francis Wrangham

K(—)

Grasmere, March 27th [1811]

My dear Wrangham,

Your last Letter which I have left so long unanswered, found me in a distressed state of mind with one of my children lying nearly as I thought at the point of death. It recovered however after some time. This put me off answering your Letter, when otherwise I might have done my duty; and then my procrastinating habits interfered, making bad far worse. As to Coleridge, there is no accounting for his apparent neglect of any body, except in the common way in which I have accounted for my own apparent neglect of you. He left this Country in October for London where he has since resided, and I have never heard *from* him since, though I have heard several times of him. It is said, he is looking well.—I should certainly have answered your Letter immediately had I known any thing of the Mr W [?] whom you enquire after. But I do not mix with the Gentry of this neighbourhood, and therefore never saw him. I have heard him spoken of as an excellent Musician, and this is all the knowledge I have of him. You return to the Catholic Question. I am decidedly of opinion that no further concessions should be made. The Catholic Emancipation is a mere pretext of ambitious and discontented men. Are you prepared for the next step, a Catholic Established Church?—I confess I dread the thought. As to the

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Bible Society; my view of the subject is as follows. 1st distributing Bibles is a good thing; 2ndly more Bibles will be distributed in consequence of the existence of the Bible Society; therefore so far as that goes the existence of the Bible Society is good;—But 3dly as to the *indirect* benefits expected from it, in producing a golden age of unanimity among Christians, all that I think fume and emptiness, nay far worse; so deeply am I persuaded that discord and artifice, and pride and ambition would be fostered by such an approximation and unnatural alliance of sects that I am inclined to think the evil thus produced would do more than outweigh the good done by dispersing the Bibles. I think the last 50 or 60 Pages of my Brother's pamphlet merit the serious consideration of all persons of the established Church who have connected themselves with Sectaries for this purpose.

The Montagus were down here in the autumn; neither of them looking very well. M. has put himself I think upon too abstemious a regimen. He is, (as you know no doubt) advancing rapidly in his profession. Algernon is at school at Ambleside, and Alfred is to come in summer. You see what a hand I write, and therefore will not wonder that I am slow to put my friends to the trouble of decyphering it; especially when the matter is of so little value. Entreating your pardon for my long delay in answering your last, let me conclude with assuring you that I remain with

great truth your affectionate Friend
W. Wordsworth.

Address: Rev^d Francis Wrangham, Hunmanby, near Bridlington, Yorkshire.

*431. W. W. to Captain Pasley, Royal Engineers*¹
*MS.*²

*M. G. K.*³

Grasmere, March 28, 1811.

My dear Sir,

I address this to the publishers of your 'Essay', not knowing where to find you. Before I speak of the instruction and pleasure

¹ Sir Charles William Pasley (1780–1861), a soldier distinguished at Corunna and Walcheren. His essay on the military policy and institutions of the British Empire was published in 1810 (4th ed. 1812).

² The original MS. from which the copy sent to Pasley was taken.

³ In *Prose Works of W. W.* i. 307–18.

which I have derived from your work, let me say a word or two in apology for my own apparent *neglect* of the Letter with which you honoured me some time ago. In fact, I was thoroughly sensible of the value of your correspondence, and of your kindness in writing to me, and took up the pen to tell you so. I wrote half of a pretty long Letter to you, but I was so disgusted with the imperfect and feeble expression which I had given to some not uninteresting Ideas, that I threw away the unfinished sheet, and could not find resolution to resume what had been so inauspiciously begun. I am ashamed to say, that I write so few Letters, and employ my pen so little in any way, that I feel both a lack of words (such words I mean as I wish for) and of mechanical skill, extremely discouraging to me. I do not plead these disabilities on my part as an excuse; but I wish you to know that they have been the sole cause of my silence, and not a want of sense of the honour done me by your Correspondence, or an ignorance of what good breeding required of me. But enough of my trespasses; let me only add, that I addressed a letter of some length to you when you were lying ill at Middleburgh; this probably you never received.

Now for your book. I had expected it with great impatience, and desired a Friend to send it down to me immediately on its appearance, which he neglected to do. On this account, I did not see it till a few days ago. I have read it through twice, with great care, and many parts three or four times over. From this, you will conclude that I must have been much interested; and I assure you that I deem myself also in a high degree instructed. It would be a most pleasing employment to me to dwell, in this Letter, upon those points in which I agree with you, and to acknowledge my obligations for the clearer views you have given of truths which I before perceived, though not with that distinctness in which they now stand before my eyes. But I could wish this Letter to be of some use to you; and that end is more likely to be attained if I advert to those points in which I think you are mistaken. These are chiefly such as though very material in themselves, are not at all so to the main object you have in view, viz. that of proving that the military power of France may by us be successfully resisted, and even overthrown. In the first

place, then, I think that there are great errors in the survey of the comparative strength of the two Empires, with which you begin your book, and on which the first 160 pages are chiefly employed. You seem to wish to frighten the People into exertion; and in your ardour to attain your object, that of rousing our Countrymen by any means, I think you have caught far too eagerly at every circumstance with respect to revenue, navy, &c. that appears to make for the French. This I think was unnecessary. The People are convinced that the Power of France is dangerous, and that it is our duty to resist it to the utmost. I think you might have commenced from this acknowledged fact; and, at all events, I cannot help saying, that the first 100 pages or so of your book, contrasted with the brilliant prospects towards the conclusion, have impressed me with a notion that you have written too much under the influence of feelings similar to those of a Poet or novelist, who deepens the distress in the earlier part of his work, in order that the happy catastrophe which he has prepared for his hero and heroine may be more keenly relished. Your object is to conduct us to Elysium, and, lest we should not be able to enjoy that pure air and purpurial sunshine, you have taken a peep at Tartarus on the road. Now I am of your mind, that we ought not to make peace with France on any account till she is humiliated and her power brought within reasonable bounds. It is our duty and our interest, to be at war with her; but I do not think with you that a state of peace would give to France that superiority which you seem so clearly to foresee. In estimating the resources of the two Empires, as to revenue, you appear to make little or no allowance for what I deem of prime and paramount importance, the characters of the two nations, and of the two Governments. Was there ever an instance, since the world began, of the peaceful arts thriving under a despotism so oppressive as that of France is and must continue to be, and among a people so unsettled, so depraved, and so undisciplined in civil arts and habits as the French nation must now be? It is difficult to come at the real revenue of the French Empire; but it appears to me certain, absolutely certain, that it must diminish rapidly every year. The armies have hitherto been maintained chiefly from the contributions raised

upon the conquered countries, and from the plunder which the soldiers have been able to find. But that harvest is over. Austria, and particularly Hungary, may have yet something to supply; but the French Ruler will scarcely quarrel with them for a few years at least. But from Denmark, and Sweden, and Russia, there is not much to be gained. In the mean while, wherever his iron yoke is fixed, the spirits of the people are broken; and it is in vain to attempt to extort money which they do not possess, and cannot procure. Their bodies he may command, but their bodies he cannot move without the inspiration of *wealth*, somewhere or other; by wealth I mean superfluous produce, something arising from the labour of the inhabitants of countries beyond what is necessary to their support. What will avail him the command of the whole population of the Continent, unless there be a security for Capital somewhere existing, so that the mechanic arts and inventions may thereby be applied in such a manner as that an overplus may arise from the labour of the Country which shall find its way into the pocket of the State for the purpose of supporting its military and civil establishments? Now, when I look at the condition of our Country, and compare it with that of France, and reflect upon the length of the time, and the infinite combination of favorable circumstances which have been necessary to produce the laws, the regulations, the customs, the moral character, and the physical enginery of all sorts, through means, and by aid of which, labour is carried on in this happy Land; and when I think of the wealth and population (concentrated too in so small a space) which we must have at command for military purposes, I confess I have not much dread, looking either at war or peace, of any power which France, with respect to us, is likely to attain for years, I may say for generations. Whatever may be the form of a government, its spirit, at least, must be mild and free before agriculture, trade, commerce, and manufactures can thrive under it; and if these do not prosper in a State, it may extend its empire to right and to left, and it will only carry poverty and desolation along with it, without being itself permanently enriched. You seem to take for granted, that because the french revenue amounts to so much at present it must continue to keep

up to that height. This, I conceive impossible, unless the spirit of the government alters, which is not likely for many years. How comes it that we are enabled to keep, by sea and land, so many men in arms? Not by our foreign commerce, but by our domestic ingenuity, by our home labour, which, with the aid of capital and the mechanic arts and establishments, has enabled a few to produce so much as will maintain themselves, and the hundreds of thousands of their Countrymen whom they support in arms. If our foreign trade were utterly destroyed, I am told that not more than one-sixth of our trade would perish. The Spirit of Buonaparte's government is, and must continue to be, like that of the first Conquerors of the new world who went raving about for gold—gold! and for whose rapacious appetites the slow but mighty and sure returns of any other produce could have no charms. I cannot but think that generations must pass away before France, or any of the Countries under its thralldom, can attain those habits, and that character, and those establishments which must be attained before it can wield its population in a manner that will ensure our overthrow. This (if we conduct the war upon principles of common sense) seems to me impossible, while we continue at war; and should a peace take place (which, however, I passionately deprecate), France will long be compelled to pay tribute to us, on account of our being so far before her in the race of genuine practical philosophy and true liberty. I mean that the *mind* of the Country is so far before that of France, and that *that* mind has empowered the *hands* of the country to raise so much national wealth, that France must condescend to accept from us what she will be unable herself to produce. Is it likely that any of our manufacturing capitalists, in case of a peace, would trust themselves to an arbitrary government like that of France, which, without a moment's warning, might go to war with us and seize their persons and their property; nay, if they should be so foolish as to trust themselves to its discretion, would be base enough to pick a quarrel with us for the very purpose of a pretext to strip them of all they possessed? Or is it likely, if the native French manufacturers and traders were capable of rivalling us in point of skill, that any Frenchman would venture upon that ostenta-

tious display of wealth which a large Cotton Mill, for instance, requires, when he knows that by so doing he would only draw upon himself a glance of the greedy eye of government, soon to be followed by a squeeze from its rapacious hand? But I have dwelt too long upon this. The sum of what I think, by conversation, I could convince you of is, that your comparative estimate is erroneous, and materially so, inasmuch as it makes no allowance for the increasing superiority which a State, supposed to be independent and equitable in its dealings to its subjects, must have over an oppressive government; and none for the time which is necessary to give prosperity to peaceful arts, even if the government should improve. Our Country has a mighty and daily growing forest of this sort of wealth; whereas, in France, the trees are not yet put into the ground. For my own part, I do not think it possible that France, with all her command of territory and coast, can outstrip us in naval power, unless she could previously, by her land power, cut us off from timber and naval stores, necessary for the building and equipment of our Fleet. In that intellectual superiority which I have mentioned we possess over her, we should find means to build as many ships as she could build, and also could procure sailors to man them. The same energy would furnish means for maintaining the men; and if they could be fed and maintained, they would surely be produced. Why then am I for *war* with France? 1st. Because I think our naval superiority may be more cheaply maintained, and more easily, by war than by peace; and because I think, that if the war were conducted upon those principles of martial policy which you so admirably and nobly enforce, united with (or rather bottomed upon) those notions of justice and right, and that knowledge of and reverence for the moral sentiments of mankind, which, in my Tract, I attempted to pourtray and illustrate, the tide of military success would immediately turn in our favour; and we should find no more difficulty in reducing the french Power than Gustavus Adolphus did in reducing that of the German Empire in his day. And here let me express my zealous thanks for the spirit and beauty with which you have pursued, through all its details, the course of martial policy which you recommend. Too much praise cannot be given to

this which is the great body of your work. I hope that it will not be lost upon your Countrymen. But (as I said before) I rather wish to dwell upon those points in which I am dissatisfied with your Essay. Let me then come at once to a fundamental principle. You maintain, that as the military power of France is in progress, ours must be so also, or we must perish. In this I agree with you. Yet you contend also, that this increase or progress can only be brought about by conquests permanently established upon the Continent; and, calling in the doctrines of the writers upon the law of Nations to your aid, you are for beginning with the conquest of Sicily, and so on, through Italy, Switzerland, &c. &c. Now it does not appear to me, though I should rejoice heartily to see a British army march from Calabria triumphantly to the heart of the Alps, and from Holland to the centre of Germany,—yet it does not appear to me that the conquest and permanent possession of these Countries is necessary either to produce those resources of men or money which the security and prosperity of our country requires. All that is absolutely needful, for either the one or the other, is a large, experienced, and seasoned *army*, which we cannot possess without a field to fight in, and that field must be somewhere upon the Continent. Therefore, as far as concerns ourselves and our security, I do not think that so wide a space of conquered country is desirable; and as a Patriot I have no wish for it. If I desire it, it is not for our sakes directly, but for the benefit of those unhappy nations whom we should rescue, and whose prosperity would be reflected back upon ourselves. Holding these notions, it is natural, highly as I rate the importance of military power, and deeply as I feel its necessity for the protection of every excellence and virtue, that I should rest my hopes with respect to the emancipation of Europe more upon moral influence, and the wishes and opinions of the people of the respective nations, than you appear to do. As I have written in my pamphlet, ‘on the moral qualities of a people must its salvation ultimately depend. Something higher than military excellence must be taught *as* higher; something more fundamental, *as* more fundamental.’ Adopting the opinion of the writers upon the laws of Nations, you treat of *Conquest* as if *conquest* could in

itself, nakedly and abstractedly considered, confer rights. If we once admit this proposition, all morality is driven out of the world. We conquer Italy, that is, we raise the British standard in Italy, and by the aid of the Inhabitants we expel the french, subdue the country, and have a right to keep it for ourselves. This, if I am not mistaken, is not only implied, but explicitly maintained in your Book. Undoubtedly, if it be clear that the possession of Italy is necessary for our security, we have a right to keep possession of it, if we should ever be able to master it by the sword. But not because we have gained it by conquest, therefore may we keep it ; no ; the sword, as the sword, can give no rights ; but because a great and noble Nation, like ours, cannot prosper or exist without such possession. If the fact *were* so, we should then have a right to keep possession of what by our valour we had acquired—not otherwise. If these things were matter of mere speculation, they would not be worth talking about ; but they are not so. The spirit of conquest, and the ambition of the sword, never can confer true glory and happiness upon a nation that has attained power sufficient to protect itself. Your favorites, the Romans, though no doubt having the fear of the Carthaginians before their eyes, yet were impelled to carry their arms out of Italy by ambition far more than by a rational apprehension of the danger of their condition. And how did they enter upon their career ? By an act of atrocious injustice. You are too well read in history for me to remind you what that act was. The same disregard of morality followed too closely their steps everywhere. Their ruling passion, and sole steady guide, was the glory of the Roman name, and the wish to spread the Roman power. No wonder, then, if their armies and military leaders, as soon as they had destroyed all foreign enemies from whom anything was to be dreaded, turned their swords upon each other. The ferocious cruelties of Sylla and Marius, of Catiline, and of Antony and Octavius, and the despotism of the empire, were the necessary consequences of a long course of action pursued upon such blind and selfish principles. Therefore, admiring as I do your scheme of martial policy, and agreeing with you that a British military power may, and that the *present* state of the world requires that it *ought* to be, predominant

in Italy, and Germany, and Spain; yet still, I am afraid that you look with too much complacency upon conquest by British arms, and upon British military influence upon the Continent, for *its own sake*. Accordingly, you seem to regard Italy with more satisfaction than Spain. I mean you contemplate our possible exertions in Italy with more pleasure, merely because its dismembered state would probably keep it more under our sway, in other words, more at our mercy. Now, I think there is nothing more unfortunate for Europe than the condition of Germany and Italy in these respects; could the barriers be dissolved which have divided the one nation into Neapolitans, Tuscans, Venetians, &c., and the other into Prussians, Hanoverians, &c., and could they once be taught to feel their strength, the French would be driven back into their own Land immediately. I wish to see Spain, Italy, France, Germany, formed into independent nations; nor have I any desire to reduce the power of France further than may be necessary for that end. Woe be to that country whose military power is irresistible! I deprecate such an event for Great Britain scarcely less than for any other Land. Scipio foresaw the evils with which Rome would be visited when no Carthage should be in existence for her to contend with. If a nation have nothing to oppose or to fear without, it cannot escape decay and concussion within. Universal triumph and absolute security soon betray a State into abandonment of that discipline, civil and military, by which its victories were secured. If the time should ever come when this Island shall have no more formidable enemies by land than it has at this moment by sea, the extinction of all that it previously contained of good and great would soon follow. Indefinite progress, undoubtedly, there ought to be somewhere; but let that be in knowledge, in science, in civilization, in the increase of the numbers of the people, and in the augmentation of their virtue and happiness; but progress in conquest cannot be indefinite; and for that very reason, if for no other, it cannot be a fit object for the exertions of a people, I mean beyond certain limits, which, of course, will vary with circumstances. My prayer, as a Patriot, is, that we may always have, somewhere or other, enemies capable of resisting us, and keeping us at arm's length.

Do I, then, object that our arms shall be carried into every part of the Continent? no: such is the present condition of Europe, that I earnestly pray for what I deem would be a mighty blessing. France has already destroyed, in almost every part of the Continent, the detestable Governments with which the nations have been afflicted; she has extinguished one sort of tyranny, but only to substitute another. Thus, then, have the countries of Europe been taught, that domestic oppression, if not manfully and zealously repelled, must sooner or later be succeeded by subjugation from without; they have tasted the bitterness of both cups, have drunk deeply of both. Their spirits are prepared for resistance to the foreign Tyrant, and with our help I think they may shake him off, and, under our countenance, and following (as far as they are capable) our example, they may fashion to themselves, making use of what is best in their own ancient laws and institutions, new forms of government, which may secure posterity from a repetition of such calamities as the present age has brought forth. The materials of a new balance of power exist in the language, and name, and territory of Spain, in those of France, and those of Italy, Germany, Russia, and the British Isles. The smaller States must disappear, and merge in the large nations and wide-spread languages. The possibility of this remodelling of Europe I see clearly; earnestly do I pray for it; and I have in my mind a strong conviction that your invaluable work will be a powerful instrument in preparing the way for that happy issue. Yet, still, we must go deeper than the nature of your labour requires you to penetrate. Military policy merely will not perform all that is needful, nor mere military virtues. If the Roman State was saved from overthrow by the attack of the slaves and of the gladiators, through the excellence of its armies, yet this was not without great difficulty;¹ and Rome would have been destroyed by Carthage, had she not been preserved by a civic fortitude in which she surpassed all the nations of the earth. The reception which the Senate gave to Terentius Varro after the battle of Cannae is the sublimest event in human history. What a contrast to the wretched conduct of

¹ *'Totis imperii viribus consurgitur,'* says the historian, speaking of the war of the gladiators. (W. W. note).

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the Austrian Government after the battle at Wagram! England requires, as you have shown so eloquently and ably, a new system of martial policy; but England, as well as the rest of Europe, requires what is more difficult to give it,—a new course of education, a higher tone of moral feeling, more of the grandeur of the Imaginative faculties, and less of the petty processes¹ of the unfeeling and purblind understanding, that would manage the concerns of nations in the same calculating spirit with which it would set about building a house. Now a State ought to be governed (at least in these times), the labours of the statesman ought to advance, upon calculations and from impulses similar to those which give motion to the hand of a great Artist when he is preparing a picture, or of a mighty Poet when he is determining the proportions and march of a Poem. Much is to be done by rule; the great outline is previously to be conceived in distinctness, but the consummation of the work must be trusted to resources that are not tangible, though known to exist. Much as I admire the political sagacity displayed in your work, I respect you still more for the lofty spirit that supports it; for the animation and courage with which it is replete; for the contempt, in a just cause, of death and danger by which it is ennobled; for its heroic confidence in the valour of your countrymen; and the absolute determination which it everywhere expresses to maintain in all points the honour of the soldier's profession, and that of the noble Nation of which you are a member—of the Land in which you were born. No insults, no indignities, no vile stooping, will your politics admit of, and therefore, more than for any other cause, do I congratulate my country on the appearance of a book which, resting in this point our national safety upon the purity of our national character, will, I trust, lead naturally to make us, at the same time, a more powerful and a highminded nation.

Affectionately yours,
W. Wordsworth.

¹ beggarly calculations (*deleted*).

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MS.

432. W. W. to ?¹

G. K.

[March 28, 1811]

My Dear Sir,

I have taken the Liberty of addressing the enclosed to you, with a wish that you would be so kind as to send it by the two-penny Post. The Letter, though to a personal Acquaintance and to some degree a Friend, is upon a kind of Public occasion, and consists of Comments upon Captain Pasley's lately-published Essay on the Military Policy of Great Britain; a work which if you have not seen I earnestly recommend to your careful Perusal. I have sent my Letter unsealed in order that if you think it worth while you may read it, which would oblige me. You may begin with those words in the 1st Page, 'Now for your Book:' which you will see are legible, being transcribed by a Friend.² The rest, in my own hand, is only an Apology for not writing sooner; save that there are two Sonnets which if you like you may glance your eye over. Do not forget to put a wafer on the Letter after you have done with it.

Will you excuse me if I find myself unable to forbear saying upon this occasion a few words concerning the conduct pursued with respect to foreign affairs by the Party with whom you act? I learn from a private quarter of unquestionable Authority, that it was Lord Grenville's intention, had he come into power as he lately expected, to have recalled the army from Portugal. In the name of my Country, of our virtuous and suffering Allies, and of Human Nature itself, I give thanks to Providence who has restored the King's health so far as to prevent this intention being put into practice hitherto. The transgressions of the present ministry are grievous; but excepting only a deliberate and direct attack upon the civil liberties of our own Country, there cannot be any thing in a Minister worse than a desponding spirit and the lack of confidence in a good cause. If Lord G. and Mr. Ponsonby think that the privilege allowed to opposition-manceuvring justifies them in speaking as they do, they are sadly mistaken and do not discern what is becoming the times;

¹ The previous letter was enclosed with this one.

² being different from my miserable scrawl (*deleted*).

but if they sincerely believe in the omnipotence of Buonaparte upon the Continent, they are the dupes of their own fears and the slaves of their own ignorance. Do not deem me presumptuous when I say that it is pitiable to hear Lord Grenville talking as he did in the late debate of the inability of Great Britain to take a commanding Station as a military Power, and maintaining that our efforts must be essentially, he means exclusively, naval. We have destroyed our enemies upon the Sea, and are equally capable of destroying them¹ upon land. Rich in soldiers and revenues as we are, we are capable, availing ourselves of the present disposition of the Continent, to erect there under our countenance, and by a wise application of our resources, a military Power, which the tyrannical and immoral Government of Buonaparte could not prevail against, and if he could not overthrow it, he must himself perish. Lord G. grudges two millions in aid of Portugal, which has 80 thousand men in arms, and what they can perform has been proved. Yet Lord G. does not object to our granting aid to a great Military Power on the Continent if such could be found—nay he begs of us to wait till that fortunate period arrives. Whence does Lord G.—from what quarter does he expect it? from Austria, from the Prussian monarchy, brought to life again, from Russia, or lastly from the Confederacy of the Rhine turning against their Creator and Fashioner? Is the expectation of the Jews for their Messiah or of the Portuguese for St. Sebastian more extravagant? But Lord G. ought to know that such a military *Power* does already exist upon the Peninsula, formless indeed compared with what under our plastic hands it may become, yet which has proved itself capable of its giving employment during the course of three years to at least 5 hundred thousand of the enemy's best troops. An important fact has been proved, that the enemy cannot *drive* us from the Peninsula. We have the point to stand upon which Archimedes wished for, and we may move the Continent if we persevere. Let us prepare to exercise in Spain a military influence like that which we already possess in Portugal, and our affairs must improve daily and rapidly. Whatever money we advance for Portugal and Spain, we can direct the

¹ them: him MS.

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management of it, an inestimable advantage which, with relation to Prussia, Russia or Austria, we never possessed. Besides, how could we govern the purposes of those States, when that inherent imbecility and cowardice leave them no purpose or aim to which they can steadily adhere of themselves for six weeks together? *Military Powers!* so these States have been called. A strange Misnomer! they are Weaknesses, a true though ill-sounding Title!—and not Powers! Polybius tells us that Hannibal entered into Italy with 20 thousand men, and that the aggregate forces of Italy at that time amounted to 7 hundred and sixty thousand foot and horse, with the Roman discipline and power to head that mighty force. Gustavus Adolphus invaded Germany with 13 thousand men; the Emperor at that time having between two and three hundred thousand warlike and experienced Troops commanded by able Generals, to oppose to him. Let these facts and numerous others which history supplies of the same kind, be thought of; and let us hear no more of the impossibility of Great Britain girt round and defended by the Sea and an invincible Navy, becoming a military Power; Great Britain whose troops surpass in valour those of all the world, and who has an army and a militia of upwards of three hundred thousand men! Do reflect my dear Sir, upon the materials which are now in preparation upon the Continent. Hannibal expected to be joined by a parcel of the contented barbarian Gauls in the north of Italy, Gustavus stood forth as the Champion of the Protestant interest, how feeble and limited each of these auxiliary sentiments and powers, compared with what the state of knowledge, the oppressions of their domestic governments, and the insults and injuries and hostile cruelties inflicted by the French upon the continental nations, must have created to second our arms whenever we shall appear in that Force which we can assume, and with that boldness which would become us, and which justice and human nature and Patriotism call upon us to put forth. Farewell, most truly yours,

W. Wordsworth.

Shall we see you this Summer? I hope so.

MAY 1811

MS. 433. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

K(—)

Finished at 12 o'clock Sunday night May 12th [1811]

My dear Friend,

My idle scribbling wandering way of using my pen tempts me to take this large sheet of paper which I think I shall hardly have leisure to fill; but I do not like to be stopped for want of room. I wished to write to you directly after I received your last letter but one, longing to express my joy at the cheering accounts which it brought us of the state of your health. Your last says nothing about it but from what you say of your goings on I gather that you have continued to be as well as when you wrote before. I am very glad that Miss Smith has been so long with you, and that you have had so much comfort in her society, you will feel yourself lonely till your sisters return. When is that to be? You have not mentioned your Father's Asthma lately. I hope therefore that he is better. I am very glad that Mr Clarkson is at work with the Life of William Penn and that matters go on well at the Farm. I only grieve that you do not talk of a time for coming into the North. Yet what can you do till Tom leaves school? for you ought not to come for a short season to be hurried away before you know whether the country agrees with you or not. I should wish you to be loose, unencumbered with a house elsewhere when you do come, so that you might stay a whole year. I wish I could afford (in my affording I include both money and time) to spend one month with you at Bury next winter or the winter after that if one might dare to look forward so far. A long way that is indeed to look before us, but how short when the time is gone! It is almost a year since I set forward upon my last journey (it was on the 1st of July) and it seems now but as long as three or four months used formerly to be. So it is with every person after thirty who is not utterly thoughtless. The longest period of the year to my memory is the time of my absence from home; for the many [?] and the business and bustle which we have had of late more than anything tend to make the time pass away without leaving its due record on the mind. We have had no leisure for reading. I have not

opened a Book except on a Sunday, and when the rest of the family were in bed, since my return to Grasmere, and the only book which I have read through has been Beaver's¹ account of the disastrous Expedition to Bulama. I suppose you have read his book as it concerns Africa and the Slave Trade. I admire Beaver's character more than any character of modern times that I have heard of. I could not help wishing to see him at the head of a large army in Spain. God be thanked the tide is turned against Buonaparte and we shall see, I trust, the delusion speedily vanish which even in England has spread too widely, that he was a great genius and a great Hero.

$\frac{1}{2}$ past 7 o'clock—I wrote this far before afternoon church. I now take up the pen in the midst of a storm of thunder, lightning and rain. It was preceded by the most awful darkness I ever beheld and accompanied by every accident that could add to the grandeur of a thunder-storm. The most vivid sunbeams intermingled with darkness, and a Rainbow, a perfect arch spanning the vale slantways. The storm began an hour ago, and upon the sky clearing we suffered Hartley, Derwent and Algernon Montagu (M's eldest son by his second wife) to set off to Ambleside, and poor things! it now rains dreadfully and the thunder is very loud and frequent. These three boys came yesterday morning for the last time of staying all night this summer as we shall have no beds for them. H and D have hitherto come every week, but Algernon only occasionally; for the noise of our own five with H and D was so much that we could not every week have all three; but Algernon has come in the short holidays when H and D were at Keswick. Mary went with the troop to church in the morning, and I in the afternoon, and a pretty show we make. I assure you we are become regular church-goers (we take it in turn) for the sake of the children, and indeed Mr Johnson,² our present curate, appears to be so

¹ Philip Beaver: *African Memoranda: relative to an attempt to establish a British settlement on the western coast of Africa in the year 1792*. London, 1805.

² William Johnson (1784–1864). In 1812 Dr. Bell took him to London to be headmaster of a new school to be conducted under the 'Madras system'. In 1819 little Willy W. was placed under his care before going to Charterhouse (v. Letter 627).

much in earnest, and is so unassuming and amiable a man that I think we should often go even if we had not the children, who seem to make it a duty to us. Joanna left us yesterday, we shall find a great loss of her in the busy time which is at hand ; for she was a good nurse and always ready to be useful. We took advantage of her services in nursing etc. to piece up some old gowns and other things which we had no value for into bed quilts, amongst these is old Molly's legacy to me—her best gown, and during the last ten days Mary and I have with our own hands without any help quilted two of them. We had intended to do the third next week, but as Joanna is gone and we must move the [? week] after we give up this point and shall set up the quilting frames during our discomfort in the parsonage house—for much discomfort we may expect at first. Mrs Rowlandson quits it to-morrow but it is unpainted—the kitchen chimney is to be pulled down and chimney pieces put up in all the rooms except two—and many more little jobs—and the Crumps (though they desire us not to put ourselves to inconvenience) are, we know, so very anxious to be home that we think we ought not to remain longer than till the end of the week after next—rather next week, for this is the first day of this present week—little William's birthday—old May-day—We must be dispersed at different places in the Vale—or I must go to Keswick with Catherine if we cannot have Robt Newton's lodgings which we have some hope of getting, as a family who are now there are likely to remove next week—I will tell you nothing about the new house until I can say more good of it—at present it makes me sick to look at it, and the workmen are so dilatory that it is nothing but plague to us. It is however capable of being made a very canny spot, and the house if finished according to our desires will be much more like a home of ours than our present house. It will be a large cottage. Oh! may we even live to see your chearful face by the fire-side! We have had two letters from Charles Lamb lately—His dear sister shews signs of amendment, but is still far from well. Lamb's last letter was written to desire us to forward all Coleridge's Manuscripts—He has sold all his works to Longman (among the rest his Tragedy) and they are to be published immediately. Cole-

ridge himself tells Mrs C that by the advice of Stuart he is going to begin the Friend again. We find that C is offended with William. I do not like to begin with such stories nor should I have mentioned it at all, if I had not thought that perhaps Henry Robinson may have heard something of it; and a mutilated tale might so come to your ears. In few words I will tell you, though I am sure you would not be inclined to blame my Brother whatever you might hear from other quarters. You know that C went to London with the Montagus, and that their plan was, to lodge him in their own house, and no doubt M. expected to have so much influence over him as to lead him into the way of following up his schemes with industry. Montagu himself is the most industrious creature in the world, rises early and works late, but his health is by no means good and when he goes from his labours rest of Body and Mind is absolutely necessary to him; and William perceived clearly that any interruption of his tranquility would be a serious injury to him, and if to him consequently to his family. Further he was convinced that if Coleridge took up his abode in M's house they would soon part with mutual dissatisfaction, Montagu being the last man in the world to tolerate in another person (and that person an inmate with him) habits utterly discordant with his own. Convinced of these truths William used many arguments to persuade M. that his purpose of keeping Coleridge comfortable could not be answered by their being in the same house together—but in vain. Montagu was resolved. 'He would do all that could be done for him and would have him at his house.' After this William spoke out and told M the nature of C's habits (nothing in fact which everybody in whose house he has been for two days has [not] seen of themselves) and Montagu then perceived that it would be better for C to have lodgings near him. William intended giving C advice to the same effect; but he had no opportunity of talking with him when C passed through Grasmere on his way to London. Soon after they got to London Montagu wrote to William that on their road he had seen so much of C's habits that he was convinced he should be miserable under the same roof with him, and that he had repeated to C what William had said to him and that C had been very angry.

Now what could be so absurd as M's bringing forward William's communications as his reason for not wishing to have C in the house with him, when he had himself as he says 'Seen a confirmation of all that W. had said' in the very short time that they were together. So however he did, and William contented himself with telling M that he thought he had done unwisely—and he gave him his reasons for thinking so. We heard no more of this, or of C in any way except soon after his arrival in Town, by Mrs Montagu, that he was well in health, powdered etc. and talked of being busy—from Lamb that he was 'in Good Spirits and resolved to be orderly'—and from other quarters to the like effect. But in a letter written by poor dear Mary Lamb a few days before her last confinement she says she 'knows there is a coolness between my Brother and C'. In consequence of this I told her what had passed between M and Wm and assured her of the truth that there was no coolness on William's part. I of course received no answer to this letter for she was taken away before it reached London, and we heard no more of the matter till the other day when Mrs C received a letter from Coleridge about his MSS. in which he says as an excuse for having written to no-one and having done nothing, that he had endured a series of injuries during the first month of his stay in London—but I will give you his own words as reported to us by Mrs C. She says 'He writes as one who had been cruelly injured—He says "If you knew in detail of my most unprovoked sufferings for the first month after I left Keswick and with what a thunder-clap that *part* came upon me which gave the whole power of the anguish to all the rest—you would pity, you would less wonder at my conduct, or rather my suspension of all conduct—in short that a frenzy of the heart should produce some of the effects of a derangement of the brain etc. etc."'—so I suppose there is a good deal more of this, but she says he mentions no names except Mr and Mrs Morgan's. He says 'I leave it to Mrs Morgan to inform you of my health and habits' adding that it is to hers and her husband's kindness he owes it that he is now in his senses—in short that he is alive. I must own that at first when I read all this my soul burned with indignation that William should thus (by implication) be charged

with having caused disarrangement in his Friend's mind. A pretty story to be told. 'Coleridge has been driven to madness by Wordsworth's cruel or unjust conduct towards him.' Would not anybody suppose that he had been guilty of the most atrocious treachery or cruelty? but what is the sum of all he did? he privately warned a common friend disposed to serve C with all his might that C had one or two habits which might disturb his tranquility, he told him what those habits were, and a greater kindness could hardly have been done to C, for it is not fit that he should go into houses where he is not already known. If he were to be told what was said at Penrith after he had been at Anthony Harrison's, then he might be thankful to William. I am sure we suffered enough on that account and were anxious enough to get him away. I say that at first I was strong with indignation but *that* soon subsided and I was lost in pity for his miserable weakness. It is certainly very unfortunate for William that he should be the person on whom he has to charge his neglect of duty—but to Coleridge the difference is nothing, for if this had not happened there would have been somebody else on whom to cast the blame. William wrote to Mrs C immediately and wished her to transcribe his letter, or parts of it for C and told her that he would not write to C himself as he had not communicated his displeasure to him. Mrs C replies that she is afraid to do this as C did not desire her to inform us, and that it may prevent him from opening letters in future etc etc. I ought to have told you that C had a violent quarrel with Carlyle who refused to attend him as a surgeon after C had slighted his prescriptions. My dear friend you cannot imagine what an irksome task it has been to me to write the above. I would wish it to rest for ever. Time will remove the cloud from his mind as far as the right view of our conduct is obscured, and having deserved no blame we are easy on that score. If he seek an explanation William will be ready to give it, but I think it is more likely that his fancies will die away of themselves—Poor creature! unhappy as he makes others how much more unhappy is he himself! Do not mention this subject I entreat you to Mr Clarkson or any other person (of course when I exclude him)—William has begun to work at his great poem. I wish you could

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hear him read it. We are all well but Catherine's lameness does not go away. You forgot Dr Beddoes's prescription for the warm bath, pray send it to us. Charles Lloyd has been very ill in a nervous fever. He and Mrs L called yesterday for the first time since his illness. Mrs L has had a good account of Priscilla for herself within the last ten days. You mentioned her having 'fallen into a sad state' and immediately followed it with speaking of that Lady's derangement and Mary Lamb's illness. This added to my alarm and I was made very uneasy, fancying that Priscilla's disorder was connected in your mind with madness. I fear, though she is better now, that Christopher will have little comfort with her and much anxiety. I cannot but think it unfortunate that Miss Dobbin's mind should have taken such a decided turn towards religious contemplation. She has [?] and sensibility enough to have been good and happy in another way and I should indeed fear with you, as there is a tendency towards melancholy in the family, that she may overstrain her mind. If she or Miss Harriet ever enquire after me pray tell them I remember them with pleasure. You do not mention Georgiana and Sara Gower and the [? Maplejohns] I wish to be forgotten by people who cannot remember their own sisters. It is long since you mentioned Mrs Kitchener and her sweet Boys, give my love to them. My kind love to Tom who I hope will profit by all the good advice he gets. God bless you my dearest friend do write soon and believe me yours ever more

D. W.

John was very smart today in Tom's nankeen trousers and waistcoat. I made a pair of trousers for him out of the back parts of the two pairs and another pair for Thomas out of the fore-parts. Tom is very proud of his. John cares nothing about dress. Remember me to Betsy. Think of you at the Installation! Well! it is a good sign that you can bear the notion of it. Do write and comfort us in our discomforts. Poor Frederick Malkin. I am very sorry for him and his mother.

Address: Mrs Clarkson, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk.

JUNE 1811

MS.

434. D. W. to R. W.

Grasmere 11th June [1811]

My dear Brother,

I write merely to inform you that William drew upon you on the 9th of this month for 49£-19s- in favour of Mr John Simpson of Kendal at one month after date. We have just heard that there has been a mistake in drawing the bill upon a 1/6 stamp instead of a 2/- one—but Mrs Cookson, a Friend of ours at Kendal writes word, that John Simpson will not negotiate the Bill, but send it up to London immediately for acceptance, therefore you will probably receive it as soon as this reaches you. We have however written today to Mrs Cookson to tell her that, if there is any risk in sending the bill thus illegally drawn she may return it, and we will draw another upon a 2/- stamp. We have just got into our new house, and we think we shall like it very well when we are settled—I was very sorry to hear that you had left the Country without our having the pleasure of seeing you; but I hope you will use us better the next time you come to Sockbridge, and then I will visit you—Excuse this hasty scrawl, and believe me dear Richard, your ever affectionate Sister

D Wordsworth

I ought to have mentioned that the Draft, though in William's name was written by me, he not being in the house at the time.—I hope the late drafts upon you will frighten you into making out our accounts that we may see how we are going on—God bless you

Address: Richard Wordsworth Esq^r, Staple Inn, London.

MS.

435. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

K(—)

Sunday 16th June 1811.

My dear Friend,

Again I take one of my large sheets of paper not knowing whether I shall be able to fill it or not. This is as you know our day of leisure and it is a day of sunshine also and gentle breezes

which will call me out to walk in the evening. I was this morning at the Sunday School and took J and D to get their lessons there from 9 o'clock till Church time. Do not think that I am going to set myself up for a regular Teacher; at present we have too much to do all the week to make us take upon ourselves this voluntary labour as a regular duty, but our Curate is very earnest in his attentions to Sunday Schools and wished my sister and me to encourage them by our occasional presences, so, as often as we can without inconvenience, we intend, one of us, to go in the mornings. I have been at Church in the morning and since dinner Mary and I have been with the four children whom we have at home (Tom is at Keswick) to the Town End. Till to-day we have had nothing but showery or pell-mell rainy days except two for a whole month. This has been most unfortunate for us, both in hindering the workmen and in keeping us longer in the dirt; but if we have no rain for three or four days we hope to get all finished this week. We cannot gravel the walks till the River falls and until that is done we shall have no comfort within our own premises. So much for the disagreeables. Now I must tell you that we like our new house very much. There are only three important objections to it. First, that it fronts the East, and has no sitting rooms looking westward, therefore we lose the sun very soon; secondly, that it is too public, but this evil will wear away every year, for we shall plant abundance of shrubs in the Autumn in addition to those already planted, and thirdly, that the field in which the house stands is very wet, and cannot be drained. It is no playing-place for the children, and being at present not divided from the road to the house, it leads them into continual temptation to dirty and wet themselves; but, when all other things are done it is to be fenced off, and a plantation to be made all round the back part of the house. Mary's Room is so large that it would easily contain two beds, and on occasion a truckle bed may be made there, for a child or two. Mine is a large room also, and a very large book-case stands in it conveniently. Sarah's is smaller, but a very pretty room—we have got new hangings for her bed, formerly our white bed. The Children's room holds the two camp beds very nicely. They stand at the end—it is a long cottage-like

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room with a coved ceiling. The maids room is large and holds boxes etc without any appearance of litter or crowding—indeed we could at any time have a truckle-bed there when we want to accomodate Friends: but as this cannot be done without disarranging the Family and still more because the parlours are small, we do not intend to have Hartley and Derwent for two days in the week, as at Allan Bank. The noise and confusion of so many children for so long a time in the house would be intolerable; but in fine weather they may always walk over on Saturday or Sunday morning, and spend the day with us. Hartley is here to-day, and will return at night. Below stairs we have two good kitchens, with a porch at the back door. William's parlour is but a little cabin; but it will be very snug and neat, when we have got the furniture put into it. It holds two small bookcases conveniently. The larger parlour is considerably bigger than the sitting room at Town-End, and all the rooms are of a good height. We have a large store-room and dairy, a wee cellar—big enough for us—and a good pantry. In short there is no comfort wanting, and our furniture takes to its places much better than at Allan Bank—at least things look much more as if they were made for us and the house, than at Allan Bank. The upper rooms have bad floors—they are all of old black oak and very rough, but Fanny flatters herself she will make them look well when she gives the house its final cleaning. Many are the cleanings we have had—such scouring off of lime—Oh! you would pity us. The workmen here seem to take a delight in scattering lime about them wherever they go. There is an oblong four-cornered court before the door, surrounded by ugly white walls. The kitchen garden lies prettily to the River, but all is rough and desolate at present, and we content ourselves with prophesying a speedy growth to the shrubs. If they thrive, as at Town-End, we shall soon be huddled up in a leafy nest. Your letter my dearest Friend was most welcome, we had looked for it impatiently. I was unreasonable enough to grudge that other sheet which you burnt, why might not you as well have sent that also, two sheets would have come free as well as one. The only parts of your letter which did not give me pleasure were the story of your Sister's losses and the account of your

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Father's not being in good spirits—perhaps this may be occasioned by some anxiety for your Brother John in consequence of the uncertain state of all mercantile concerns. I was grieved indeed to hear of your sister's mischance ; but I consoled myself with thinking how much better it was than if she had been overturned in the coach and broken a limb, and that if it had happened a few years ago it would have been a more serious misfortune. How sincerely I rejoice at the improvement in your health! May we not now begin to talk of the *time* when you think of coming to see us, so much stronger as you are one might look forward to it without fear.

I am sorry to say (I would not say it but to you) that poor Coleridge's late writings in *The Courier* have in general evidenced the same sad weakness of moral constitution to which you alluded in your last letter, as tainting his intercourse with his private Friends, and his casual acquaintances also. They are as much the work of a party-spirit, as if he were writing for a place—servile adulations of the Wellesleys.

I speak of the general character of his paragraphs and short essays. No doubt there are amongst them sentiments of a better kind. It has been misery enough, God knows, to me to see the truths which I now see. Long did we hope against experience and reason ; but now I have no hope, if he continues as he is. Nothing but Time producing a total change in him can ever make him a being of much use to mankind in general, or of the least comfort to his Friends. I am sure I have no personal feelings of pain or irritation connected with him. An injury done to my Brother, or me, or any of our Family, or dear Friends, would not now hurt me more than an injury done to an indifferent person. I only grieve at the waste and prostitution of his fine genius, at the sullyng and perverting of what is lovely and tender in human sympathies, and noble and generous ; and I do grieve whenever I think of him. His resentment to my Brother hardly ever comes into my thoughts. I feel perfectly indifferent about it. How absurd, how uncalculating of the feelings and opinions of others, to talk to your Father and Sister of dying in a fortnight, when his dress and everything proved that his thoughts were of other matters. Such talks will never more

alarm me. Poor William went off to London,¹ at our earnest request, in consequence of his having solemnly assured Mrs. Coleridge that he *could* not live three months; and, when William arrived, he had to wait daily for admittance to him, till 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and saw no appearance of disease which could not have been cured, or at least prevented by himself. But enough of this melancholy subject. Only I must add that I fear he slackens at *The Courier* Office, as there has been nothing of his for some days, and he has not written to Mrs. C. since the time I mentioned; nor has he acknowledged the receipt of his MSS. which he was in a great hurry to receive, that he might publish them. By the bye he desired Charles Lamb to write to me about them; therefore, no doubt, he includes me in his resentments. I know not for what cause. Poor Mr Tomlin. I recollect him most distinctly and can fancy I see his mild and melancholy face watching his dying Daughter. You remember Sally Ashburner? She was buried last Saturday but one—we followed her to her grave. Her husband attended almost heart-broken, she died in a galloping consumption at the age of 21 and has left one daughter, a pretty delicate creature, likely enough soon to be laid by the side of her Mother. Thé Children are returned from their afternoon walk—I hear them playing in the court and Tommy is sitting on the bridge with William. He is a sweet Boy—between Thomas and John in features and expression of countenance, he is very active but far from walking alone. One of the comforts of this new house of ours is, that the servants will have one third less work than at Allan Bank, and we of course when we are settled much more leisure. The cows are housed close at hand and the cleaning will not be so serious a business as at Allan Bank—with its long fire-stone passage, oak stairs and wide and long passages upstairs with white boards uncarpeted.

I wrote so far on Sunday afternoon. In the evening I walked to Ambleside with William, and yesterday we were all employed in bearing the Books out of the Barn, and arranging them; a most serious *labour*, as well as a very perplexing and troublesome job. We got the work accomplished and went to bed at

¹ i.e. in February 1808.

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ten o'clock completely wearied. I hope we are going to have fine weather. This morning (Tuesday, before breakfast) is very delightful. The late wet weather has covered the vale, and the mountains, with greenness; and the growth and richness of the trees was never surpassed. We, like you, had the most beautiful March that was ever seen, much fine though some showery weather in April, about half of May being pleasant—the rest showery—but June has till last Sunday been very rainy. As the house will certainly, if the weather does not again fail us, be finished in a week we should look forward to nothing but leisure and quiet, but that we are resolved to try sea air for Catherine. She does not cast off her lameness; and is irritable frequently and rather feverish as weakly children often are. Mary intends to go with her and take Tom who is though not ailing of a delicate nature. In the meantime, however, we would gladly try Dr. Beddoes' warm sea Bath. The Receipt which you sent Mary from Bury, was either from a Book or a letter but you sought it out for me. The salt was Bag salt, so many ounces to so much water. I wish you could find it without much trouble and send it as soon as you can if you are successful in the search. By the by Dr B's name reminds me of what you say of Mr Reynolds and Coleridge, we never heard the story nor to the best of our recollection did we ever hear C mention Mr Reynolds' name. Poor Mrs Kitchener. I cannot pity her for having 4 ruffed shirts to iron and plait, being as hard-hearted as yourself, but I *have* a sort of pity for her that she cannot perceive that her three Boys might do her just as much credit and be as good Boys with plain collars to their shirts. Remember me kindly to her. I am glad to hear her Tom goes on well at school—I thought he appeared to be a very well disposed Boy. I wish I could give you a good account of our John's advancement in learning. He is certainly the worst scholar of his age that I ever knew. He made a great improvement at first under the new Master and he certainly continues to mend, but his progress is so slow that we are obliged to look back several months in order to be sensible of it. His faculties are certainly not quick, but I can never believe that he is a *dunce* when I look at his fine countenance. Dorothy is sharp enough but she is too unsteady. Anything that she gives

her thoughts to she can perceive and comprehend with the greatest rapidity. We intend to send her to Miss Weir's at the end of the holidays for the Grasmere school does not improve her manners and neither Mary nor I can sit long enough at a time with her to keep her regularly and steadily to work, which is absolutely necessary for a learner of her airy dispositions. She will follow the rest of the girls and learn whatever she is taught without trouble, and after she is fairly in train we shall find no difficulty in keeping her in the right path—besides Sara will then be with us so that one of us can regularly give a certain portion of the day to her. It will be a sad time when we part with her, I assure you, though I have been one of the most earnest in persuading William to let her go, it has been a work of pure reason for my feelings have gone the contrary road. She has got an abominable habit of playing tricks with her mouth, sucking her tongue when she is in a state of inaction and though she makes frequent efforts and for some days succeeds, we cannot break her of the habit with constant watchfulness when she is near us. We have some hope that her schoolfellows will shame her out of it for she is very sensible of shame as I believe most children of sensibility are. As to poor John, he is the most modest creature that ever lived. In all moral qualities he is just what one would wish a Boy to be, and I hope that the day will come when if he be not a bright scholar, he will take a delight in acquiring knowledge. Tom is to stay at Keswick about a fortnight longer. He must come home to spend a little time with Sissy before she goes to school. He, too, is backward at his books, but I am determined to hope. I know what trouble you had with your Tom and that he is a good scholar now. There is a deal of Dorothy about little Tom with a baby's innocence and simplicity. Everybody loves him when they look at his face. Sara wrote to us in the beginning of last week. She has had too much labour in Joanna's absence and has been poorly, but she was very well and grown fat when she wrote. She has sold her share of the estate for 1500£ and I suppose will try with the stocks, so that her income with what she had before will be at least 110£ a year. She will come to us in September. William is to meet her at Liverpool. I wish Mr Clarkson could see Joanna

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in London. She is at Mr Addisons, No 28 Bernard St, Rupert Square. Both she and Miss Monkhouse would be delighted to see him. Do write soon, you cannot think what pleasure your letters give us. When I write again I hope to tell you that I have read at least 100 pages of some book or other and that we are all quiet and at leisure. God bless you my dear dear Friend and believe me ever more your affectionate

D. W.

My love to Tom.

I often think of Hannah Leather with pleasure for I have not for many years met with a young woman who seemed to be capable of so much. I think if William knew her he might make her realize a poet in her judgment when she reads the works of our great authors.

Address: Mrs Clarkson, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk.

AUGUST 1806

MS.

270a. W. W. to Walter Scott.

Grasmere August 18th 1806

My dear Scott,

After much suspense and many disappointments, I am at last obliged to say that I must give up for the present all hope of seeing you at Ashy-Steele. I wished much to write sooner but could not without leaving the matter undetermined. To this bad news, for such I assume you to consider it, I have the pleasure of adding some good, viz: that Coleridge is arrived & is now performing Quarantine off Portsmouth.

The Beaumonts we shall not see here: everything has been unlucky, they have at last been prevented coming by the dangerous illness of a favourite Servant, without whom they never travel. Next summer, cost what it will, I shall see you, if you can see me—I wish you could make it convenient to come here any time in the course of the next two months. Coleridge will be here. I am now detained expecting him & Mr Montagu for whom I have looked every day this last fortnight.

Thanks for your Song which I duly received; shall I be wicked enough to say '*materiam superabat opus?* & will you *forgive* the slight difference'—'tis your own phrase.¹ You see, how malicious I can be. Joking apart I think the song well done & am glad it answered your purpose.

Though I cannot, to the height, sympathize with you in your joy, I *can* assuredly in your sorrow. I read in the papers with great pain the account of Mungo Park's disastrous end;² I had a faint hope that the story might prove untrue which your Letter entirely destroyed. I feel great concern, too, for the loss of your promising Friend & Namesake.³ What were the particulars? could you at some leisure moment give me the account.

I repeat how happy I should be to see you here & introduce you to Coleridge, & likewise shew you a bit of Land which I

¹ I cannot identify the song: the words in quotation marks are probably taken from a criticism which Scott had passed on one of Wordsworth's poems. ² v. note p. 75.

³ George Scott, the son of a tenant on the Buccleuch estate, was Park's companion, v. Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, chap. xiii.

AUGUST 1806

have lately purchased at Patterdale, a most beautiful spot where perhaps I may set up a little Cottage. I had the Pleasure of seeing Graham & his Wife a short time ago, also his Brother of Glasgow, a most excellent Man.¹ I like them all greatly— We are all well: do write to me soon, my family join in best remembrances to yourself & Mrs Scott

Your affectionate friend

Wm Wordsworth

Address: Walter Scott Esq^{re} Ashey Steele near Selkirk.

¹ v. p. 41 *note*.

JANUARY 1808

MS.

316a W. W. to Walter Scott

Grasmere, Jan^y 18, 1808.

My dear Scott,

I am two Letters in your debt and therefore ought to write; particularly as you spoke of some painful affairs in which you had been entangled, I hope you have gotten fairly through them by this time. I guess by the advertizements that your Poem is nearly out: how comes on this Dryden?¹ I think the character of the *Annus Mirabilis* as a Poem might be illustrated by some extracts from a long sermon entitled 'God's terrible voice in the City',² in which the Fire of London is minutely described; Dryden's is a sorry Poem, and the Sermonist though with a world of absurdity has upon the whole greatly the advantage of him. There is in Echard's *History*³ a most laughable account of Ogilby,⁴ who, by the bye, was a countryman of yours. Echard at the end of each year gives an account of every eminent man who had died in the course of it: and Ogilby makes one of the list. He died in Charles the second's time.

'Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.'⁵ is a fling at Shadwell—'Tom Sternhold's or Tom Shadwell's rhymes will serve'.⁶ In Harte's *Poems*,⁶ Anderson's edition, are two or three notes upon Dryden which might be worth looking at—Harte had read Dryden's work with exceeding care, but very little profit. I have a life of Shaftesbury entitled, I believe, Rawleigh *Redivivus*, should you like to see it?—I am curious to see your notes on Dryden's political Poems, which are, in my opinion, far the best of his works, though there is very great merit in his two translations from Boccaccio. Chaucer, I think, he has entirely spoiled, even wantonly deviating from his great original, and always for the worse. Of his plays I do not mean to speak, as

¹ *Marmion* was published on 23 February, Scott's ed. of Dryden in the last week of April.

² *God's terrible voice in the City*, and Echard's *History of England, from the Landing of Julius Caesar to the Establishment of King William and Queen Mary upon the Throne*, 1720, were both in W.'s library.

³ John Ogilby (1600–76) published his trs. of *Vergil* in 1649, of *Æsop* in 1651, and of the *Odyssey* in 1665.

⁴ *To my dear Friend, Mr. Congreve*, l. 48.

⁵ *Religio Laici*, l. 456.

⁶ Walter Harte (1709–74), *Poems* 1727: Dr. Robert Anderson's *Corpus of the British Poets*, 12 vols. (Edinburgh 1795) 'was for many years the only edition of the older English poets within W.'s reach' (T. Hutchinson).

I know very little about them. As a Translator from the antient classics he succeeds the best with Ovid, next with Juvenal, next with Virgil, and worst of all with Homer. He has, however done, some things with spirit from Horace, and in one or two passages, with first-rate excellence.—I have a very high admiration of the talents both of Dryden and Pope, and ultimately, as from all good writers of whatever kind, their Country will be benefited greatly by their labours. But thus far I think their writings have done more harm than good. It will require yet half a century completely to carry off the poison of Pope's Homer; but too much of this. I must say a word of my own employments; after I left you I had a thoroughly idle summer, and part of the Autumn was as idle—but latterly I have been busy, though with many interruptions—I have written a narrative poem of 1700 lines; I finished it two days ago.

I am nearly at the end of my sheet, and must say a word of Mr. Jefferay; in passing through Penrith I had an opportunity of seeing his last Review. I had before skimmed over, some time ago, what he had written in the article on *Thalaba*.¹ I then set him down in my mind a poor creature, and he has in this last performance shewn himself so utterly contemptible that I should not have adverted to him at all had it not been that I am writing to one personally connected with him. To you therefore I must observe, that in the first sentence of what he has said of my Poems he has shewn a gross want of the common feeling of a British Gentleman. He was cordially received by Southey at his home in this Country, and takes the first opportunity of repaying that civility by a base attempt to hold him up to ridicule for residing in that very country where he had entertained the said Jefferay. If Mr J. continues to play tricks of this kind, let him take care to arm his breech well, for assuredly he runs desperate risque of having it soundly kicked.

Affectionately yours, pray let me hear from you soon.

W. Wordsworth.

Address: Walter Scott Esq^{re}, South Castle Street, Edinburgh.

¹ Jeffrey reviewed *Thalaba* in the first number of the *Edinburgh Review* (Oct. 1802); in the course of the article he made an attack on what he called 'the sect of poets that has established itself in this country within these ten or twelve years . . . dissenters from the established systems in poetry'. His 'last performance' was a review of W.'s Poems, 1807, in the *Ed. Rev.* of Jan. 1808.

MAY 1808

MS.

336 W. W. to Walter Scott

K(—)

Grasmere,
May 14th 1808

My dear Scott,

It is now little less than three months since a Letter from you arrived at Grasmere; I was then in London where I continued 7 weeks: and should have written to you immediately had I not had reason to suppose, from several Quarters, that you were then expected in London every day.—This letter announced that Marmion was on his way to Grasmere; and I fully expected him ~~here~~ to meet me on my return; and have waited from week to week hoping that I might announce his arrival to you; but alas! I have waited in vain: and I now think it high time to apprise you of our disappointment.

Thank you for the interesting particulars about the Nortons; I shall like much to see them for their own sakes; but so far from being serviceable to my Poem¹ they would stand in the way of it; as I have followed (as I was in duty bound to do) the traditionary and common historic records. Therefore I shall say in this case, a plague upon your industrious Antiquarianism that has put my fine story to confusion.

I have had a great anxiety since my return home. A Complaint has been going about the Country among young Children; and put on such a strange aspect in my eldest Son that for two or three days we were afraid that he had gotten that dreadful and, I am afraid, incurable malady, the Water in the Head. Our fears, which were indeed wretched, did, however, God be thanked, prove groundless. The Child is now well, but far from having recovered his fresh looks.

Southey was in Town at the same time as myself, but out of health, as he always is in the smoke of London. He gave me confident hopes of seeing you, and I was not a little disappointed that you did not come. At Longman's I dined once, and there I met your Friend Heber,² for the first time: I liked well what I

¹ i.e. *The White Doe of Rylstone*.

² Reginald Heber (1783–1826) for some years Bishop of Calcutta; author of *Palestine* (1807), *Poems and Translations* (1812), and *Hymns* (1827). His poems were collected in 1841.

MAY 1808

saw of him, and wished to see more. Some curious Fishes were present, Sharon Turner,¹ for example, and, among others, a tag of literature, a drysalter of the name of Hill, a *proprietor* of a periodical publication of which you probably never heard, entitled the *Monthly Mirror*; and of the existence of which I should also have been ignorant if a good natured Friend had not told me that I had the honour of being abused in it. The head of the table was illuminated by the sapient countenance of that sun of Literature, Artaxerxes Longimanus, and in opposition were exhibited the milder glories of a sister planet, Rees² I believe being the name which he bears among mortals. Upon the whole it was but a dull business, saying that we had some good haranguing, talk I cannot call it, from Coleridge.

A distressing accident took place here during my absence; you perhaps might see a bald account of it in the papers. A poor man and his wife, who had eight Children under sixteen years of age, and who had left six of them at home under the care of a girl of eleven, perished together upon the hills in attempting to return from Langdale, one of the neighbouring valleys, to their own home in Grasmere. It is supposed that they had been bewildered by mist and snow, and perished by falling over the rocks. The bodies were found at no great distance from each other, and were buried in one grave in Grasmere Churchyard. The event has excited much compassion, and we have had a subscription for the Children by which I hope they will be benefited. The spring has burst out upon us all at once, and the Vale is now in exquisite beauty; a gentle shower has fallen this morning; and I hear the Thrush, who has built in my Orchard, singing amain.

I return to Marmion, where do you think he can be detained? I might have read him in London, but I purposely declined, reserving the pleasure for the tranquillity of the Country. Pray write soon: and believe me, dear Scott. your sincere Friend,

W. Wordsworth

Address: Walter Scott, Esq, South Castle Street, Edinburgh.

¹ A solicitor with literary interests, employed later by Murray in his troubles over the publication of Byron's *Cain*, which was attacked by Heber in the *Q. R.*

² A partner in the firm of Longmans.

